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Engraved by J. Rogers

MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

(MARTHA DANDRIDGE.)

From an original picture by John Woolaston in the possession of
G. W. P. Custis, Esq. Arlington House, Va.

THE

REPUBLICAN COURT;

OR,

AMERICAN SOCIETY IN THE DAYS OF WASHINGTON.

BY RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD.

A NEW EDITION, WITH THE AUTHOR'S LAST ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

With Twenty-five Portraits of Distinguished Women,

ENGRAVED FROM ORIGINAL PICTURES BY WOLLASTON, COPLEY, GAINSBOROUGH, STUART PEALE, TRUMBULL, PINE, MALBONE, AND OTHER CONTEMPORARY PAINTERS.



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TO

JOHN W. FRANCIS, M.D., LL. D.

My Dear Dr. Francis :

The following work was planned and its materials partially collected several years ago ; but the feeble and precarious condition of my health prevented its execution until the present season ; and now it has been written in such haste and so rapidly printed—each day's product of the pen being returned to me in proof-sheets the following evening—that I have had little opportunity for revision or any thought of the graces of composition. From appearances of carelessness, however, you will readily perceive that one chapter, that entitled "The Convention," is exempt. For this I am indebted to one of the most justly eminent of contemporary scholars and men of letters, who kindly consented to assist me, after the book was announced, and when there was very little prospect of my having sufficient strength to furnish any considerable portion of its contents. For the rest I alone am responsible ; and while regretting that it has so little merit of a purely literary character, I can claim for it the far more important excellence of a most exact adherence to truth. The subjects treated undoubtedly admitted of easy and striking embellishments of fancy, but it seemed to me that the volume would be, upon the whole, far more acceptable if in its preparation I confined myself in even the most trivial details of narrative, delineation, and suggestion, to what was clearly warranted by unquestionable authorities. And of such authorities, fortunately, I have had an ample collection. Besides those which are printed and accessible to every student of American history, I have had in my possession more than two thousand unpublished private letters, of which some three hundred were

by Washington, and great numbers by Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Jay, Mrs. Cushing, Mrs. Pinckney, the families of Wolcott, McKean, Livingston, Boudinot, Willing, and others who participated in the life I have attempted to describe.

It is not so much from a consideration of our long continued friendship, my dear Dr. Francis, that I inscribe to you these pages, as from a desire suitably to recognize my indebtedness to those inexhaustible resources of minute and curious knowledge with which you are wont to instruct and delight the attached circle which gathers about you, in the intervals of that severe professional labor from which, after half a century from its commencement, the public, for your eminent abilities, refuses to relieve you. You have retained to the age of nearly three-score years and ten all your native physical and intellectual vigor, a spirit as inquisitive, a memory as retentive, and a temper as genial and indomitable, as you possessed when the fathers and grandfathers of the new generation were your partners in youthful energy, and the heroes of the first and best age of the republic still lived to instruct the world from their experience. May God long preserve to you these qualities, and, to your friends, your wise conversation and the assurance of your unfailing happiness.

R. W. GRISWOLD.

No. 22 West Twenty-Third Street,
New-York, *October* 20, 1854.

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PEACE.

I.

At length the struggle was ended. After eight years of sanguinary and doubtful war, came peace, at last, with independence, acknowledged by the chief masters of the world. On the nineteenth of April, 1775, the first blood of the revolution reddened the field of Lexington: on the nineteenth of April, 1783, proclamation was made of the treaty signed at Paris. On the second of the following November, the veteran and victorious soldiers were disbanded, by order of Congress, their illustrious Chief having the previous day taken his final leave of them, invoking from their grateful country and the God of battles "ample justice here and the choicest of Heaven's favors both here and hereafter."

Eight years of desolating war, though crowned with a triumph which only the most universal and profound patriotism, guided by wisdom almost superhuman, could have accomplished, had brought in their train so much suffering; to so many households mourning for fathers, brothers, husbands, sons; and with their conclusion a poverty so general and hopeless, that there was little of that turbulence of joy which a more sudden and less costly victory would have excited. He who, scarred and poorly clothed, laid aside his

arms, and turning toward the haunts of his childhood saw fields which had blossomed as the rose half obscured with a new wilderness, with perhaps a charred and silent ruin in the midst, must have felt keenly what seems now to be so commonly forgotten, the fearful price which had been paid for liberty. But then, liberty was secured, and, thankful for this, nearly every one determined to carry content with his remaining energies into a laborious private life.

On the eighteenth of November the British army retired from New York, and the American troops, still in service, entered from an opposite direction, General Washington and Governor Clinton riding at the head of the procession. These events caused, of course, a general joy in the city, and they were celebrated with the utmost enthusiasm. Governor Clinton gave public dinners, first to Washington and his companions in arms, and soon after to the French ambassador, the Chevalier de la Luzerne. At the last there were present more than one hundred gentlemen, besides the Commander-in-Chief, with his general officers in the city, and the principal persons connected with the state government; and in the evening followed the most splendid display of fireworks, from the Bowling Green, that had ever been seen in America. The next day, the fourth of December, occurred the most sadly impressive scene in Washington's history. At noon the officers of the army assembled, according to his request, for a final parting, at Frauncis's tavern, in Broad street. We have a touching description of the scene, by an eye-witness. The Chief, with his customary punctuality, entered the room where his brave associates for so many years were assembled. His emotions were too strong to be concealed. Filling a glass, he turned to them and said: "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as

your former ones have been glorious and honorable." Having drank, he added, "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand." General Knox, being nearest, turned to him. Incapable of utterance, the Chief embraced him, with tears, and in the same affectionate manner he bade farewell to each succeeding officer. In every eye was the tear of dignified sensibility, and not a word interrupted the eloquent silence. Leaving the room, Thatcher continues, he passed through the corps of Light Infantry, and walked to Whitehall, where a barge awaited to convey him to Paulus Hook. The whole company followed in mute and solemn procession, their melancholy countenances displaying emotions which cannot be described. Having entered the barge, he turned to his friends, who stood uncovered upon the shore, and waving his hat, bade them a silent adieu.*

* There are some allusions to these scenes in an interesting letter, addressed to a friend at Albany, by one of the officers who shared the last march of the revolutionary army. "I suppose," says the writer, "Mrs. Denison told you the news, up to the time she left. You know all about our marching in. There has been nothing done since but rejoice, so far as general appearances go, and for my part, considering that we are finally free and independent, why, good God! what should I care for the looks of the old house—perfectly sacked, and in such a condition that if the little paper in my exchequer were turned into specie, I should not be able to give it the complexion it had when we quitted it. After all, since Henry was killed, it's of no great consequence what we have suffered in property. If he were with me and the girls, why, we could make thing answer, in some way. Do n't suspect I think of placing these private troubles against the public good we have, and which will make up a thousand times to our children all we have lost and endured. Every body now sees what a great character General Washington is. I have heard a good deal about the leave taking at Black Sam's. Happy as was the occasion, and prayed for as it was by him and all patriots, when he might feel that there was not an enemy in America, it brought with it its sorrows, and I could hardly speak when I turned from taking my last look of him. It was extremely affecting. I do not think there ever were so many broken hearts in New York as there were that night. That cursed captain carried off Johnson's girl, after all. He never would think of such a thing you know. He feels down, down. I am suspicious he will never be the man he was. The Chief was told the story by General Knox, and he said he sincerely sympathized with Johnson. That is like him. He was always touched by every body's misfortunes. I saw him at the French minister's dinner. He looked considerably worn out, but happy, though every now and then he seemed to be thinking what all this had cost, and regretting that one friend or another who had stood the fire had not lived to see the glorious end. As to

On Friday, the seventeenth of December, he arrived at Annapolis. Two years before, on his way northward, he had been received here with every honor in the gift of the city, and had delighted the people by his amenity, at a public dinner, and at a ball graced by the beauty and finest intelligence of the state. He was now met several miles from the capital, by Generals Gates and Smallwood, and a large concourse of distinguished citizens, who escorted him to his hotel, amid discharges of cannon, the display of banners, and every sign of popular respect and admiration. On Monday, a dinner was given to him by the members of Congress, at which more than two hundred persons were present, and in the evening he attended a grand ball,* in the state-house, which was brilliantly illuminated. In reply to a speech by the Mayor, just before he retired, he remarked, "If my conduct has merited the confidence of my fellow-citizens, and has been instrumental in obtaining for my country the blessings of peace and freedom, I owe it to that Supreme Being who guides the hearts of all, who has so signally interposed his aid in every stage of the contest, and who has graciously been pleased to be-

Johnson, he is not alone, by a vast many. These scamps could not conquer the men of this country, but every where they have taken the women, almost without a trial, damn them! But as you say, it's the girls that ought to be damned, who could not hold out against a spruce uniform, nor remember a brave heart. Well, it's their weakness. But I'm in the wrong if one of them who has taken a British husband does not rue it, for which, certainly, I shall not care."

The unhappy influence of "spruce uniforms," so feelingly alluded to, was no mere fancy, and the public interests were not unfrequently made to suffer as deeply as the feelings of individuals. In August, 1779, Governor Livingston wrote to his daughter Catherine, "The complaisance with which we treat the British prisoners, considering how they treat us when in captivity, of which you justly complain, is what the Congress can never answer to their constituents, however palliated with the specious name of humanity. It is thus that we shall be at last humanized out of our liberties. . . . I know there are a number of flirts in Philadelphia, equally famed for their want of modesty and their want of patriotism, who will triumph in our over-complaisance to the red coat prisoners lately arrived in that metropolis. I hope none of my connections will imitate them, in the dress of their heads, or in the Tory feelings of their hearts."

* The ball was opened by General Washington and Mrs. James Macubbin, one of the most beautiful women of the time.

stow on me the greatest of earthly rewards, the approbation and affection of a free people."

One more scene, among the most sublime in human history, and not less impressive than that of his separation from his companions in arms, awaited him before his retirement to private life. On the twenty-third of December, according to a previous order, he was admitted to a public audience by the Congress, and soon after he was seated, the President, General Mifflin, informed him that that body was prepared to receive his communications. In a brief and appropriate speech he offered his congratulations on the termination of the war, and having alluded to his object in appearing thus in that presence—that he might resign into the hands of Congress the trust committed to him, and claim the indulgence of retiring from the public service—he concluded: "I consider it an indispensable duty to close this last act of my official life, by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to his holy keeping. Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the theatre of action, and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life." He then advanced and delivered into the hands of the President his commission, with a copy of his address, and when he had resumed his place, General Mifflin replied, reviewing in a few words the great career thus brought to a close, and saying in conclusion, "The glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command: it will continue to animate the remotest ages.... We join with you in commending the interests of our country to Almighty God, beseeching Him to dispose the hearts and minds of its citizens to improve the opportunity afforded them of becoming a happy and respectable nation. And for you, we

address to Him our warmest prayers, that a life so beloved may be fostered with all his care, that your days may be as happy as they have been illustrious, and that he will finally give you that reward which this world cannot bestow." The editor of the Maryland Gazette, a journal which in this period was printed at Annapolis, remarks, after describing these affecting scenes: "Few tragedies ever drew so many tears, from so many beautiful eyes, as the moving manner in which his Excellency took his final leave of Congress. The next morning he set out for Virginia, accompanied, as far as South River, by Governor Paca, with the warmest wishes of the city for his repose, health, and happiness. Long may he live to enjoy them!" He arrived at his home the same evening, having been absent more than eight years and a half, during which time he had never been at his own house, except incidentally while on his way with Count Rochambeau to Yorktown, and in returning from that expedition. Here, for a while, we leave him, surrounded by his family, receiving every day some new homage from his grateful countrymen and from the noblest men of other nations, and occupied with those rural pursuits for which he had longed so many years, that we may take a brief survey of the social condition of our principal cities after the termination of the revolution.

II.

Turning from the most credulous study of the half fabulous annals of ancient nations, to the history of our own country, for the period which is embraced in the memories of many who are still living, our reason falters in astonishment; we instinctively regard with doubt and disbelief the unparalleled advance in population, wealth, power, and all the elements of greatness, of those feeble and exhausted colonies, which in 1783 were acknowledged

to be independent states, and which now constitute one of the first of the leading sovereignties of the world. Since Washington resigned his sword, at Annapolis, our three millions of people have increased to thirty millions, and New York, with its suburbs, which since some of her present citizens arrived at the age of manhood had but thirty thousand inhabitants, is now the third city in Christendom, likely at the next decennial census to have rank nearest to London, and at no distant period to take from even that great capital her long enjoyed supremacy, in numbers, riches, and magnificence. Boston contained at the close of the war about thirteen thousand inhabitants, in 1786 fourteen thousand and two hundred, and in 1789 eighteen thousand; the population of New York had increased, when the federal government was inaugurated, to thirty-three thousand, of whom two thousand and three hundred were slaves; and that of Philadelphia to forty-two thousand, of whom less than three hundred were slaves, and these probably for the most part owned by temporary residents.

In each of these three cities, and indeed throughout the colonies, there was at the commencement of the war as much refinement of manners, with as generous a culture of the heart and the understanding, as could be found perhaps in any foreign society. Many of the young men who were then coming forward had been educated at Eton, Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh; and our own colleges of Harvard, Yale, Nassau Hall, and William and Mary, and King's College in New York, were far more respectable for the character and learning of their professors, the judicious thoroughness of their courses of instruction, and the gentlemanly discipline maintained in them, than is commonly supposed. Schools for young women also were very numerous, and some of them were widely known and most liberally supported. The most celebrated of these was the Moravian establishment at Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania,

where, in nun-like seclusion, were educated a large proportion of the belles who gave the fashionable circles of New York and Philadelphia their inspiration during the last twenty years of the century.*

In Boston there was undoubtedly more real respectability than in any other town of its population in the British empire. It was the home of the families of Winthrop, variously illustrious from the foundation of the colony, and of Cushing, Quincy, Bowdoin, Dana, Prescott, and others of hereditary distinction; and here lived the "silver tongued orator" Samuel Cooper, and Samuel Adams, John Adams, Joseph Warren, James Otis, John Hancock, John Singleton Copley, and a great number besides who became honorably conspicuous in history. Except in letters, in which the names of Dana and Prescott have reappeared with additional splendors, Boston has never since, notwithstanding her growth in numbers, magnificence, and means and displays of refinement, presented a more remarkable array of dignified character and eminent abilities.

We have some glimpses of the social life of Boston at the close of the war, in the entertaining memoirs of the Marquis de Chastellux, who went the round of fashionable gayeties here in 1782. He noticed the prevalence in society of a certain "ton of ease and freedom," but thought the gentlemen awkward dancers, particularly in the minuet. The women were well-dressed, but with less elegance than those of Philadelphia. The assembly room was superb, in a good style of architecture, well decorated and well lighted — much superior to that of the Philadelphia City Tavern. He drank tea

* "I have seen a remarkable institution for the education of young ladies, at Bethlehem. About one hundred and twenty of them live together under the same roof; they sleep all together, in the same garret; I saw one hundred and twenty beds, in two long rows, in the same room; the beds and bedclothes were all of excellent quality, and extremely neat. How should you like to live in such a nunnery?"—*John Adams, to his daughter, March* 17, 1777.

at Mr. Bowdoin's and was there with a supper party of twenty of the select people of the city.* The next day, with the Marquis de Vaudreuil, he dined at Mr. Breck's, where, among some thirty persons, he encountered Mrs. Tudor, who knew French perfectly, and was possessed of understanding, grace, and delicacy, and Mrs. Morton, who, besides speaking French, was a poetess of no mean celebrity. Soon after he attended the Tuesday evening Club, which is still in existence, at the end of more than a century from its commencement; and calling again at Mr. Bowdoin's, his admiration was kindled at the sight of that gentleman's beautiful grand-daughter, the eldest child of Lady Temple, "an angel in the disguise of

* Francis Jean, Marquis de Chastellux, litterateur, philosopher, and soldier, was born of a noble family in Paris in 1734. He was elected in 1775 one of the forty members of the French Academy, and in 1780 came to America, with the rank of Major General, under the Count de Rochambeau, and remained here between two and three years. He published *De la Felicité Publique*, 1772; *Voyage dans l'Amerique Septentrionale, dans les annes* 1780–81–82, in two volumes, which were severely criticised by Brissot de Warville; *Essai sur l'Union de la Poesie et de la Musique; Discours sur les Avantages et Desavantages qui résultant pour l'Europe de la Decouverte de l'Amerique; Discours en Vers addresses aux officiers et soldats des differentes Armées Americaines*, traduit de l'Anglais de David Humphreys, and some other works, besides articles in the Encyclopédie, &c. He died in 1788. It was but a short time before his death that the Marquis was married, and he wrote to Washington advising him of the happy event. The Chief answered in one of the few examples of written pleasantry we have from him. "I was," he says, "not less delighted than surprised to meet the plain American words, 'my wife.' A wife! well, my dear Marquis, I can scarcely refrain from smiling to find you caught at last. I saw by the eulogium you often made on the happiness of domestic life in America that you had swallowed the bait, and that you would as surely be taken, one day or another, as that you were a philosopher and a soldier. So your day has at length come. I am glad of it, with all my heart. It is quite good enough for you. Now you are well served for coming to fight in favor of the American rebels, all the way across the Atlantic ocean, by catching that terrible contagion, domestic felicity, which, like the small pox or the plague, a man can have only once in his life, because it commonly lasts him, (at least with us in America: I know not how you manage these matters in France,) for his whole lifetime. And yet, after all, the worst wish which I can find it in my heart to make against Madame de Chastellux and yourself is, that you may neither of you ever get the better of this same domestic felicity, during the entire course of your mortal existence. If so wonderful an event should have occasioned me, my dear Marquis, to write in a strange style, you will understand me as clearly as if I had said, what in plain English is the simple truth, 'Do me the justice to believe that I take a heartfelt interest in whatever concerns your happiness.' And, in this view, I sincerely congratulate you on your auspicious matrimonial connection."

a young girl."* M. de Chastellux discovered that the Americans had the bad habit of eating too frequently, and they made him play at whist, with English cards, much handsomer and dearer than were used in Paris, and marked their points with *louis d'ors*. The stakes however were easy to settle, notwithstanding the addiction of the people of this country to gambling, for the company was still faithful to that voluntary law established in society which prohibited playing for money during the war.

M. Jean Pierre Brissot de Warville followed in a few years, and was not less pleased than the Marquis de Chastellux with the amiable, affable, hospitable people of Boston. Were he to paint all the estimable characters he met in that charming town, he tells us, his portraits would never be finished. The Bostonians were even then somewhat too philosophical in their religion, but they united simplicity of morals with that French politeness and delicacy of manners which rendered virtue most agreeable. They were true friends, tender husbands, almost idolatrous parents, and kind masters. The grim young republican heard in some houses the piano forte, and exclaimed, "God grant that the Boston women may never, like those of Paris, acquire *la maladie* of perfection in the art of music, which is not to be attained but at the expense of the domestic virtues!" The "demoiselles here had the liberty enjoyed in Geneva, when morals were there, in the time of the republic; and they did not abuse it. Their frank and tender hearts had nothing to fear from the perfidy of men: the vows of love were believed;" and wives, to sum up all, were "occupied in rendering their husbands happy."

* Miss Temple, afterward Mrs. Winthrop, and the mother of the present Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, was brought up in Governor Bowdoin's family, and adopted by him as a daughter. With him she lived during the whole period of the revolution, meeting at his house Franklin and Lafayette, and all the French and American officers of distinction who visited the city. Lafayette was a great admirer of hers, and called often to see her during his last visit to America. She was long the reigning belle of Boston.



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III.

Philadelphia, it will be perceived, was still the largest town in the country. By general consent it had been regarded as the metropolis, except while occupied by the enemy, during the war. The Chevalier de Beaujour, who described it a few years later, denies its claim to be considered the most beautiful city in the world, but admits that it was the most remarkable for the regularity of its streets, and the cleanliness of its houses. "It is cut," he says, "like a chess-board, at right angles. All the streets and houses resemble each other, and nothing is so gloomy as this uniformity, unless it be the sadness of the inhabitants, the greater part of whom are of Quaker or Puritan descent."

Society here, in the middle of the last century, was divided into two classes of families, recognized as of family rank, though family rank of very different kinds. One comprised the Logans, Shippens, Pembertons, Morrises, Walns, Lloyds (of the ancient house of Dolobran), Hills, Wynnes, Moores, Benezets, Norrises, Peningtons, and a few others of Quaker antiquity, highly esteemed even beyond the circle of their sect for substantial qualities and comfortable regard for domestic ease, but bound, of course, by the essence of their faith, to an abnegation of nearly every thing that belonged to the spirit of the cavalier, and of every thing which illustrates itself in the tastes or shows of life. This was the elder part of the provincial aristocracy. Some of them or their ancestors had come on "The Welcome," along with William Penn himself, and whatever had been their rank at home — in many cases it was of unquestionable respectability — they formed in Pennsylvania a sort of "Battle Abbey Roll," and some time before the death of Penn had obtained a peaceable possession from which the advent of a class more liberal, educated, and accomplished, has never dispossessed their names.

The death of the founder of Pennsylvania in 1718, the increasing wealth and civilization of the colony, and the return of the proprietory descendants to the established church, brought from England at a later date, and generally about the middle of the last century, a class of entirely different families. For the most part they were in some connection with the proprietary offices, now grown important. They were with few exceptions of the Church of England, and of liberal education — merchants trained in the honorable principles of a large commerce, lawyers who had pursued their studies at the Temple — and it may be supposed were recognized at home as people of liberal culture, of social refinement, and "of orthodox principles, both in church and state." Such doubtless were the Allens, Ashetons (though this family came earlier), Lawrences, Chews, Tilghmans, Plumsteds, Hamiltons, Hackleys, Inglises, Simses, Francises, Masters, Bonds, Peterses, Conynghams of Conyngham, Chancellors, and Maddoxes. These last two, of which the second is extinct in the male line, came in the beginning of the century. Certain of the Shippens, likewise, originally of Quaker affinities, had now in the third generation been so educated in England as to belong more to this class than to the former one, and several families from Scotland, who had arrived in Philadelphia about 1740 to 1745, are also to be reckoned in it. These all constituted a secondary formation in the colonial stratification. At a later date the men of the revolution, Bradford, McKean, Biddle, Mifflin, and many, of rank, from other states, such as Major Pierce Butler, Mr. Boudinot, Mr. Reed, and some others, whom public affairs brought permanently to Philadelphia, were a third class, which comprised a few and only a few of both the former classes: the Quakers having been generally excluded as averse to war of any kind, and many of the provincial gentry as averse to a war with Great Britain. The small number of the older classes, principally of

the second, who supported the war, attracted to their new character more than the natural influence of their former colonial standing.*

IV.

Eminent among the English families of this second class were the Willings, who for strong social connections and great weight

* The following document, never before published in a form likely to be preserved, is curious and interesting. It is a copy of the original subscription list to the first city dancing assembly, held in Philadelphia in the year 1748. It contains a record of most of the persons then in Philadelphia belonging to the second class of which I have spoken. Some of the names, such as those of Kidd, Mackimen, Sober, Wiscart, Polyceen, Boyle, Godons, Cottenham, Maland, and Cozzens, are, I believe, hardly now known even to antiquaries in that city. They were probably strangers or temporary residents. A few, like those of Bond, Stedman, Franks, Inglis, and Levy, are now represented in female lines. But notwithstanding the change often made upon the structure and chances of our society by our transatlantic brethren, it will be obvious that now, at the distance of one hundred and twenty-five years from its date — a revolution having occurred in the meantime, and a republican commonwealth having taken the place of a proprietary and royal province — many of the remaining names still subsist and are well known in the identical form on which they appear on the original subscription list, made twenty-eight years before the Declaration of Independence.

A list of subscribers for an Assembly, under the direction of John Inglis, Lynford Lardnor, John Wallace, and John Swift: Each subscription forty shillings, to be paid to any of the directors on subscribing.

Alexander Hamilton,	T. Lawrence, sen.,	James Hamilton,	John Inglis,	James Polyceen,
T. Lawrence, jr.,	David McIlvaine,	Robert Mackimen,	R. Wiseheart,	William Franklin,
John Wallace,	John Wilcocks,	William Allen,	Abram Taylor,	Henry Harrison,
Phineas Bond,	Charles Steadman,	Archibald McCall,	James Trotter,	John Hewson,
Charles Willing,	John Kidd,	Joseph Turner,	Samson Levy,	Daniel Boyle,
Joseph Shippen,	William Bingham,	Thomas Hopkinson,	Lynford Lardnor,	Thomas White,
Samuel McCall, jr.,	Buckridge Sims,	Richard Peters,	Richard Hill, jr.,	John Lawrence,
George McCall,	John Swift,	Adam Thomson,	Benjamin Price,	Thomas Godons,
Edward Jones,	John Kearsley, jr.,	Alexander Steadman,	John Francis,	John Cottenham,
Samuel McCall, sen.,	William Plumsted,	Patrick Baird,	William McIlvaine,	John Maland,
R. Conyingham,	Andrew Elliot,	John Sober,	William Humphreys,	William Cozzens.
Joseph Sims,	James Burd,	David Franks,	William Peters,	

The above list is older than the one given by Mr. Watson, in his "Annals." That careful antiquary furnishes the following catalogue of fashionable "belles and dames" for the ball of the City Assembly in 1757:

Mrs. Allen,	Mrs. Joseph Shippen,	Mrs. Alex. Steadman,	Miss Betty Plumsted,	Miss Nancy Willing,
Mrs. Taylor,	Mrs. Dolgreen,	Mrs. Hopkinson,	Miss Rebecca Davis,	Miss Dolly Willing,
Mrs. Hamilton,	Mrs. Phineas Bond,	Miss Patty Ellis,	Miss Jeany Greame,	Mrs. M'Ilvaine,
Mrs. Brotherson,	Mrs. Burd,	Mrs. Marks,	Miss Nelly M'Call,	Miss Betty Gryden,
Mrs. Inglis,	Mrs. Chas. Steadman,	Miss Molly Francis,	Miss Randolph,	Miss Sally Fishbourn,
Mrs. Jeykell,	Mrs. Thomas White,	Miss Betty Francis,	Miss Sophia White,	Miss Furnell,
Mrs. Franks,	Mrs. Johnes,	Miss Osburn,	Mrs. Venables,	Miss Isabella Cairnie,
Mrs. Lydia M'Call,	Mrs. Warren,	Miss Sober,	Miss Hyatt,	Miss Pennyfaither,
Mrs. Sam'l M'Call, sen.,	Mrs. Oswald,	Miss Molly Lawrence,	Miss Betty Clifften,	Miss Jeany Richardson.
Mrs. Sam'l M'Call, jr.,	Mrs. Thomas Bond,	Miss Kitty Lawrence,	Miss Molly Dick,	Mrs. Reily,
Mrs. Swift,	Mrs. Davey,	Mrs. George Smith,	Miss Fanny Jeykell,	Mrs. Graydon,
Mrs. Sims,	Mrs. Wm. Humphreys,	Miss Nancy Hickman,	Miss Fanny Marks,	Mrs. Ross,
Mrs. Willcocks,	Mrs. Pennery,	Miss Sally Hunlock,	Miss Peggy Oswald,	Mrs. Peter Bard,
Mrs. Lawrence,	Mrs. Henry Harrison,	Miss Peggy Harding,	Miss Betty Oswald,	Mrs. Franklin,
Mrs. Greame.	Mrs. Bingham,	Miss Molly M'Call,	Miss Sally Woodrop,	Miss L. de Normandie,
Mrs. Robertson,	Mrs. Clymer,	Miss Peggy M'Call,	Miss Molly Oswald,	Miss Phebe Winecoop,
Mrs Francis,	Mrs. Wallace,	Mrs. Lardner,	Mrs. Willing,	Mrs. Harkly.

of both public and private character enjoyed an enviable distinction. The name, though found in Germany, has become nearly extinct in England, where it originated, and in our own country has hardly been known out of Philadelphia. The family has however in later days given a member to the peerage of Great Britain,* and the wife, first of a count and afterwards of a marquis, of France,† while, without any title, a third has illustrated for a long time the beauty of American women in the metropolis of Europe.

The first of this family of whom I have heard, although I believe it is traced much further, was Joseph Willing, of Gloucestershire, who married about two centuries since Ava Lowre, of that county, the heiress of a good estate which had descended to her through several generations of Saxon ancestors, and whose arms he seems ‡ to have assumed, on their marriage, in place of his own. Their son Thomas married Anne Harrison, a grand-daughter in the paternal line of Thomas Harrison,§ and in the maternal of Simon Mayne. The former was a Major General in the Protector's army and a member of the long Parliament; the latter was also a prominent actor in Cromwell's time; and both were members of the court which condemned Charles the First to death. Whether he considered this part of his ancestral history a good title to consideration in a country settled by puritans, in the "dissidence of dissent," or whether he was attracted by the rising commercial glory of this country, I am not sufficiently informed to say; but having visited America in 1720, and spent five years here, Mr. Thomas Willing brought his son Charles over in 1728 and established him

* The present Lord Ashburton, great-grandson of Thomas Willing of Philadelphia.

† La Marquise de Blaisel.

‡ "Sable a hand, couped at the wrist, grasping three darts, one in pale and two in sallure, argent."

§ The late President William Henry Harrison, was, I believe, a descendant of Major General Harrison, of Cromwell's army. At the time of his death a copy of an original painting of the Protector's friend was just completed for his gratification.

in commerce in Philadelphia, himself returning home. Charles, the first who remained in the country, may therefore be considered the founder of the American family. Few men in a private station have any where enjoyed greater influence or attained to a more dignified respectability. His house, still standing at the southwest corner of Third street and Willing's alley, though now deprived of its noble grounds, running back to Fourth street* and far onward down to Spruce street, and shaded with oaks that might be regarded as of the primeval forests,† is still remarked for its spacious comfort and its old-fashioned repose. He pursued for a quarter of a century with great success and with noble fidelity to its best principles the profession of a merchant, in which he obtained the highest consideration, by the scope, vigor and forecast of his understanding, his great executive power, his unspotted integrity, and the amenity of his disposition and manners. Toward the close of his life he discharged with vigilance, dignity, and impartiality, the important functions of the chief magistracy of the city, in which he died, respected by the whole community, in November, 1754 — just one century ago — at the early age of forty-four. His wife was Anne, grand-daughter of Edward Shippen,‡ a person of com-

* The west end of this lot, fronting on Fourth street, Mr. Thomas Willing, son of the person here mentioned, surrendered to his son-in-law and nephew, Mr. Thomas Willing Francis, who built upon it the beautiful mansion now occupied by Mr. Joseph R. Ingersoll. On the southern part, Charles Willing himself built a residence, which has since given place to other buildings, for his son-in-law, Colonel William Byrd, of Westover, in Virginia. General Washington for some time had his head-quarters at Philadelphia in this house. It was afterwards the residence of Chief Justice Chew.

† The now venerable buttonwood, standing in front of the old mansion at the corner of Third street and Willing's alley, was planted in 1749, and is therefore one hundred and five years old.

‡ William Shippen, of York, gentleman, had three sons, 1, Robert, rector of Stockport, in Cheshire, and father of Robert, Principal of Brazen Nose, Oxford, 2, William, a leader in Parliament in Robert Walpole's time (the "downright Shippen" of Pope), 3, Edward, born in 1639, who, having by the death of his brothers inherited their estates, came to America in 1672. In 1695 he was elected Speaker of the Assembly of Pennsylvania, and under the city charter appointed in 1701 the first mayor of Philadelphia. From 1702 to 1704 he was president of the governor's council. He died in 1712, leaving a vast landed estate.

manding influence in the early history of Pennsylvania. His son was Mr. Thomas Willing, a man whose virtues have been recorded with a truth and eloquence which heighten the dignity of even such a character as his.*

V.

In all civil wars men of hereditary rank and fortune are apt to adhere to the established authority, and this was eminently true in the war which led to American Independence. The loyalists were in a large degree people of good condition, accomplished in manners as well as in learning, and by their defection the country lost many persons who at the end of the contest would have been among her most useful citizens, and the brightest ornaments of her domestic life. The Fairfaxes, Galloways, Dulaneys, Delanceys, Robinsons, Penns, Phillipses, Whites, and others, if of the Whig party would probably have been even more distinguished in society than in affairs, though the military and civil abilities which some of them displayed against us, or in foreign countries, showed that they might have nobly served their fatherland in these capacities, and participated with the most successful and most honored of her faithful sons, in her affections and her grateful rewards. However strongly influenced by considerations of justice, many of them must have shared the feelings attributed by Freneau to Hugh Gaine, on dis-

* The following inscription, copied from a monument in Christ Church grounds, Philadelphia, is understood to be from the pen of Mr. Horace Binney:

"In memory of Thomas Willing, Esquire, born nineteenth of December, 1731, O. S., died nineteenth of January, 1821, aged eighty-nine years and thirty days. This excellent man, in all the relations of private life, and in various stations of high public trust, deserved and acquired the devoted affection of his family and friends, and the universal respect of his fellow-citizens. From 1754 to 1807 he successively held the offices of secretary to the Congress of Delegates at Albany, mayor of the city of Philadelphia, her representative in the General Assembly, President of the Provincial Congress, delegate to the Congress of the Confederation, President of the first chartered Bank in America, and President of the first Bank of the United States. With these public duties, he united the business of an active, enterprising, and successful merchant, in which pursuit, for sixty years, his life was rich in examples of the influence of probity, fidelity, and perseverance upon the stability of commercial establishments, and upon that which was his distinguished reward upon earth, public consideration and esteem. His profound adoration of the Great Supreme, and his deep sense of dependence on his mercy, in life and in death, gave him, at the close of his protracted years, the humble hope of a superior one in Heaven."

covering that he had connected himself with the losing side. One, a young gentleman of Maryland, who held a commission in the British army, after the war was over addressed from London to his sister, in this country, a poem on the subject, in which there are some passages of generous feeling and considerable literary merit, as will be seen from the following extracts, in which he laments the mistake so fatal to his happiness. Referring to his sister's portrait he says:

"Methinks now starting from my trembling hands,
Kissed into life, thy glowing image stands,
While vivid fancy lends me power to trace
The strong similitude of mind and face.
I see, enraptured, how thy features prove
Thy partial fondness, thy fraternal love.
Those languid eyes, all eloquent in tears,
Lament my absence, and attest thy fears—
Those generous fears which have too plainly shown
A brother's sorrows are not all his own! . . . .

"Ah, what avails it that in early morn
Life's fragrant roses bloomed without a thorn!
That on my youth propitious fortune smiled,
And Hope, illusive, every hour beguiled!
Ah, what avails it, but in me to show
How near are joined the extremes of bliss and woe! . . . .
Not twenty summers had matured my prime
When civil Discord, nurse of every crime,
Inflamed by interest and by rage inspired,
To active life had every bosom fired.
Spurning at ease, impatient of control,
While jocund health beat vigorous in my soul,
To loyal arms with eager haste I flew,
And, in my sovereign's service, early drew
A faithful sword, that boldly dared oppose
The sons of Freedom—then, I thought, her foes!

"Let duller mortals, sensibly discreet,
Whose callous hearts with frigid caution beat,
Whose guarded conduct, cold Discretion guides,
While sober Prudence o'er each step presides,
With nice precision dubious currents weigh,
And, as the scale preponderates, obey.

From all my follies, all my faults, exempt,
Beneath my pity, as beneath contempt,
Let such exult! . . . . In either war or love .
No half-formed passions do my bosom move;
But nobly daring, when the die was cast,
And war's decree within my country passed,
To fly from Pleasure's fascinating chains,
Nor waste my youth in dull inglorious scenes,
Unswayed by interest, unappalled by fear,
My actions open, and my purpose clear,
With frank avowal was that course pursued
Whose flattering prospects promised public good.
But had I thought that Britain bared her hand
To forge a fetter for my native land,
By all the sacred hosts of heaven I swear
My country's welfare should have been my care! . . . .
Let those who know me best, my thoughts portray,
And flush my conduct in the face of day;
Let those who hate me most with truth proclaim
If ever yet dishonor stamped my name."

The author of this rare and curious poem appears to have been of the party of loyalists sent into Florida—

"To guard the frontier from incursive foes
Where, through rich canes, the rapid Tensaw flows,
To waste whole weeks amid a savage band,
Wild as the woods and worthless as the sand;"

and finally to have gone to London, where a course of dissipation injured his constitution, and made indispensable for his repose the gentle care which could be found only in the home he had forfeited by his mistaken loyalty. Reviewing his gay career he exclaims:

"Ah, thoughtless, careless, in the transient scene,
When coming pain should dissipate the dream,
When Wisdom's slighted precepts in my breast
Should waken fears which buoyant youth supprest,
And sad Experience should this truth disclose,
That one may feel the thorn, yet not enjoy the rose!"

VI.

The most celebrated fete ever given in Philadelphia was that of the Meschianza, during the revolution. The famous Major Andre, whom writers of sentimental verses and romances have represented, with but little reason, as a very Bayard in character, left an interesting account of it, which has frequently been published.

The next entertainment in the city, of which we have any very minute history, was that given on the occasion of the birthday of the Dauphin of France, by the French minister, after the close of the war. Of this we have an ample description, by Dr. Rush, who was present with his family. For weeks the city was amused with preparations for the splendid fête. Hundreds thronged daily to see the great building, erected on the grounds next to M. Luzerne's house, for a dancing room. Its width upon the street was sixty feet, and its roof was supported by lofty pillars, painted and festooned. The interior was finished with taste, and ornamented with a profusion of banners and appropriate pictures, and the surrounding garden, with groves and fountains, spacious walks and numerous seats, invited guests from the crowd and heat of the brilliant hall, to rest, or for pleasing conversation. For ten days before the event nothing else was talked of in the city. The shops were filled with customers; hairdressers were retained; and tailors, milliners, and mantuamakers, seemed to have in their keeping the happiness of all who belonged to the fashionable world. The anxiously expected day at length arrived. At an early hour a corps of hairdressers took possession of the room assigned to the city watchmen, and so great was the demand on their attention, that many ladies were obliged to have their heads dressed between four and six o'clock in the morning. At seven o'clock in the evening, the hour appointed for the meeting of the company, it was

believed that the streets, in the immediate vicinity of the minister's house, contained more than ten thousand of the curious and idle men, women, and children, of the city and adjacent country.

"At about eight o'clock," says Dr. Rush, "our family, consisting of Mrs. Rush, our cousin, Susan Hall, our sister Sukey, and myself, with our good neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Henry, entered the apartment provided for this splendid entertainment. We were received through a wide gate, by the minister, and conducted by one of his family to the dancing room. The scene now almost exceeded description. The numerous lights distributed through the garden, the splendor of the room we were approaching, the size of the company which was already collected, and which consisted of about seven hundred persons, the brilliancy and variety of their dresses, and the band of music, which had just begun to play, had together an effect which resembled enchantment. Sukey Stockton said, her mind was 'carried beyond and out of itself.' Here were ladies and gentlemen of the most ancient as well as of the most modern families. Here were lawyers, doctors, and ministers of the Gospel. Here were the learned faculty of the college, and among them many who knew not whether Cicero plead in Latin or in Greek, or whether Horace was a Roman or a Scotchman. Here were painters and musicians, poets and philosophers, and men who were never moved by beauty or harmony, or by rhyme or reason. Here were the president and members of Congress, governors of states, generals of armies, and the ministers of finance, war, and foreign affairs. The company was mixed, but the mixture formed the harmony of the evening. The whole assembly behaved to each other as if they had been members of the same family. It was impossible to partake of the joy without being struck with the occasion of it: it was to celebrate the birth of a Dauphin of France." The Doctor indulges in some agreeable reflections

on the change of feeling toward France, induced by her recent assistance against Great Britain, which this imposing festival illustrated and confirmed; and he then proceeds to describe the groups into which the vast assembly naturally divided itself. "Here," he says, "were to be seen heroes and patriots in close conversation with each other; Washington and Dickinson held several dialogues together; Rutledge and Walton, from the south, here conversed with Lincoln and Duane, from the east and the north; and Mifflin and Reed accosted each other, with all the kindness of ancient friends." At half-past eight o'clock commenced the dancing; at nine, there was an exhibition of fire-works; at twelve, in three large tents, in the adjacent grounds, was served the supper; and before three in the morning, the whole company had separated and the lights were extinguished.

VII.

The famous belle, Miss Vining,* in a letter to Governor Dickinson, in 1783, complains that Philadelphia had lost all its gayety

* Miss Vining, in 1783, was twenty-five years of age. Miss Montgomery, in her "Reminiscences of Wilmington," says her rare beauty and graceful form commanded admiration, and her intellectual endowments—a mind stored with historical knowledge, and sparkling effusions of wit—entertained the literati and amused the gay. The singular fluency and elegance with which she spoke the French language, with her vivacity, grace, and amiability, had made her a general favorite with the French officers, who praised her in their home correspondence to such a degree that her name became familiar in Paris, and the queen, Marie Antoinette, spoke of her with enthusiasm, to Mr. Jefferson, expressing a wish that she might some time see her at the Tuileries. The intimate friendships she formed during the Revolution were preserved after the peace, by a large correspondence with distinguished men. Lafayette appears to have been very much attached to her, and she wrote to him frequently until she died. Foreigners of rank rarely visited Wilmington, after Miss Vining's retirement from the society of Philadelphia, without soliciting an introduction to her. Among her guests were the Duke de Liancourt, the Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe), and many others; and it is related that General Miranda, passing through the town in a mail-coach, at night, left his card for her at the post-office. The death of her brother, a man of eminent abilities, who was chosen at an early age a member of Congress from Delaware, was followed by a series of misfortunes, and retiring from the gay world, in the maturity of her charms, she passed the closing years of her life in poverty and seclusion

with the removal of Congress from the city, but adds, "You know however, that here alone can be found a truly intellectual and refined society, such as one naturally expects in the capital of a great country." Miss Franks, who was not less celebrated, for her wit, and the dashing gayety of her manners, agreed with Miss Vining as to the superiority of the men and women of Philadelphia, and in an autograph letter of hers which is before me, written while on Long Island, and addressed to her elder sister, the wife of Andrew Hamilton, of "Woodlands," west of the Schuylkill, she presents us with a graphic and amusing description of the higher social life of New York, with the contrasts it offered to that in her own city. This letter, though so long, is at the same time so unique and piquant that I copy it nearly entire:

. . . . "You will think I have taken up my abode for the summer at Mrs. Van Horne's, but on the contrary, this day I return to the disagreeable, hot town, much against my will, and the inclination of the family. I cannot however bear papa's being so much alone, and he will not be persuaded to quit the city, though I am sure he can have no business to keep him there. Two nights he staid with us, which is all I have seen of him since I left home. I am quite angry with him. I have written you several times these two weeks; so you can have no cause to complain, unless it is of being too often troubled with my nonsense.

"You ask a description of the Miss Van Horne who was with me—Cornelia. She is in disposition as fine a girl as ever you saw, with a great deal of good humor and good sense. Her person is too large for a beauty, in my opinion, and yet I am not partial to little women; her complexion, eyes, and teeth, are very good and she has a great quantity of light brown hair (*entre nous*, the girls of New York excel us Philadelphians in that particular, and in their forms), a sweet countenance and an agreeable smile. . . . . .

Her sister Kitty is the belle of the family, I think, though some give the preference to Betsey. . . . Kitty's form is much in the style of our admired Mrs. Galloway, but she is rather taller and larger—her complexion very fine, and the finest hair I ever saw. Her teeth are beginning to decay, which is the case with most New York girls, after eighteen. She has a great deal of elegance of manners. By the bye, few ladies here know how to entertain company in their own houses, unless they introduce the card-table. Except the Van Hornes, who are remarkable for their good sense and ease, I don't know a woman or girl who can chat above half an hour, and that on the form of a cap, the color of a ribbon, or the set of a hoop, stay, or *jupon*. I will do our ladies—that is, the Philadelphians—the justice to say, that they have more cleverness in the turn of an eye, than those of New York have in their whole composition. With what ease have I seen a Chew, a Penn, an Oswald, an Allen, and a thousand others, entertain a large circle of both sexes, the conversation, without the aid of cards, never flagging nor seeming in the least strained or stupid. Here—or, more properly speaking, in New York—you enter the room with a formal, set curtsy, and after the how-dos, things are finished; all's a dead calm till the cards are introduced, when you see pleasure dancing in the eyes of all the matrons, and they seem to gain new life. The maidens, if they have favorite swains, frequently decline playing, for the pleasure of making love; for to all appearance it is the ladies, not the gentlemen, who nowadays show a preference. It is here, I fancy, always leap-year. For my part, who am used to quite another style of behavior, I cannot help showing surprise—perhaps they call it ignorance—when I see a lady single out her pet, and lean almost into his arms, at an assembly or a play-house, (which I give my honor I have too often seen both with the married and single), or hear one confess a partiality for a man, whom,

perhaps, she has not seen three times: 'Well! I declare he is a delightful creature, and I could love him for my husband!' one exclaims, or, 'I could marry such a gentleman! Indeed scandal says that, in the cases of most who have been married, the first advances came from the lady's side, or she got a male friend to introduce the intended victim and pass her off. This is really the case, and with me ladies thus lose half their charms. I suspect there would be more marriages were another mode adopted: they have made the men so saucy, that I sincerely believe the lowest ensign thinks he has but to ask, and have,—that a red coat and smart epaulette * is sufficient to secure a female heart.

"I was obliged to *cut* just as I finished the word heart! General Robertson, Commodore Afflick, and Major Murray made their appearance, and as I was writing in the parlor quite *en dishabille*, I was obliged to make the best of my way out. I am glad they came, as it broke my ill-natured train of ideas; I am quite ashamed of it; there is too much truth in what I have written, to be known, and if it *should* be known, I'll throw all the blame on you, as it was owing to the questions you asked of this family, which, remember, I again say are *excepted* in every particular, that I describe thus the common run in New York society.

"I shall send a pattern of the newest bonnets: there is no crown, but gauze is raised on wire, and pinched to a sugar loaf at the top, —the lighter the trimming the more fashionable—and all quilling. Nancy Van Horne and myself employed yesterday morning in trying to dress a rag baby in the fashion, but could not succeed; it shall go, however, as it will in some degree give you an opinion on the subject. As to the jacket, and the pinning on of the handkerchief, yours, you say, reaches to the arm. I know it, but it must be

* This was written before the evacuation of New York by the British, and Miss Franks was herself already engaged to a distinguished British officer.

pinned up to the top of the shoulders, and quite under the arm, as you would a girl's vandyke. The fuller it sets the handsomer it is thought. Nobody ever sets a handkerchief out in the neck, and a gauze handkerchief is always worn double, and the largest that can be got; it is pinned round the throat, as Mrs. Penn always did, and made to set out before like the chitterling of a man's shirt. The ladies here always wear either a pin or a brooch, as the men do. Two more beaus! Captain Afflick and and Mr. Biddulph, the first frightful, and the other very genteel and clever.

"Lord! if this letter is seen, I shall be killed! or I must fly to you, for protection. You may imagine what an indifferent I am, to continue writing, with beaus in the room; but so it is! I am not what I was.

"You 'beg to know' what my *presents* are: when they arrive I'll tell you. They are on board Cooper and Miller's ship, which Mr. Wier says I must not expect till September. How provoking! Aunt Richa writes me word by the last packet, or rather by Oliver De Lancey, who is come in it, that by him I shall have a handsome dress cap, of Charlotte De Lancey's choosing, and two pairs of shoes. The shoes came with her letter, and I sent post-haste to town for the cap, but did not get it. Mr. De Lancey said she talked of sending it by him, but afterwards thought it would be safer to come by the fleet; so that in September, and not before, I shall be *fine!* The shoes, or rather the patterns for them, are, one pair, dark maroon, embroidered with gold, and the other, white, with pink. Charlotte says she hopes they'll be wedlock shoes—which I much doubt. The dear good old lady seems in the fidgets to have me married; I wish she herself were younger; I'd certainly recommend him to her—she seems so fond of him. . . .

"There is so much talking, I scarce know what I write; it is to a sister however, and I hope her partial eyes will not permit her to

see blunders, or if she should, that her kindness will find excuses for them. . . . The letter is so long that you must make the girls take a share in it, as I have not time to write to them now, and there is nothing new to tell them. Tell Peggy Chew I hope she'll accept the spangles and thread—'t is the only return I can make for the pleasure I receive from her very entertaining letters. Yesterday the grenadiers had a race at the Flat Lands, and in the afternoon this house swarmed with the beaus, and some very smart ones. How the girls would have envied me, could they have peeped in and seen how I was surrounded! and yet, I should have been as happy, if not much more so, if spending the afternoon with the Thursday party at Woodlands. I am glad to hear you 're out there, as the town must be dreadful this hot summer. New York is bad enough, though I do not think it as warm as Philadelphia. Your health, in punch! The Van Hornes join with me in begging to be remembered, particularly to Mrs. Harleston and her mother: I hope you'll visit them; do, if 't is only on Harleston's account, whose memory I ever shall respect. I have spent happier days with him than I fear I ever shall experience again! If you tell Billy Hamilton I say so, he 'll swear I still retain a remainder of my former penchant; but assure him 't is only a pure and lively friendship. Letters, this moment, from you and Peggy Chew, and one from Mrs. Arnold! I must stop to read them. . . Tell Peggy I give her leave to read all I write, if she 'll take the trouble. I am happy here; tell her 't is only for a visit; I wish to be with you. . . Love to every body."

This letter is very characteristic of its author. She was the youngest of three daughters of David Franks, a wealthy Jewish merchant of Philadelphia. The eldest sister, Phila, was married to General Oliver De Lancey, who soon after the breaking out of the revolution accepted a commission in the British army, having

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previously commanded a New York regiment during the war with France. The second, Abigail, to whom the above letter was addressed, was the wife of Andrew Hamilton, who owned the finest rural residence in Pennsylvania. Rebecca Franks, soon after the war, was married to Lieutenant General Sir Henry Johnston, and subsequently resided in England.*

VIII.

The most ample and interesting description of the size and appearance of the city of New York, at the close of the war, is contained in a discourse published a few years ago by William Alexander Duer, LL. D., whose father, Colonel William Duer, previously and for many years afterward honorably distinguished in affairs, then resumed his residence here. Colonel Duer had been married, at Baskenridge, New Jersey, on the twenty-seventh of July, 1779, to the beautiful Katherine Alexander, daughter of Lord Stirling, and the two children referred to in the following extract are the venerable author, who lately presided over Columbia College, and the honorable John Duer, who continues to grace the bench of the Superior Court.

"My first recollections of this city," says Dr. Duer, "relate to a time when it was not much larger, or its population much greater, than the additions now annually made to them. It was in the month of November, 1783, close upon the evacuation of the city by the British forces, and the entry of General Washington at the head of the American army, that our family caravan followed, in true patriarchal style, parents and children, (as yet there were but

* There are many allusions to Miss Franks in contemporary letters and memoirs. Her wit was not particularly commendable for its delicacy, and she was sometimes worsted with weapons like her own, as was the case in her celebrated encounter with General Charles Lee. The reader may find a pleasant account of her in Littell's edition of the Memoirs of Alexander Graydon

two of us,) man-servants and maid-servants, and a stranger that had been received within our gates. We had landed at the old Albany Pier, near the foot of Whitehall street; and as we pursued our course upwards, the first objects that arrested my attention were the dismounted cannon lying under the walls of the Old Fort, or Upper Battery, over which they had apparently been toppled by the British soldiery, in the wantonness or haste of their departure. The first view of these pieces of ordnance produced some confusion in my infant mind. We had arrived from West Point, where I had been accustomed to the sight of artillery in various positions, and I sagely concluded that we had put back, and relanded at that post. But I was soon undeceived. Passing the Bowling Green, with a somewhat triumphant glance at the pedestal in its centre from which the leaden image of George the Third had been dethroned, we found ourselves advancing into the *Burnt District*, in nearly the same part of Broadway which was more recently the scene of a similar calamity. It extended in this quarter—to which, however, it was by no means confined—up both sides of Broadway, to Rector street,* with the exception of some half dozen houses † left standing near the Lower or present Bat-

* The great fire of September 21, 1776, commenced at the Whitehall Slip; and burned all the houses on the east side of the slip, and the west side of Broad street to Beaver street, both sides of which were destroyed. It then crossed Broadway to Beaver Lane, (now Morris street,) burning all the houses on both sides of Broadway to Rector street on the west, and some few houses in New street on the east. Besides Trinity Church, (the one before the last,) this fire destroyed a Lutheran church at the lower corner of Rector street, where Grace Church was afterwards erected; and then extending in the rear of Trinity Church along Lumber street, in which all the houses were burned, as well as every thing in the rear of Broadway to Partition (now Fulton) street, in which every house on both sides, and as far as Mortlike (now Barclay) street, and down to the North River, were destroyed. The College Yard, and the vacant ground in its rear, put an end to this conflagration, in which about five hundred houses were consumed.—See Dunlap's Hist. ii. 78. On the 7th of August, 1778, another fire broke out, in the night, in which about three hundred houses in Great and Little Dock and the adjacent streets, were destroyed.

† From the present Nos. 1 to 11, then comprising the family residences of Captain Archibald Kennedy, R. N., afterwards Earl of Cassilis; John Watts, sen.; Robert R. Livingston, sen.; John Stevens, sen.; Augustus Van Cortlandt, Henry White, &c.

tery. No visible attempts had been made since the fire for the removal of the ruins; and as the edifices destroyed were chiefly of brick, the skeletons of the remaining walls cast their grim shadows upon the pavement, imparting an unearthly aspect to the street. The semicircular front of old Trinity still reared its ghastly head, and seemed to deepen while it hallowed the solitude of the surrounding graves. But before reaching it, the gloom was cheered by another revival of my military impressions, at the sight of some remaining pickets of a stockade in the lane opposite Verlentenberg Hill, which once formed a portion of the old city wall, crossed Broadway diagonally, passed down the opposite street, and gave to it its name.

"Turning into this street we seemed, at last, to have entered a city of the living. There stood the old Presbyterian meeting-house: not that which lately crossed the ferry to Jersey City, but its rough-hewn predecessor, in which Whitfield had once poured forth the torrent of his eloquence, and whose members had, in after years, been refreshed by milder and more fertilizing streams flowing from the lips of a Rodgers or a Miller. There it stood, in solitary gloom, to which the turmoil of the carrying trade, now driving at the same spot, affords the liveliest imaginable reverse. Next, at the head of Broad street, we descried the City Hall, in its primitive nakedness, forming a still stronger though not more striking contrast to the Grecian temple which has succeeded it. The old Hall, before its conversion to the use of the federal government, stood upon open brick arches, under which you passed from street to street in one direction, and in another, along the same street in which we were travelling. Nearly opposite, was the modest dwelling of Alexander Hamilton, upon part of the present site of the Mechanics' Bank. Beyond, at the intersection of Smith (now William) street, we beheld the effigies of a more widely cele-

brated but not more illustrious man; there, erect upon its pedestal, was the statue of the elder Pitt, mutilated and defaced, in resentment of his speech against the acknowledgment of our Independence, in a manner more evincive of the patriotism than of the good taste of the despoilers.

"Our family party now wheeled to the left, and passing up Smith-street, till we came to the corner of King, now Pine street, we took up our abode for the winter at the family mansion of the Phillipses,* then kept as a lodging-house, by a respectable matron of the name of Mercer, but afterwards, before its fall, more renowned as the Bank Coffee House, kept by the inimitable host Niblo. On the next May-day—that day devoted by our Dutch ancestors to uproar and removal—we resumed our peregrinations, nor stopped till we arrived at the upper extremity of Broadway, at the utmost limit of the city pavement, where we took possession of the house opposite St. Paul's Chapel, now occupied by the Chemical Bank. There was so little choice in regard to situation, that we were fain to content ourselves with this remote residence, especially as the house

* Removed within these few years, to make way for warehouses. At the corner immediately opposite, was the residence of one branch of the Ludlows; opposite to them, in Smith street, was that of the Duyckincks. Proceeding northward, at the corner of Little Queen, now Cedar street, was a family of Beekmans, directly opposite, John Alsop, a retired merchant, a delegate to the first Continental Congress, and father-in-law of Rufus King, who afterwards occupied the house for several years. It was removed some time since, upon the extension of Cedar street. At the southwest corner of Crown, now Liberty street, was the famous retail hardware and fancy shop —as such establishments were then properly called—of Francis Ogsbury, continued many years afterwards by his sons and successors. Returning to King street, and proceeding southwardly, across Wall, and down Smith street, we come to the entrance of Garden street, in which stood the "little Dutch Church," the oldest in the city, and the farthest down town. At the upper corner of Smith and Garden streets, was the fashionable haberdashery of Grove Bend; at the lower corner, the residence formerly of the Clarksons, and afterwards of Colonel Sebastian Bauman, the postmaster, a revolutionary officer appointed to that station by General Washington; there he kept his office, as did his successor, General Bailey. Adjoining were the Kembles, and opposite the Costers. Below, opposite Princess street, as that part of Beaver street was then called, was a branch of the Van Hornes, and in that and the small streets and lanes in the vicinity, including that part of Store street, then called Duke street, and Mill street, in which was their synagogue —the houses were principally inhabited by the Jews.

itself was one of the best, as well as one of the few to be rented in the city. It was, to be sure, not very convenient, in point of situation, for a town-house; but then it rejoiced in some of the advantages of a country retreat. The fields were open to the north, as far as a line ranging eastwardly from Warren street, where the prospect was bounded by those more useful than agreeable objects the Bridewell, the Poor House, the Gaol and the Gallows. Towards the west, however, there was nothing to obstruct the view of the North River, but two low houses at the corner of Vesey street, and the College building, as yet unfurnished with wings, and unadorned with stucco. The 'fields,' as the area comprised in the Park was then called, were green, but neither inclosed nor planted, and the only trees in sight, besides the young, now old ones, in front of the College, were the stripling growth that peered above the tea and the mead and cake gardens, along the west side of the fields.

"Although the streets leading from Broadway to the river had been laid out as high as Warren street, yet they were but partially built upon, and that, for the most part, with houses of an inferior description. None above Dey street had been regulated and paved; nor had the ridge, commencing near the Battery, and extending the length of the island, been dug through as far even as Cortlandt-street. Great Dock street, or that part of Pearl between Whitehall and Coenties Slip, with the other streets in the immediate neighborhood of Fort George, within which was the colonial Government-house, had long been considered the court-end of the town;* but, even before the Revolution, Wall street was regarded as a rival seat of fashion;† to which it established an exclusive

* Here were the residences of the Van Dams, De Lanceys, Livingstons, Bayards, Morrises, Crugers, De Peysters, and some others of the provincial notabilities.

† In Wall-street were the Verplancks, Marstons, Ludlows, Winthrops, Whites, and others; who being tories, remained in the city during the Revolution; after which the Whig families of Lamb, Denning, Buchanan, Van Horne, &c., got in among them. Here too Daniel McCormick kept his bachelor's hall, and open house, and Mrs. Daubeney her fashionable boarding-house, for

claim, and maintained it until superseded by Park Place,* or Robinson street, as it had previously been called; whose pretensions in that respect have, in their turn, become nearly obsolete. Little Dock street, now merged in Water street, and that part of the original Water street which lay adjacent to the Albany Pier, were occupied by the river trade; while the remainder of Water street, and such parts of Front street as had already been recovered from the river, formed the *emporium* of foreign commerce. This, indeed, was the case as far up as the Coffee House Slip, and gradually extended to Maiden Lane, at the foot of which were the *Vly* Market, and the Brooklyn Ferry; whilst at the head of it stood the Oswego Market, fronting on Broadway. Above, on the East River, as far as Dover street, the wharves were chiefly *improved* by our eastern brethren with their cargoes of *notions*, or occupied by our neighbors from Long Island, with their more substantial freights of oysters, clams, and fine white sand. Beyond Dover-street, the ship-yards commenced, extending, at first, no farther than to the New, or, as it is now called, Pike Slip.

"Crossing from Dover to Great Queen, since Pearl street, and pursuing the course of the latter beyond its intersection with Chatham street,† and along that part of Pearl then called Magazine-

gentlemen *only*, and was generally filled with members of Congress during its sessions in this city. Greenleaf, the republican printer, planted his batteries so as to command the strong hold of toryism, at the corner of Pearl street—under Rivington, of the Royal Gazette—in case the latter should ever recommence his fire. But he took the oath of allegiance to the new government, and was permitted to remain in his bookstore, (afterwards the auction rooms of the Messrs. Hone,) as did his fellow-laborer and neighbor, Hugh Gaine, of the Bible and Crown, who after the divorce of church and state on this side of the Atlantic, removed the royal emblems from his sign.

* In the mean time, Cortlandt street enjoyed an ephemeral reputation for fashion, from the presence of Sir John Temple, Colonels Duer and Walker, Major Fairlie, and subsequently the British Colonel Crawford, who had been Governor of the Bermudas, but, on a visit to New York, married the widow of Robert Cambridge Livingston, and remained here till he died.

† Near the head of Dover street, and at the junction of Pearl and Cherry streets, stands the old family mansion of Walter Franklin, a member of the society of Friends, and an eminent merchant, whose wealth was indicated by the dimensions of his dwelling. The late Governor De Witt Clinton married one of his daughters, and afterwards occupied his house. But it had pre-

street, we arrived at the *Kolch*, or Fresh Water Pond, whence, through the 'Tea-water Pump,' in Chatham street, the city was supplied with water for domestic use, distributed to the inhabitants by means of carts surmounted by casks, similar to those now used for *mortaring* the streets. Nor was this the only use made of the 'Collect,' as it was called in English; its southern and eastern banks were lined with furnaces, potteries, breweries, tanneries, rope-walks, and other manufactories; all drawing their supplies of water from the pond. Besides, it was rendered ornamental as well as useful. It was the grand resort in winter of our youth for skating; and no person who has not beheld it, can realize the scene it then exhibited in contrast to that part of the city under which it now lies buried. The ground between the Collect and Broadway rose gradually from its margin to the height of one hundred feet, and nothing can exceed in brilliancy and animation the prospect it presented on a fine winter day, when the icy surface was alive with skaters darting in every direction with the swiftness of the wind, or bearing down in a body in pursuit of the ball driven before them by their *hurlies;* while the hill side was covered with spectators, rising as in an amphitheatre, tier above tier, comprising as many of the fair sex, as were sufficient to adorn, and necessary to refine the assemblage; while their presence served to increase the emulation of the skaters."

viously been rendered more illustrious as the first residence of General Washington in this city after his election as President of the United States. It has since been altered, and the lower part converted into shops. In the rear of this, in Pearl street, was the Quaker Meeting House; and this quarter of the city, as far as Chatham street, was principally inhabited by members of that society. But the more wealthy ones had their establishments lower down, as far as Maiden Lane. Here were the Pearsalls, the Pryors, the Embrees, the Effinghams, the Hickses, the Hawxhursts, the Halletts, the Havilands, the Cornells, the Kenyons, the Townsends, the Tituses, the Willetts, the Wrights, &c. &c. Interspersed, however, with their residences were others, equally substantial, though not as plain, such as those of the Waltons and Roosevelts. The Bank of New York was first kept in the larger Walton House, and its first President, the elder Isaac Roosevelt, had his dwelling nearly opposite.

IX.

Washington, meanwhile, surrounded by his family and friends, was busy with his long neglected private affairs, and with great plans for the improvement and extension of inland navigation, until the meeting of the convention for forming the federal Constitution, of which he reluctantly consented to be a member. In the beginning of 1784 he wrote to Lafayette, "At length, my dear Marquis, I am become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac; and under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig-tree, free from the bustle of a camp, and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments, of which the soldier, who is ever in pursuit of fame, the statesman, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, or perhaps the ruin of other countries, as if this globe were insufficient for us all, and the courtier, who is always watching the countenance of his prince, in hopes of catching a gracious smile, can have very little conception. I have not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk, and tread the paths of private life, with a heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this, my dear friend, being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers." In the following August Lafayette revisited this country and passed two weeks with the Chief at Mount Vernon; and when he was gone Washington set off on horseback to see his lands in the western country, travelling in this way nearly seven hundred miles, along the routes of his earlier military experiences, to the scene of Braddock's defeat, at Fort Du Quesne. What a marvellous book, could they have been recorded, would have been the hero's reveries and dreams, thus

wandering between his own great history and germinating empires in which "the free spirit of mankind at length" should "throw its fetters off." After his return he again saw Lafayette, who had accomplished an extensive tour through the northern states, and been every where greeted with fit public honors. When at last they turned from each other, at Annapolis, to which place Washington accompanied his departing friend, he writes: "I often asked myself, as our carriages separated, whether that was the last sight I should ever have of you? and though I wished to say No, yet my fears answered Yes. I called to mind the days of my youth, and found they had long since fled, to return no more; that I was now descending the hill I had been fifty-two years climbing, and that, though I was blest with a good constitution, I was of a short-lived family, and might soon expect to be entombed in the mansion of my fathers. These thoughts darkened the shades, and gave a gloom to the picture, and consequently to my prospect of seeing you again. But I will not repine; I have had my day." It was indeed the last meeting of Lafayette and Washington; but the Chief had not yet lived his day; stormy or dark or splendid, thus much of it was but the morning, and now he was resting, not in its night, but in its calm though clouded noon; and new toils, different and not less glorious, awaited him before the serenely magnificent setting of his sun, and the completion of the vast proportions of his character, so that it should stand not alone for the admiration but for the loving and reverent amazement of the world.

With Governor Clinton, of New York, Washington proposed buying the mineral springs, at Saratoga, but something prevented. His old companions in arms, in France, were very anxious that he should spend a winter in Paris, but he declined. As often as he was called away from home the admiring and grateful people greeted him with the firing of cannon and the ringing

of bells, but he received all honors modestly, and all evidences of affection gratefully. Houdon came from France to model his statue, and Pine from England to paint his portrait, and Mount Vernon was thronged with illustrious guests from many nations, eager to become personally acquainted with the greatest of men, who passed his days and nights without a thought or fancy of ambition, in the cultivation of his farm — the happiest of men as well as the greatest. There is nothing in all history more respectable, more dignified, or more wonderful, considering the common infirmities of human nature, than those four years of Washington's retirement and repose, between the revolution and the convention for forming the federal Constitution, in which, as if it were a matter of course, he was called to preside.

THE CONVENTION.

I.

And now it becomes necessary to ask, What was the political condition of the colonies when the struggle for independence at last was over? In the language of Washington, success had but afforded the United States "*the opportunity of becoming a respectable nation.*" Feeble indeed had been the chain which had bound them together as united states during the conflict; its strongest links were an innate hatred of tyranny, and the external pressure which forced them to coalesce. Not the least marvellous feature in the story of the Revolution, is its ultimate triumph under a system so weak and inadequate as that furnished by the old articles of confederation. In other hands than those of Washington as commander, and Morris as financier, it may well be doubted whether the hour of triumph would then have come. To the latter of these patriots less than justice has been done by some of his own countrymen, while the intelligent and observant foreigner who has told, in Italian, the story of the struggle, with a true appreciation of his worth, has said, "the Americans certainly owed, and still owe, as much acknowledgment to the financial operations of Robert Morris, as to the negotiations of Benjamin Franklin, or even to the arms of Washington."

When the contest began, it was at once seen that a recognized union of some kind among the colonies was essential. From New Hampshire to Georgia there was indeed the same proud spirit, which refused to brook oppression; brave hearts were every where roused to resistance, and strong arms were every where ready to strike: but concentrated and harmonious purpose and action were indispensable. The sagacious mind of Franklin saw this at once; nor was he now for the first time alive to this necessity. If he had not originated, he had at least sketched a plan of union for the colonies, in the convention of colonial delegates at Albany, in 1754; and this, as the historian has remarked, "was the first official suggestion of what grew afterwards to be our present federal Constitution." That plan was rejected by the colonies: the time for it was not yet; but at last the auspicious period had arrived once more to propose a recognition of the great principle of confederated unity.

As early, therefore, as the summer of 1775, Dr. Franklin submitted to Congress articles of confederation, and, in a certain contingency, of perpetual union among the colonies: these were not then finally acted on. Had they, however, been adopted, they would have united the colonies in a simple league only, until the terms of reconciliation proposed by the previous Congress, in a petition to the king, should be agreed to, until reparation should be made for injuries done to Boston and Charlestown, until restraints upon commerce and the fisheries should be removed, and until all British troops should be withdrawn from America. In the event of refusal by the crown in these particulars, the confederation would have been perpetual, but not otherwise. In truth the feeling of a majority of the colonists was to endure as long as possible, before a final rupture; and much the larger portion of the congress itself would have rejoiced in an honorable reconciliation. Some,

however, there were, who deemed the hope of such an event entirely delusive, and indulged in no visionary expectations of magnanimity, forbearance or equity from the mother country.

The proposition for a confederacy remained unacted on until June, 1776, when the pressure of events forced it into notice. Congress had then reached the resolution of declaring America independent, which was afterwards embodied in the memorable document of the fourth of July, 1776. This resolution imposed upon that body the necessity of such a compact, as well for mutual aid as for obtaining foreign assistance.

On the eleventh of June, therefore, the very day that followed the adoption of the resolution to declare independence, a committee was appointed to frame articles of confederation. The task allotted them was one of delicacy and difficulty. On the twelfth of July they reported a plan consisting of twenty articles. In that day, the men to whom were intrusted the destinies of the country, had no scruple, when they deemed it needful for the country's good, to keep secret their doings, until the proper time for disclosure came. They did not affect the dangerous liberalism of that mad generosity which would transact all public business, even that purely executive, with open doors; and thus communicate, without scruple, the most important matters of state to foreign powers, which, in their negotiations with this country, take good care never to reciprocate such uncalculating prodigality of communication. They knew that there was a book which taught them there was a time to be silent, as well as a time to speak. It did not shock the republicanism of these early senators of our country, to print but eighty copies of their plan of confederation, and to bind themselves, their secretary, and their printer, alike, to an inviolable silence as to the contents of the paper, and to lay all under an injunction to furnish no person with a copy.

Had they pursued any other course, in all human probability the effort at confederation would have failed entirely: for there were conflicting interests to be reconciled, so diverse from each other, and habits of thought and action so very different, among the men there assembled, from the north and from the south, that these, added to the gloomy aspect of American affairs, would have been quite sufficient, had the public been invited to partake in the discussion, effectually to close the door against the possibility of calmly and wisely reconciling differences. As it was, though the plan was submitted in July, 1776, it was not until after repeated deliberations that it was finally adopted, in November, 1777.

And what was the plan? It was a league of sovereign states, and nothing more. We can but sketch an outline. It recognized no *national existence* of the colonies, as *one* great country, united under *one permanent* form of government. True, the thirteen states took the style and title of "the United States of America," but it was only to enter "into a firm league of friendship with each other, for their defence, the security of their liberties, and their mu tual and general welfare; binding themselves to assist each other against all force offered to, or attacks made upon them, or any of them, on account of religion, sovereignty, trade, or any other pre-tence whatever." And it was under no stronger bond than this voluntary agreement, that our fathers went through the war of the Revolution.

As to the details, or mode of operation under this agreement, a few particulars will suffice. Each state expressly retained its sovereignty, in all respects, where it had not expressly delegated it to the Congress, and had its own chief magistrate and government. Each state raised its own troops, and appointed all its regimental officers, the whole to be clothed, armed and equipped, at the ex-pense of the United States. And when the Congress had declared

the proportions of taxes to be paid by the several states for prosecuting the war, each by its own legislature was to lay and levy these taxes, thus merely declared by Congress, which possessed no power of coercing their payment by distress or otherwise.

As to the Congress, each state might send its delegates, not less than three nor more than seven, chosen annually, with a power of recall, at any time, and the right to substitute others: each state had one vote in the Congress.

The powers of Congress were such only as were necessary for carrying on the contest. Thus, to this body belonged exclusively the right to make war or peace, to receive ambassadors, to contract foreign alliances, to make treaties, provided that no commercial treaty should abridge the power of the state legislatures to impose upon foreigners such imposts and duties as their own people were subject to, or to enforce an absolute prohibition, if they saw fit, of the import or export of any species whatever of goods and commodities. They had power also to commission all field officers above the rank of colonel, to determine what number of land forces was necessary, and to make requisitions on each state for its proportion; and they might issue letters of marque, and build and equip a navy.

There were other powers, but this enumeration will serve to show the relative general position of the Congress and the states; and it will be seen that in the two great elements for prosecuting a war, men and money, as to the first, Congress could do no more than fix the quota of a state and make a requisition on its authorities, the disregard of which it could neither punish nor remedy; and as to the last, Congress could indeed say what was the proportion of each state, but had no power to enforce its payment. The utmost that it could do for the practical accomplishment of objects the most important was to *recommend* and *entreat*.

However, with such a system, independence was achieved, but at such a cost of personal suffering, life, and individual pecuniary ruin, as, while it almost staggers credulity, should enshrine in our hearts' best affections, the memory of our patient and heroic fathers. And beside this cost of life and property to individuals, there was also a debt, due from the United States to creditors at home and abroad, which may safely be stated at not much less than fifty millions of dollars. The whole expense of the war had been about one hundred and thirty-five millions.

Impoverished, however, as was the country, the first subject that engaged the attention of the people, after emerging from the war, was the restoration of national credit, and the payment of this, to them, enormous debt. Congress did its part, in *recommending* taxes, or duties, distributed in just proportion among all the states, but it was utterly powerless to levy the taxes, or enforce the payment of the duties. The insufficiency of the articles of confederation, as a system of government, became every day more and more apparent. There was no longer the pressure of a common danger, and the oppressive hand of tyranny had been shaken off; and these were the causes which had given strength to the bonds of the federal union. The minds of the wisest and best men were filled with gloomy apprehensions and sad forebodings. The enemies of the Revolution, both at home and abroad, had predicted that the success of America would prove her ruin, for that she was incapable of governing herself; and they were now secretly rejoicing in the prospect of a speedy fulfilment of their predictions. Many true men almost despaired of the commonwealth. Washington, in 1784, wrote: "The disinclination of the individual states to yield competent powers to Congress for the federal government, their unreasonable jealousy of that body, and of one another, and the disposition which seems to pervade each of being all-

wise and all-powerful within itself, will, if there be not a change in the system, be our downfall as a nation. . . . I think we have opposed Great Britain, and have arrived at the present state of peace and independency, to very little purpose, if we cannot conquer our own prejudices." In 1786, that able and eminently pure man, John Jay, thus expressed himself: "Our affairs seem to lead to some crisis, some revolution, something that I cannot foresee or conjecture. I am uneasy and apprehensive, *more so than during the war.* Then we had a fixed object, and though the means and time of obtaining it were often problematical, yet I did firmly believe that justice was with us. The case is now altered. We are going and doing wrong, and, therefore I look forward to evils and calamities, but without being able to guess at the instrument, nature, or measure of them." Still, his trust in Providence made Mr. Jay hopeful for his country. "That we shall again recover," he says, "and things again go well, I *have no doubt.* Such a variety of circumstances would not, almost miraculously, have combined to liberate and make us a nation, for transient and unimportant purposes. I therefore believe we are yet to become a great and respectable people; but when, and how, only the spirit of prophecy can discern."

While the clouds thus thickened in the political atmosphere, a gleam of light began to break through the darkness. It came from Virginia, in the shape of a proposal, which her position and her patriotism alike entitled her to make. In 1786 she appointed a number of gentlemen to meet such commissioners as might be appointed by other states, to consider the subject of the trade and commerce of the confederacy, and adopt some uniform system which would tend to the common interest and permanent harmony of all the states. Soon after her proposal, commissioners met at Annapolis, from Virginia, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York. Delegates had also been appointed by New

Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and North Carolina, but they were not present. Nine states, however, had thus shown their sense of the necessity of a convention—the existence of a conviction in the public mind, that some steps must necessarily be taken, in concert, to avert the calamities which so obviously threatened the country. The commissioners who were present from the five states named above, were naturally unwilling to engage in the consideration of the important subject confided to them, with such a partial representation of the old confederacy, and they therefore drew up a report and address to all the states, recommending them to appoint commissioners, not merely to deliberate on the subject of commerce, but with enlarged powers, "to take into consideration the situation of the United States, to devise such further provisions as should appear to them necessary, to render the constitution of the federal government adequate to the exigencies of the Union." This led to the appointment of delegates from every member of the old confederacy, except Rhode Island. These are the historic facts connected with the meeting of that august and dignified body of men who framed THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

II.

LEAVING now, for a time, the beaten path of historic narrative, we digress to speak of the habits of the people, in that period, and of the men who composed that memorable convention.

The whole number of members in the convention which formed the constitution was fifty-five, and an assemblage more dignified never convened to transact the business of the United States. It embraced men who had distinguished themselves in the field, or in the council, and, in some instances, in both. It embraced, too, all those peculiarities of thought and manner which characterized the

different portions of the country, from which the members respectively came. The impress of local manners was plainly visible, giving a fixed distinction to individuals. The man of New England, with strong practical common sense as the basis of his character, had the gravity and conscientiousness which had been a part of his Puritan education; and these were not unmingled with the shrewd worldly wisdom which had, of necessity, been acquired in a country where the earth yielded, with reluctance, even a small return to assiduous labor. Industry, and ingenuity in overcoming natural difficulties, had been part of his training; and if he cautiously considered before he made a contract, he was apt honestly to fulfil it to the letter when it was made. Liberal studies had never been neglected in the older portions of New England, and therefore she could furnish men of high intellectual culture. New England too, at that day, like other parts of our country, recognized grades in society now unrecognized and indeed unknown. She had what might be called, in one sense, her acknowledged aristocracy, marked by a stateliness of manner, and a conformity to the rules of a prescribed courtesy in social intercourse. This aristocracy was one of the remnants of the colonial relations from which she had just emerged. Thus, taking Massachusetts as the most finished type of contemporary manners, all who held office, all who possessed wealth, all of the clerical order, and all who had family connections in England, were members of the gentry, or upper class of society, in the towns of any note; while the gentry of the interior were those who owned large landed estates, held civil and military offices, and were representatives in the General Court. Many indeed of the classes here named had been driven from the colony by the war, but many also remained and were among the tried patriots of the Revolution.

The habits of life, polish of manners, and style of dress were

the badges of eminence by which the aristocracy of New England asserted its outward superiority. If a gentleman went abroad, he appeared in his wig, white stock, white satin embroidered vest, black satin small clothes with white silk stockings, and fine broadcloth or velvet coat; if at home, a velvet cap, sometimes with a fine linen one beneath it, took the place of the wig; while a gown, frequently of colored damask, lined with silk, was substituted for the coat, and the feet were covered with leather slippers of some fancy color. Visitors were received with hospitality and graceful courtesy. One custom prevailed, which, now, would greatly shock the New England sense of propriety: in most genteel families, a tankard of punch was prepared every morning, and visitors, during the day, were invited to partake of it—the master of the house sometimes taking the vessel from the cooler in which it stood, and after drinking from it himself, handing it in person to the guests.

There was a great deal of social intercourse in the class we are describing. The interchange of dinners and suppers was frequent; at the first, the most fashionable hour for which was never later than three, the table groaned under its weight of provisions; after the last, the customary evening amusement was cards. The law expressly prohibited dramatic entertainments, but they had concerts, and at these, in Boston at least, private gentlemen sometimes were the performers, both vocal and instrumental—simply, however, for the entertainment of their friends. Dancing was not among the things which the legislature had made *mala prohibita*, and consequently there were assemblies for this recreation; but they were conducted with such severe attention to propriety, that nothing short of the *unanimous* concert of the gentlemen subscribers would authorize admission. One of these assemblies would make an amusing spectacle at this time. The stately minuet, with all its

formal and high-bred courtesy, flourished in those days, and was varied only by the contrē dance. Cotillions came in afterward, with the French refugees from the West Indies. The style of the dress, too, for gentlemen, would at this day be likely to attract notice in the saloons of fashion; but coats (of velvet or cloth) were literally of all colors, not even excluding red, and sometimes the collar, of velvet or cloth, was in studied contrast to that of the other parts.

Marriages and funerals were most ceremoniously conducted. After the former, the newly married couple made no bridal tour; and instead of the modern "*at home*," and the single call of respect and congratulation, for four successive weeks the bride was expected to receive *daily* the visits of her friends. Public notice was given of funerals; private invitations also were issued; large attendance was expected, and long processions followed the dead to their last homes. If one turned from these scenes of private and social life to look on public exhibitions, the same stately air of ceremonious dignity was still visible. If you entered the Supreme Judicial Court, in winter, there sat the judges, each in his robe of scarlet, faced with black velvet, somewhat like the costume of an Oxford doctor of laws; and if it chanced to be summer, you found him in a full black silk gown.

Leaving this hasty sketch of the fashions of that age, for which we are indebted to an eye-witness,* we pass on, if the friendly reader will take us as a guide, to speak familiarly of some of these New England men, whom we will imagine—for the Convention's sessions were not public—to be seated before us in that body. The place is not unfamiliar to some of the men thus assembled. The names of seven of them appear as signatures to a document by which they pledged their lives, fortunes and honor to the support of a declaration of independence, which was issued from

* Sullivan: See his Familiar Letters on Public Characters.

this same chamber. It was a bold declaration, made at a hazardous period, but the pledges of life, fortune, and honor, were nobly redeemed. Eleven years have passed since, and now they have once more come together in "*Independence Hall*," to deliberate on a constitution for a nation which owes its existence to their bravery and fidelity. Who can doubt that the spot awakens in them many strong emotions and stirring associations? Our space forbids us to name all who are here, and we therefore beg that our omissions may not be construed into invidious distinctions which we have no design to make.

And first, who is that individual, of such uncommonly handsome face and form, and, though seemingly but little more than thirty years of age, possessed of such remarkable dignity and grace of manner? He has the appearance of one whom nature has stamped as a gentleman. It is Rufus King, who has been sent here from Newburyport, in Massachusetts. He displays great elevation, and indeed seriousness of demeanor, the latter seeming hardly consistent with his age, which is but thirty-three years. But he has other qualities, which are in harmony with his gravity. He is a man of much and severe thought, with an uncommonly vigorous mind, highly cultivated by study. Young as he is, there is not an individual here who will speak with more dignity, or utter more solid sense. He is an orator, and his strong characteristics are conciseness and force. He presents, indeed, a rare combination of personal and intellectual endowments. He is a lawyer, but has served his country in the field as well as in the forum. In 1778 he was one of General Sullivan's aids, in the expedition to dislodge the British from Rhode Island.

And who is that near him, of middling stature, and thin person? His manner is courteous toward those who address him, and his whole appearance very gentlemanlike. That is Elbridge

Gerry: he also has been sent here by Massachusetts. In all questions of commerce and finance his wisdom and experience will be valued; he has studied them carefully. He is one of those whose names are signed to the Declaration of Independence.

But, mark that tall man, with the somewhat long visage, dark complexion, and blue eyes. His hair is loose, and combed over his forehead, and, as you may observe, has but little powder in it. The expression of his countenance indicates gentleness and kindness; and he possesses both, yet is he also a man of inflexible firmness and adherence to principle. He neither possesses nor affects the polish of city life; but not a man in all this assembly has a more unspotted private character; and few, if any, have stronger minds, or judgments more calm and dispassionate. He is a fine specimen of the old Puritan character, with its best traits. That is Caleb Strong, also from Massachusetts.

Let us look for men from other parts of New England. Yonder is Langdon, from New Hampshire. He has not had, like the Massachusetts representatives, the advantages of Harvard, nor has he mingled much, if at all, in the Boston circle of fashion; yet he is worthy of the place assigned him here. John Langdon is the son of a New Hampshire farmer, and having been bred to mercantile life, was employed in commercial transactions, until the contest commenced with the mother country. At that period, he was a merchant in Portsmouth, and it was he, who, in concert with Sullivan, and under his leadership, in 1774 entered Fort William and Mary, and carried off all the military stores of the British. It was John Langdon, too, who in 1777 furnished means to call out and sustain the New Hampshire militia under Stark, after our loss of Ticonderoga. So we may thank him for the victory at Bennington. He has also been in the field himself, at the head of his Volunteers, in Vermont and Rhode Island. He is eminently prac-

tical, with sterling good sense, is social in his habits, and in his manners easy, unaffected, and pleasing. He was the agent in New Hampshire of the Continental Congress, and contracted for building several public ships of war. Among all before us there is not one more thoroughly republican in his feelings and tendencies than John Langdon.

There is but one other portion of New England represented here, for it is understood Rhode Island has sent no delegates. There are the men from Connecticut, three in number: not far from the Massachusetts delegation. First, we will speak of that remarkable self-made statesman and jurist, Roger Sherman; he is one of those who fearlessly put their names to the Declaration of Independence, after acting as members of the committee appointed to prepare it. That tall, erect, well-proportioned gentleman is he. His complexion is very fair, and his countenance manly and agreeable, though somewhat grave. Observe too his dress, remarkable for its plainness, yet as remarkable for its neatness. He is consistently religious, and has all the piety of the best Puritan without any of the acerbity which sometimes accompanies it. He is indeed an extraordinary man, or he would not be where we now see him. He is the son of a plain Massachusetts farmer, and never had any other advantages of education, in his youth, than such as a common township school could afford. He is a striking illustration of the truth that every one must, in a great degree, educate himself. He was a shoemaker, and worked at his trade, during several years; but he was scarce ever seated at his work unless with some book lying open before him. His thirst for knowledge was intense. He never, probably, knew an idle hour. At the age of twenty-two he went to Connecticut, carrying his tools on his back. He is now forty-six years old, has been at the bar several years, is learned in his profession, and for some years has been a judge of the highest court in

Connecticut. He has done everything for himself. His reading has been extensive and varied, and few, if any, here, are better informed than he is. He is possessed in an eminent degree of two striking characteristics: he has great practical wisdom, and a knowledge of human nature that seems almost intuitive. He is no orator, and yet not a speaker in the convention is more effective; the basis of his power is found, first, in the thorough conviction of his *integrity:* his countrymen are satisfied that he is a *good man*, a real patriot, with no little or sinister or personal ends in view; next, he addresses the reason, with arguments, logically arrayed, so clear, so plain, so forcible, that, as they have convinced him, they carry conviction to others who are dispassionate. One would scarce believe, from such a description, that by nature he possesses warm and excitable feelings; yet such is the fact; he has, however, so learned to control his passions, that he is habitually calm, sedate, and self-governed, mild and agreeable in society, and evinces an enlarged benevolence towards all mankind. There is not here a more remarkable nor a better man than Roger Sherman.

And near him you see Oliver Ellsworth. He, too, belongs to the bar. His most striking qualities of mind are extraordinary quickness of perception united to the close and clear reasoning of an accomplished logician. He is ardent as a speaker and often eloquent. He possesses great purity of personal character, and in private life no one is more beloved for his virtues. He is conspicuous too for a manly independence of thought, perfect fearlessness in expressing what he thinks, and great firmness in maintaining it. Remarkable for his frankness, he neither knows nor wishes to know the arts of *cunning*, that ready weapon of little minds. No man is more accessible: easy and courteous in his manners, he exhibits in his intercourse with all who approach him that best species of good breeding, the natural courtesy of a man possessed of kindly

feelings and great good sense. He is one of the most unassuming individuals here; and in the simplicity of his dress, equipage, and mode of living, he furnishes a good example of a virtuous and consistent republican. But though an economist in personal expenditure, he is a liberal and generous contributor to all useful and benevolent plans to help his fellow men. In short, he is a Christian gentleman.

Are there any other New England men here? a few; but your attention will be called to but one of them, William Samuel Johnson, also from Connecticut, and, with the exception of Rufus King, probably the only New England Episcopalian in the house: for the prevailing form of religion in New England is Congregationalism. He is the eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Johnson who was the first president of King's College, as it was called, in New York. This gentleman, however, is not a divine, but a lawyer—an eminent one—and an orator. But his attainments are not merely professional; he is a man of science and literature. He resided in England, as the agent of the colony of Connecticut, and was there the associate and companion of the learned. Though differing in his political views from the literary colossus, Dr. Samuel Johnson, (for he is thoroughly an American,) yet he was intimate with his celebrated namesake, and mingled in the literary circle of which he was the acknowledged chief. He is a highly accomplished, intelligent, and honorable man, and well worthy of a place in such an assembly as this.

New England, you see, has sent here some of the best of her sons. She has, no doubt, as worthy ones at home, but, it may be questioned whether she has any worthier. The business which has brought them here is so very important, that the selection has been made with reference to the work to be done, and New England need not be ashamed to point to her representatives. They

have proved themselves to be men, at home,-before this, or the practical strong common sense of their countrymen would never have placed them here; the arts of the demagogue, the tricks of unscrupulous political profligacy, and the senseless shouts of an ignorant and corrupt favoritism, had nothing to do with their election. They are in this convention, simply because they were well known by their every-day associates, to be "good men and true." God grant it may ever be so with the servants of the Republic!

Now let us look to some of the delegates from the Middle States. First, there stands, from New York, Alexander Hamilton. That is he, with such a remarkably expressive face. His age is about thirty. You observe that he is one of the smallest men here: indeed under the middle size, and thin in person, but remarkably erect and dignified. His hair is turned back from his forehead, powdered, and collected in a club behind. Mark the fairness of his complexion and his rosy cheeks. Watch the play of his singularly expressive countenance: in repose, it seems grave and thoughtful; but see him when spoken to, and instantly all is lighted up with intelligent vivacity, and around his lips plays a smile of extraordinary sweetness. It is impossible to look at his features and not see that they are ineffaceably stamped by the divine hand with the impress of genius. His is indeed a mind of immense grasp, and unlimited original resources. Whether he speaks or writes he is equally great. He can probably endure more unremitted and intense mental labor than any man in this body. So rapid are his perceptions, and at the same time so clear, that he seems sometimes to reach his conclusions by a species of intuition. He possesses in a wonderful degree that most unfailing mark of the highest order of intellect, the comprehensiveness of view which leads to accurate generalization. He catches the *principle* involved in a discussion, as if by instinct, and adheres rigidly to that, quite sure that there-

by, the details are certain to be right. Another mark of eminent genius is continually exhibiting itself in the striking originality of his views. There is nothing commonplace about his mind. Among great men, any where, Alexander Hamilton would be *felt* to be great. As an individual, he is a frank, amiable, and high-minded gentleman, who inspires his friends with the warmest personal attachment, while he rarely, if ever, fails to make his enemies both hate and fear him. Perhaps, however, instead of this sketch, it had been enough, in the beginning, simply to say that he once lived with General Washington, and secured *his* affection and confidence. He is married to a daughter of General Schuyler, and his wife is one of the most agreeable women in the city.

New Jersey has a very able representative: it is that gentleman, so plain and simple in his dress and manners—William Livingston. Not a man here abhors monarchical government more than he. He is one of the most forcible and elegant writers in this assembly, and his pen has been often used in vindicating the rights of his countrymen; indeed, it is said that the influence of his writings did much to arouse the militia of New Jersey to the feeling which caused them to rally, with such promptitude, when any alarm called the people to array themselves against the enemy. The British hated him most cordially,* and would have been de-

* On one occasion—the twenty-eighth of February, 1779—an attempt was made to capture him at his house. A party of British troops from New York landed at Elizabethtown Point, proceeded to Liberty Hall (as his residence was named), and breaking in its doors, at midnight, cried out for the "damned Governor!" Livingston had, however, left home several hours before, and was at this time sleeping at a friend's house, several miles away. After ascertaining his absence, the officer in command of the party demanded his papers. All his recent correspondence with Washington, Congress, and the state officers, was in a small box, in the parlor. One of his daughters, however, with great presence of mind appealed to the officer, as a gentleman and a soldier, representing that the box contained her private property, and promising that if it were protected she would show him what he wished. A guard being placed over it, the men were led into the library, where they filled their foraging bags with old law papers, of no value. After many menaces of violence, and of setting fire to the house, they finally departed, without securing the only plunder which would have rewarded their efforts.


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lighted to get him in their clutches. He handled them so mercilessly in his essays, and cut them so sharply with his invective and wit, that they would gladly have put him out of the way. He has great powers of satire, and is very fearless. He is probably one of the best classical scholars in this body, and a very good lawyer. His mind is strong and comprehensive, and, (an unusual combination,) he adds to its strength a brilliant imagination. He is a poet of no mean abilities, and his literary taste, generally, is highly cultivated and refined. He is thoroughly republican in politics.

As the place of meeting is her own metropolis, Pennsylvania has more representatives here than any other of the states. She has no less than eight: Virginia, next to her in numbers, has seven. We can only speak of a few of the Pennsylvania delegation. There is the old philosopher, whom every body in Philadelphia knows, Benjamin Franklin. He is now eighty-one years of age, and, like Mr. Sherman, of Connecticut, is a self-made man. Like Sherman, too, he has a most accurate knowledge of human nature. His worldly wisdom is probably not surpassed by that of any man in America. He is no speaker; indeed, very seldom attempts to speak, and when he does, disposes of the question before him with wonderful brevity; sometimes, in fact, by a single sentence. He never wastes words. He has a most happy talent of illustrating, by an allegory, or reasoning by means of a story, the application of which he leaves to his hearers. He is always cool and self-possessed. The character of his mind, addicted to philosophical research, and the incidents of his earlier life, have combined to make him eminently an utilitarian. He considers all questions, whether of philosophy or politics, with reference to their practical bearing and effect. Hence his natural tendency is thought, by some, to lean too much to considerations of mere *expediency*, in his acts as a states-

man. But he is by no means indifferent to great principles involved, and has shown, too, the firmness with which he can assert them, regardless of all consequences. As a philosopher, he commands, and justly, the admiration and respect of the whole world. What a crowd of thoughts must this occasion bring to the old man's mind! He first visited this city, a friendless printer's boy, without an acquaintance or a dollar; and now he is one of the great and trusted sons of the commonwealth. His first visit to London, where Sir William Keith let him go, at the age of eighteen, without the promised letters of recommendation, and where, by the exercise of his craft, he sustained himself, a poor and unknown American youth; his subsequent visit as the agent of Pennsylvania; his scientific renown, to which he had fairly, and unaided, fought his way, attested by the doctorate conferred upon him both in Edinburgh and Oxford; his examination at the bar of the House of Commons, on the repeal of the Stamp Act; and, above all, that memorable period in 1783, when, as one of the representatives of the United States, he signed the definitive treaty of peace which placed his country among the independent nations! And, in this hall, he must experience strange and mingled emotions. It was here that, on the fourth of July, 1776, when all looked dark enough, and his country had no ally but our Father in heaven, he put his name to a document which, renouncing allegiance to the British crown, perilled all he had, even life itself, upon the unknown issue; and now, in this same place, he has come to assist in the foundation of a government which, eleven years ago, he solemnly declared had a right to be free and independent. He is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, of the members of this body; he has passed through more strange vicissitudes than any of his present associates, and as he nears the grave, this must be, for him, a proud and deeply interesting moment.

There also are Robert and Gouverneur Morris, both from Pennsylvania, though of different families. Robert Morris was born in England, and came to America at the age of thirteen. He was bred to mercantile pursuits, and his financial ability contributed very largely to the successful issue of the revolution. Indeed, it may be doubted whether, but for him, we should have been able to continue the struggle. He often pledged his personal credit, which was great, to an almost incredible amount, for the purpose of raising means to carry on the war. One instance—and that an important one, for it put an end to the war—may suffice to illustrate this. General Washington, who had contemplated the capture of New York, was compelled by circumstances, suddenly and unexpectedly, to change his plans entirely, and, secretly, to determine rapidly to turn his arms against Cornwallis, at the South. He sent for Robert Morris, who candidly informed him that he had no public money, but would be obliged to resort solely to his personal credit. Nearly every thing was supplied by Morris; he furnished from seventy to eighty pieces of battering cannon, and one hundred of field artillery, with the necessary ammunition and other appurtenances, and, by the end of three or four weeks from the time of his interview with Washington, all had reached the general. And this, with the expense of provision and the means of paying the troops, was accomplished solely on the personal credit of Robert Morris, who issued his own promissory notes for the enormous amount of one million four hundred thousand dollars, every cent of which was duly paid; and thus was Washington enabled to force Cornwallis to a surrender at Yorktown. Morris's financial abilities are of the very first order, and these, added to his character for integrity, enabled him to render services, which, if less conspicuous than those of the brave men who were actually in arms, were not less indispensable to the achievement of indepen-

dence. He, too, was one of those who, in this hall, eleven years ago, put his name to the declaration of independence, so that, you see, he is well entitled to be here.

Gouverneur Morris is the youngest son of Lewis Morris, and was born near New York. He was an assistant to Robert Morris in the superintendence of the finances, and, after the war, was associated with him in commercial business. His knowledge is various, his conversation copious and eloquent, and he will, doubtless, make a useful member.

Yonder you may see a gentleman, of the middle size, erect in his person, and of fair complexion. His features are strongly marked with intelligence and benevolence, but there may also be seen in them resolution and firmness. That is George Clymer, who, on behalf of Pennsylvania, was one of the immortal company of the "signers." He is a man of warm feelings, very ardent in his affections, and the delight of the social circle. He writes with great care and accuracy, but seldom addresses a public assembly; he is too modest and diffident; but on the occasions when a sense of duty leads him to speak, he is listened to with great respect and attention. His speeches are always short and to the purpose. His friends know and appreciate, far better than he does himself, the superiority of his talents. He never has sought popularity, or courted preferment. There is a beautiful simplicity and frank honesty in his character. He has some traits, which, it were to be wished, were more general. George Clymer was never heard to speak ill of the absent, nor will he endeavor to traduce men's characters; and he is most punctilious and exact in fulfilling any promise he makes, whether in a great matter or a small one. He is an earnest promoter of every scheme for the improvement of his country, in science, agriculture, polite learning, the fine arts, or objects of mere utility. He is a student and thinker, has a very pure heart, and no

man present is more ready to sacrifice himself and all he has, for the sake of the country.

There is one other Pennsylvanian whom I must point out to you. I mean Thomas Mifflin. He is of Quaker parentage, and his ardor of feeling and patriotism, prompting him to engage personally in the revolutionary struggle, led that peaceful society to "read him out of meeting." On the organization of the continental army in 1775, he took the office of quarter-master general, and thus shut himself out of the society of "Friends." They but adhered consistently enough to their avowed principles, and he adhered with equal constancy to his. His temperament is warm, his disposition sanguine and his habits active. Hence it may be that he has not always duly appreciated the coolness and caution of a calmer temperament. Some have supposed that he once thought Washington did not move quite fast enough; if he did, it probably resulted from his own ardent temperament, and not from personal ill-will to the Commander-in-Chief. He was the President of Congress, at Annapolis, when Washington resigned his office, and the address he made in response to that of the General, did honor both to his head and heart, and bore ample testimony to his sense of the surpassing merits of the great man whom he was addressing. Like most persons of impetuous feeling, he was probably taught by age, in each successive year of its progress, more and more to appreciate the sober calmness of deliberation before action. But no one doubts the patriotism or courage of Major General Mifflin.

From Delaware, there is John Dickinson, a lawyer, a part of whose professional training was in the Temple, in London. He is an admirable writer, and his pen was employed in behalf of the colonies as far back as 1765. He is the author of the celebrated "Farmer's Letters," written in 1767 and 1768; and he wrote also some of the most important state papers issued by the Congress of

1774 and those immediately succeeding: the address to the inhabitants of Quebec, the first petition to the king, the address to the armies, the second petition to the king, and the address to the several states, are all from his pen. It may seem strange that, having afforded such undoubted evidences of patriotism, he should have opposed, in the Congress of 1776, the Declaration of Independence. It was simply however on the ground of its impolicy, at that particular time. He wished the terms of the confederation to be settled, and foreign assistance to be certainly secured, before the decisive step of a declaration should be made. But within a few days after it was made, notwithstanding his private opinion of its impolicy, he was found marching with the army to sustain it in the field; and it is curious that he, who had openly in the Congress of 1776 opposed the measure, was the only member of that body who immediately marched to face the enemy. His constituents, nevertheless, were dissatisfied with his congressional vote, and another was elected in his place. This, however, could not destroy his patriotism, for in 1777 he was serving, as a private, under Captain Lewis, with his musket on his shoulder, in the movements against the British who had then landed at the head of the Elk River. In 1779 he was unanimously sent back to Congress. You perceive that his person is commanding, and his countenance a fine one. Of his abilities no one doubts: he has a highly cultivated mind, refined taste, a very large fund of general knowledge, and an habitual eloquence, with polished elegance of manners. He is a man who has ever been ready to make any sacrifice for his country.

His colleague is that tall and carefully dressed gentleman, George Read, who, like Dickinson, thought the Declaration of Independence premature, yet did not decline, when the Congress had adopted it, to put his name to it. He too is a lawyer, and a true

patriot, of most estimable private character. No one more steadily resisted than he did the encroachments of tyranny.

III.

Before we call attention to individual southern members it may be well, as with reference to New England, rapidly to advert to some of the leading features which mark the state of society in the southern states. The eastern, middle, and southern colonies, though all for the most part settled by Englishmen, had still distinctive features, by which each section, from the beginning, was characterized. For the South, let Virginia and South Carolina serve as illustrations; with slight modifications the picture of the first is that of Maryland, while that of the last is applicable to the eastern part of North Carolina and to Georgia.

Virginia had long possessed an aristocracy. From an early period of her settlement, circumstances had contributed to its creation, and they were such as made its growth unavoidable. The early emigrants who came to the colony, unlike those who settled in New England, were prompted by no spirit of disaffection towards the mother country. They not only brought with them all the feelings and habits of England, but they clung to them, from a deliberate preference. The monarchy and the church of England were never objects of their dislike. The fertility and vast extent of the lands lying upon the numerous streams of Virginia, necessarily drew attention to agriculture, which, in the absence of roads, could find no means of transport save by the watercourses. Hence the original settlements were almost entirely agricultural; clearings were made and plantations settled on the rivers, and no towns of any importance were built. Nor was it difficult for the more shrewd, who possessed even small means, to become large landed proprietors. Every planter who, at his own charge, transported one immigrant, could claim therefor fifty acres of land; so that

from an early period in her colonial history, Virginia possessed a body of proprietors, owning very large tracts of land. This naturally scattered the population over an extensive surface, and retarded the growth of towns.

In the second or third generation, under the English law of descent, these cultivated lands, passing from sire to eldest son, had created a class of "first families," and the education of the country was confined to this class. There were no schools for the masses of the people; indeed many of them were no better than serfs, for at one period Virginia was made a penal colony: convicts were sent over and sold, for a time, to the proprietors, and a regular system of kidnapping prevailed in some of the ports of England, which consigned to temporary servitude in America men who had never been convicts at home. A broad line of distinction was therefore early drawn between the large proprietors and the common people. The planter had his tenants and serfs, over whom he presided with a species of modern feudal sovereignty. The emigration of the cavaliers, from England, in the days of Cromwell, did not tend to diminish this landed aristocracy; and though, sometimes, men of strong natural abilities emerged from their position in the inferior classes, and became perhaps proprietors themselves, yet was the picture, for the most part, such as we have sketched, of a community divided into two great classes at the extremes of the civilized social state, with few or no intermediate or middle men, to form a class between them. The offices of the country were, of course, in the hands of the aristocracy, which took very good care to retain them there, and the "peasantry," as they would have been called in England, or working men, could do little else but attach themselves, somewhat as retainers, to the fortunes of their respective patrons. This indirect *recognition* of the aristocracy, gave to it its chief element of strength; for as the existence

of an aristocratic class in society is purely conventional, having no natural foundation, it is obvious that if the people do not choose to recognize it, it cannot long exist at all. Perhaps in the then state of the Virginia population, it was best that it should be so. The proprietors possessed the intelligence necessary to manage affairs, and treated their humbler dependants, (even when sold to them as convicts,) with great kindness, and regard to their personal comfort. They by no means considered them as slaves, but as long as the people left them in the undisputed possession of an acknowledged superiority and right to direct affairs, they in turn left them to entertain, unchecked, such ideas of freedom and independence as were likely to develope themselves in strong men, who at times luxuriated in the wild liberty of nature in the wilderness, untrammelled by the artificial restraints imposed by necessity in an older state of society, and in the narrow limits of a densely crowded population. There was, hence, both among the rich and poor, a deeply seated love of freedom and a spirit of independence.

The spirit of hospitality, too, from the very beginning, has been boundless in Virginia, and, indeed, throughout all the old southern states. Necessity may be said to have contributed somewhat to make it so: the settlements frequently were quite remote from each other, and the traveller often could find no shelter at night, unless he obtained it under the roof of the friendly planter, who would have been pained at the suspicion that he either expected or desired pecuniary remuneration.

It is quite easy to see how, under a system such as this, even with all its unavoidable imperfections, some of the noblest traits of human character would develope themselves. On the part of the wealthy, generosity, kindness, guidance, and support, were constantly called forth for the benefit of those below them in condition. Accustomed, too, to direct, and often to command, (for the legitimate

power of the country was in their hands,) they grew up, generation after generation, with a proud spirit of personal independence, on which was naturally engrafted a high sense of honor. A Virginian or Maryland gentleman of the olden time, seated on domains that spread over hundreds of acres, and living in what was very like a baronial state, and educated, perhaps, in Europe, polished in manners, hospitable, generous, cordial, manly, "with high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy," was a noble specimen of men. When the revolution commenced, they to whom this description would apply, soon showed themselves.

If we turn further south, the picture, in many of its aspects, is still the same. In the old towns at the east, and on the shores of North Carolina, were men who in some instances were large proprietors, many of them educated and trained to the learned professions abroad, filling all the important offices of the colony, as high-toned and independent as any men on the continent. To these the common people had long been used to look with deference and respect; and these swayed public opinion in the East. In a broad belt, at the West, between the Catawba and Yadkin rivers, were a sturdy and brave race of yeomen, known as the "Scotch Irish" Presbyterians, lovers of liberty, from their very cradles, who looked up to their spiritual teachers and the leading laymen of the country for direction. These leaders were men of cultivated minds. Frankness and fearlessness were the characteristics of these brave yeomen. When the revolution commenced, no men answered more promptly at the first call of their leaders than the common people of North Carolina; no leaders sounded the alarm and uttered the call sooner; and nowhere, throughout the colonies, did the leaders more completely possess the confidence of the people, or more perfectly control and sway their actions.

In South Carolina, it was very much the custom to educate the

sons of the wealthy at the English universities; and those who filled the liberal professions had, in many instances, studied abroad The aristocracy was in some parts of South Carolina as clearly defined as in Virginia. The same hospitality, generosity, and high sense of honor were also found among the affluent and the educated. In casting his eyes over the names belonging to this colony, one is struck with the large number evidently French. These belong to those who descended from the Huguenots, driven out of France by the superlative folly of Louis XIV. in revoking the edict of Nantes. Never was an act of greater madness committed by a bigoted ruler, and never was there one which more effectually wrought its own temporal punishment. The infuriated monarch enriched almost every civilized state in Europe at his own expense, and impoverished France by the loss of millions in trade, and thousands of her best population. Some came to America, and the largest body of them found a home in South Carolina. Here, as in every other land where they found an asylum, they more than repaid the benevolence which sheltered them, by their piety, their skill, and their industry. The revolution shows many South Carolinian Huguenot names. They were all patriots in that desperate struggle.

It will readily be seen from this sketch that, while the North and South alike were ready to peril all for freedom, and while from both regions there were many specimens of "nature's noblemen," who instinctively understood each other on a very brief acquaintance, and whose sympathies were the same in thought and action; yet were there several particulars in which some differences of national or rather provincial character were perceptible in the respective inhabitants of these two regions. The northern man was cool and cautious, the southern ardent and impulsive; both were brave, but if, at any time, either was rash, it was more likely to be the son of the South. The northern man parted freely with his

money for his country's good, but first required that he should be specifically informed for what precise purpose it was needed, and calculated exactly how much would suffice; the southron, more prodigal, gave to his country the sum that was named, and unless his suspicions were aroused, asked no questions either as to its appropriation or its amount. If the fate of war had reduced the colonies to submission, it would have been but temporarily, either in the North or South: but the latter would have been probably involved in frequent rebellions, while the former would have discreetly kept quiet, until it had made all things ready and saw the favorable time arrive, and then would have rebelled in the hope and expectation that it would be once for all.

The New England man thought but little of the gauds and vanities of the world: he was a sober Puritan; the southron valued the refinements of polished life, had no particular objection to a certain amount of personal display, prided himself somewhat on the graceful courtesy of his outward bearing, and, in his worship, preferred the more imposing ceremonial of the English ritual. His countrymen, in Maryland, Virginia, and both the Carolinas, had known the Church of England as the established and prevailing religion; for the most part, they had been trained in it; and divesting it of its *established* character, they preferred to worship according to its formularies.

But these hints must suffice to indicate the differences in character among the inhabitants of the different colonies. It was wisely ordered that they should exist; and in the general fusion of interests, feelings, and manners, they all perhaps proved beneficial.

Let us go back to the Convention.

We have from Maryland, Luther Martin, a lawyer of great and commanding powers. And here too is John Mercer, a soldier of the revolution, deservedly respected by his countrymen; and McHenry

is also here. But without meaning to detract from the merits of these, we will pass on, to look at one to whom they are quite willing, we may be sure, to yield precedence. There is George Washington, of Virginia. He is the central attractive figure, and wields a mighty moral influence over these statesmen, not unlike in its effects that which he exercised over the officers of his army. He binds them into union. But to suppose that you require any sketch of either his person or his deeds, is to imply a doubt of your being an American. George Washington's countrymen from the children upward, all know who he is, and what he has done. His is a name in history, which good and brave men, throughout the world, will not let die. A common humanity will be too proud of it ever to let it perish. He is one of the few whom God has made to be men for all time. We love and honor him now; he will be more honored, more venerated by future generations. We are too near him to mark the admirable and exquisitely adjusted features of his character; posterity, standing at a greater distance, will see the harmonious and massive grandeur of his magnificent and finely developed proportions. We can only belittle him by praising him as we would another man. It becomes an American to point merely to his deeds, and be silent. The world will do the rest.

That middle-sized, venerable looking person, whom you see, is George Wythe. He is now sixty-one years old, and in many respects a remarkable man. His father was a farmer. His mother was a woman of great strength of mind, and of attainments very unusual in her sex; she was an excellent Latin scholar, and is said even to have spoken that language fluently; she taught it to her son; but in several other respects his education was somewhat neglected. He lost his parents before he was a man, and with the thoughtlessness of youth, uncontrolled by authority, rushed madly

onward in a career of folly and dissipation. The force of his char acter, however, may be appreciated from the fact that he did, at last, what very few under similar circumstances would or could have done. After nine years of dissipation, he reformed, and became a man of exemplary sobriety and steadiness. Lamenting most deeply the time irrecoverably lost by his folly and sin, and deploring, at that late period, the want of that learning which he might have acquired during those misspent years, he resolved to redeem the future, and from that hour devoted himself with untiring industry to study. He taught himself Greek, and choosing the profession of jurisprudence, became profoundly versed in both the common and civil law, and thoroughly learned in the statute law of both Great Britain and Virginia. No longer a thoughtless, dissipated youth, he was respected, as a wise, sedate, and upright man, of marked ability, and eminently worthy of the confidence of his countrymen; nor was it long before he stood at the very head of the Virginia bar. When the troubles with the mother country first began, he stood forth boldly, and encouraged, if indeed he did not originate, the first movements of opposition in Virginia. He was the fearless champion of liberty, and was among the earliest to enrol himself in the ranks of her volunteers. His influence and example undoubtedly did very much to inspire the people. Before the war actually commenced he was a member of the Virginia legislature, and speaker of that body. He was sent in 1775 to the Congress at Philadelphia, and was one of those who, in 1776, put their names to the Declaration of Independence. He is now Chancellor of Virginia, and it may be doubted whether, in this house, there is a purer or a wiser man. His now long continued habits of strict temperance and regularity of life have given him, as you see, a healthy old age, and one cannot look without lingering on his manly and expressive features.







He is perfectly unaffected and simple in his manners, as modest as he is learned, and singularly disinterested. If you should hear him speak, you would be struck by his logical arrangement, his chaste language, and his easy elocution. He is also exceedingly courteous in debate. He is not, however, what would be termed a brilliant man. His mind indeed is of very high order, but not the most rapid in seizing upon the prominent points of a subject. Labor has made him what he is. Allow him time for consideration, and then will appear his profound penetration, his well-linked logic, and his demonstrated conclusion.

And here is another delegate from Virginia. I cannot speak of all, but may not pass unnoticed James Madison. He is now thirty-seven years old, and has been trained as a lawyer by Chancellor Wythe. He possesses fine talents, and is remarkable for his close reasoning. Though younger than many here, he is, notwithstanding, a worthy companion to them, for his views and attainments are much in advance of his years. He was always a thinker, and is a bold and forcible speaker. If there be any one here of whom I would say, "he never was a *boy*," I think it would be Mr. Madison. Virginia considers him one of her ornaments, and is justly proud of him.

Let us see whom we have here from North Carolina. There are two of that delegation of whom we will speak. First, there is William Richardson Davie. Tall in person and well formed, he is possessed, as you perceive, of features remarkably handsome, and strikingly expressive of his manly nature. His voice is melodious, his manner dignified, and he is a very accomplished orator. He has been a hard student, and his influence is great in North Carolina. He deserves all that he possesses, for he is one of the tried patriots of that state, though not a native. He was born in England, and brought to this country by his father at a very early age.

He had a maternal uncle, the Rev. William Richardson, who was one of the Presbyterian clergy in that "Scotch Irish" settlement of which we have spoken as existing in North Carolina. This uncle had no children, and adopted his nephew, who afterward inherited his estate. He was prepared for college in North Carolina, and afterwards finished his studies at Princeton. Here his patriotism first broke into action. He was one of that party of students who left college, with the consent of its head, Dr. Witherspoon, and served as a volunteer, near New York, in the summer of 1776. In the autumn of that year he took his bachelor's degree, and returned home to study law. But the times were too stirring to allow repose to such a temperament as his. In 1777 he joined the army, and was ere long a major in Pulaski's legion of cavalry. From this time onward he was in service until the close of the war, and shared in most of the battles in the western part of the Carolinas. When, after the defeat of Gates, Cornwallis attempted to overrun North Carolina, it was Davie, with his troops, who interposed between the British and our retreating forces, and kept the former at bay, compelling them at last to retreat to South Carolina. Three times, at the village of Charlotte, in Mecklenburg County, with an inferior force of mere militia, did he withstand the charge of Tarleton's celebrated cavalry legion, and as often compel it to retire in disorder. When Greene took the command, he besought Davie to become commissary general; he yielded to his entreaties and did so; and it is not saying too much to state that his personal influence, and the pledge of his own credit, in this department, contributed largely to save the South. After the war was over, he entered on the practice of his profession, and is now one of the most distinguished lawyers in the state.

The other representative to be named from North Carolina is Dr. Hugh Williamson. He is now a little more than fifty years

old. He was originally designed for the ministry, and indeed has preached, as a licentiate of the presbytery of Philadelphia. He never, however, had charge of a congregation, for in early life his health was delicate, and he had not strength for the duties of the pulpit. He became, therefore, professor of mathematics in the University of Pennsylvania, and in a few years went abroad to pursue medical studies. He availed himself of the schools of Edinburgh, London, and Utrecht, in which last he received his degree, and after making the tour of Europe, returned home, in improved health, and practised as a physician, in Philadelphia, for several years with success. His health, however, again failed him, and he was obliged to relinquish his business. He employed himself in scientific studies, and, together with Rittenhouse, Ewing, and Smith, acted on a committee of the American Philosophical Society to observe the transit of Venus, in June, and that of Mercury, in November, of the year 1769. He was with Dr. Ewing in Europe, in 1774, 1775, and 1776, when the troubles with the mother country began, and, in Holland, first heard the news of the Declaration of Independence, when he hastened to return home. The medical staff in the army was filled up before his arrival, but circumstances ere long called him to Newbern, in North Carolina, and, while there, he took occasion to inform the governor that he might command his services, if at any time, in the course of the war, he could be useful. In 1780 the state raised several thousand men to join the army for the relief of South Carolina, and placed them under the command of the late governor, Caswell, who then held the rank of major general. This gentleman immediately claimed the fulfilment of the promise Dr. Williamson had made to him, and he was placed at the head of the medical department of the troops of North Carolina. Thus did he (though by birth a Pennsylvanian,) become connected with that state. The climate

better suited his constitution, and he probably considered North Carolina his home. He was sent as a member from one of the borough towns to the House of Commons, and was elected by the legislature to the Continental Congress, where he served three years, as long a time as the law allowed. You now see him here He is a very worthy and excellent man, of much observation and extensive attainments, and an undoubted patriot.

But let me call your attention to John Rutledge, of South Carolina, an able and most accomplished gentleman. He is of Irish descent on his father's side, though a native of the state which he here represents. He studied law in the Temple, London, and returning to Charleston, commenced practice, so far back as 1761. He is very eloquent, and at once rose to the first rank in his profession. When Massachusetts, in 1764, proposed to the other provinces to appoint committees to meet in a Congress, as one step toward cementing an union, it was John Rutledge who induced the assembly of South Carolina to agree to the proposal, and he, with Christopher Gadsden and Thomas Lynch, were appointed the representatives. He was the youngest of the three, and probably the youngest member of the Congress which met in New York in 1765. He was but some twenty-seven years old. The North, at that time, knew but little of the South; its inhabitants were supposed to be indolent, and luxurious, and, at any rate, but little was expected from such a seeming stripling as John Rutledge; he spoke, and sober and thoughtful old men were surprised into admiration and respect by the eloquence of the young representative from South Carolina. His power over his constituents is very great. When news of the Boston port-bill reached Charleston, expresses were sent over the state to call a general meeting of the inhabitants. They came, and it was easy to induce them to appoint delegates to a general Congress; but then came propositions to instruct

them how far they might go in supporting the Bostonians. John Rutledge rose in all his might; his subject was, "No instructions to the representatives," but full authority to exercise their discretion, and a pledge, to the men of New England, that South Carolina would, to the death, stand by all her delegates promised for her. Some one in opposition asked what should be done if the delegates made an improper use of this large grant of power? With an energy of manner which was in itself as forcible as an argument, the clear sound of his voice rose above the listening auditory, and rung out in his short words, full alike of decision and honesty, "*Hang them.*" The impression was irresistible, and the delegates went without directions as to their conduct, ready to help Boston to the full extent of their ability. John Rutledge was one of those delegates. Washington cherished always the highest estimate of his virtues, and he referred to him, while he was himself a member of that body, as the greatest orator in the Continental Congress. He has served his state in her highest offices; she has unbounded confidence in his patriotism, talents, decision, and firmness, and has now sent him to assist in making a Constitution.

But here is another worthy son of South Carolina, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney. He also is a lawyer, and was educated at Westminster, Oxford, and the Temple. But he is a soldier too, and has passed through all the vicissitudes of a soldier's life. When his country needed him he relinquished law, and, girding on his sword, took the field as a captain, and was soon promoted to a colonelcy. The danger of invasion being over in South Carolina, he joined the northern army, and General Washington appointed him one of his aids. He fought at Brandywine and Germantown, and, returning to the South, was intrusted with the defence of the fort on Sullivan's Island. The enemy passed without attacking it, when he instantly hastened to Charleston to defend the lines.

Here he was made a prisoner of war, and as his influence and energy were well known, he was treated with unusual and unmanly rigor, in order to crush his spirit, and intimidate others. Menaces and promises were alike resorted to to corrupt his fidelity. He was unmoved either by severity or temptations. He was true to his country. General Washington has a very high opinion of him, and he deserves it. He is a man of fine mind, and, as a scholar, ranked with the most eminent at Westminster and Oxford.

There is yet another from South Carolina, of the same name This is Charles Pinckney. He is a gentleman of great polish of manners, remarkable colloquial powers, and fervid eloquence. Throughout the revolutionary struggle he proved himself equally sagacious, earnest, and unchangeable.

Only one more remains of whom we will speak; not that the remaining characters before us are undistinguished or uninteresting, for there are several who might justly claim our notice; but there is danger of becoming wearisome. Here is Abraham Baldwin, a Connecticut man, but now a representative from Georgia, in which State he has resided, as a lawyer, for many years. He has been a representative in the legislature of his adopted state; and, with the aid of Mr. Milledge, may be said to have induced that body to found the university, at Athens. He has also been a delegate in the Continental Congress; and is a faithful, industrious man, of excellent common sense.

We shall find that we have here no assemblage of common men, but that the convention is composed almost entirely of those who have had experience, and have distinguished themselves by their talents and public services. In the very first assembly of the colonies, held at Albany, in 1754, Dr. Franklin was a member; in the Stamp Act Congress, of 1765, Dickinson of Delaware, Johnson of Connecticut, and Rutledge of South Carolina were members; in

the Continental Congress, beginning in 1774, and continuing up to 1786, no less than eighteen of those we have particularly pointed out — Washington, Franklin, King, Gerry, Langdon, Sherman, Robert Morris, Gouverneur Morris, Clymer, Livingston, Dickinson, Read, Mercer, Wythe, Madison, Williamson, Rutledge and Baldwin—sat at different periods. Of these, Franklin, Wythe, Sherman, Read, Gerry, Robert Morris, and Clymer, signed the Declaration of Independence; and so also did Wilson, who is here from Pennsylvania—as able and worthy as any of them, but of whom we had not time to speak particularly. The fact is, there are but twelve of the whole Convention who have not, at some time, sat in the Continental Congress. The army is represented, too, for here are Washington, Mifflin, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, and Hamilton; so that we may well call this an assembly of our most able, most tried, and most patriotic countrymen.

Regarding the public characters who presided over our affairs during the stormy period of the war, and those on whom is devolved the yet more difficult and even more important duty of creating a system of government for the republic they have conducted to independence, we cannot refrain from a conviction that they were specially called to their high mission by an all wise and all beneficent Providence. The extraordinary intelligence and virtue displayed in the Continental Congress, were recognized by sagacious and dispassionate observers throughout the world; Mirabeau spoke of it as a company of demigods; and William Pitt, the great Earl of Chatham, exclaimed, "I must declare that in all my reading and observation—and it has been my favorite study: I have read Thucydides, and meditated the rise of the master states of the world—for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no body of men can stand before the national Congress of Philadel-

phia." Those who were greatest in the revolutionary congresses, with many others, worthy to be associated with them, are in this ever to be remembered convention, assembled to define for centuries, perhaps for ever, the just limits of individual liberty and public sovereignty. They will not fail to erect a monument which shall separate distinctly all the Future from all the Past in human history.

THE YEAR OF SUSPENSE.

I.

That august assemblage in Philadelphia to which was confided, in a larger degree than ever to any other body of men, the destinies of nations, had closed its sittings and adjourned; the great thinkers and the great actors of our recent history were at their several homes waiting the decisions of the states, or busy with patriotic passion and all the resources of reason, in advocating the approval and adoption of the constitution. "A nation without a national government is an awful spectacle," wrote Alexander Hamilton; "the establishment of a constitution in time of profound peace, by the voluntary consent of a whole people, is a prodigy, to the completion of which I look forward with trembling anxiety."

The constitution was not entirely approved by any, but nearly all were willing to say with the venerable Franklin, "The opinions I have had of its errors, I sacrifice to the public good." With the masses, its best recommendation was that it bore the signature of Washington, of whose transcendent wisdom and justice there was a subtle, indefinable and almost universal appreciation and recognition. The noble Chief shared largely of the common anxiety respecting the fate of the system of government formed by himself and his friends, and felt a truer joy, we may believe, when at length

its triumph was decided, than ever had warmed his heart at any victory in war.

II.

In the winter of 1785, the Continental Congress had adjourned to New York, where all its subsequent sessions were held, until the organization of the constitutional government. Mr. Jefferson had been sent to fill the place of Franklin, at Paris; Mr. Adams was in London; and many of our leading characters, in affairs or in society, were in various parts of Europe, in the public service, or in pursuits of business or pleasure.

John Quincy Adams was now eighteen years of age. He had already commenced his diplomatic career, as Secretary to Mr. Dana, our Minister at St. Petersburg. He had lately returned, to complete his academical education at Harvard College, and before visiting his friends in Boston he sent back to his sister, in London, an account of his first impressions of society and politics in New York. He called on Mr. Jay, the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and next on Mr. Theodore Sedgwick, Mr. Rufus King, Mr. Nathan Dane, and other delegates in Congress from Massachusetts. Mr. Gerry, he says, was glad to see him, on account of friendship for his father; and Mr. King was very polite. They went with him to call on the President, Mr. Lee, who inquired with the kindest particularity concerning the ambassador. He also waited on Governor Clinton, and the Spanish minister, Don Diego Gardoqui. The next day President Lee, who met him at a breakfast party at Mr. Gerry's, invited him to take an apartment in his house; he endeavored to excuse himself, as well as he could, but the invitation being renewed at dinner, he consented, rather reluctantly, being doubtful whether his course would be altogether pleasing to his father, whom he regarded as the real object of the attentions

offered to him. The President entertained three times a week, but never invited ladies, because there were none in his own house. His health was not very good. "I believe the duties of his office weary him much," Adams writes; "he is obliged, in this weather, to sit in Congress from eleven in the morning until four in the afternoon, the warmest and most disagreeable part of the day. It was expected that Congress would adjourn during the dog-days, at least, but they have so much business that a recess, however short, would leave them behindhand." A portion of the young statesman's gossip about men and women then most conspicuous in the metropolis, we transcribe from his letters, which are more particular and more entertaining than any other notices of life in New York during that summer.

"At tea, this afternoon, at Mr. Ramsay's," he writes on the twentieth of July, "I met Mr. Gardoqui, and his secretary, Mr. Rawdon, who is soon, if common report says truly, to marry Miss M. His complexion and his looks show sufficiently from what country he is. How happens it that *revenge* stares through the eyes of every Spaniard? Mr. Gardoqui was very polite, and enquired much after my father, as did also Mr. Van Berckel, the Dutch minister." Mr. Ramsay was the amiable and accomplished historian, and a representative from South Carolina.

On the twenty-third he dined with General Knox, the secretary of war, who lived about four miles out of the city. The Virginia and Massachusetts delegations, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Lady Duer, daughter of Lord Stirling, Miss Sears, Mr. Church, Colonel Wadsworth, and Mr. Osgood, formed the company. "Lady Duer is not young, or handsome," he says; but she would not have been thought old, by a man over eighteen, and she had been, if she was not then, one of the sweetest looking women in the city. "Miss Sears," he continues, "has been ill, and looks pale; but she is very pretty,

and has the reputation of being witty and sharp: I am sure she does not look *méchante*." After a passage of more than twelve weeks, from Amsterdam, the daughter of Mr. Van Berckel arrived in Philadelphia, and the minister set out to meet her. Young Adams had seen her in Holland, and does not appear to have formed a very high estimate of her beauty. "The young ladies here," he remarks, "are very impatient to see her, and I dare say that when she comes reflections will not be spared on either side The beauties of New York will triumph, but, I hope, with mode ration."

Colonel William S. Smith, a native of New York, who had served with considerable credit during the war, and was afterward appointed Secretary of Legation at the Court of London, was at this time engaged to Miss Adams. On the last day of July her brother went with a Mr. Jarvis to visit the family, at Jamaica, Long Island.

"The colonel's mother," he writes, "appeared to miss him very much. All the family are in mourning for the old gentleman, who died about nine months ago. There is one son here now, and, if I mistake not, six daughters. Sally strikes most at first sight: she is tall, has a very fine shape, and a vast deal of vivacity in her eyes, which are a light blue. She has the ease and elegance of the French ladies, without their loquacity. Her conversation, I am told, is as pleasing as her figure." This young lady was married in a few years to Charles Adams, the writer's brother. He also mentions a "celebrated beauty by the name of Miss Ogden," who then lived on the Island. He thought she resembled the handsome Mrs. Bingham, of Philadelphia, whom he had encountered abroad.

On Sunday, the seventh of August, he writes, "I attended church this morning at St. Paul's: for we have a St. Paul's here as well as you in London, though it is something like Alexander the

Great and Alexander the coppersmith. It is, however, the largest and most frequented church in New York. After church I left a card with Miss Van Berckel; she arrived here from Philadelphia two days ago; she complains of not understanding the language, as bitterly as you did when you first arrived in France."

The next morning he went out with some company to a seat called Content, two or three miles from town, to call on Lady Wheate. "She is one of the most celebrated belles of the city. About two years ago she married Sir Jacob Wheate, a British officer, between sixty and seventy years old; she was not sixteen; Sir Jacob, before he had been married a week, went to the West Indies, and there died. He left her a handsome fortune, and it is said she is soon to wed Sir Francis Cochrane, son of Lord Dundonald, a Scotch nobleman. Miss Sally Smith was with Lady Wheate, and has spent nearly a week with her. I am vastly pleased with this lady; the contrast between her manners and those of Lady Wheate is greatly in her favor, and very striking."

He made several excursions to places in the vicinity. One was with Mr. Söderstrom, the Swedish consul, to Mr. Bayard, whose seat was nearly a mile from the city. He had two daughters, who ranked among the toasts, and one of them he thought very pretty. Mr. Bayard had been a Tory, but the fact was now forgotten, or at least not remembered against his charming family. On another occasion he visited Monsieur de Marbois,* the French *chargé d'af-*

* Barbe Marbois, afterward the Marquis de Marbois, was born at Metz, in 1745. He came to America in 1779, as secretary of legation under the Chevalier de la Luzerne, and when that minister returned to France, in the spring of 1784, he became *chargé d'affaires*, in which capacity he continued in this country until promoted to the place of Intendent of Hispaniola, in 1785 — a period of six years. He was a great favorite in society while he resided in Philadelphia, and among the papers of Mr. Theodore Sedgwick's family I find some gossip respecting his marriage with Miss Moore, of that city, in June, 1784. "The nuptials of M. de Marbois and Miss Moore," says the writer, "were celebrated not long since; the ceremony was performed in the morning in the minister's chapel, by his abbé, and in the evening at Mr. Moore's, by Parson White. It gave occasion for the circulation of a variety of reports, such as, that the lady had

faires, who had a summer house on Long Island. He describes Madame de Marbois as a "spruce, pretty little woman," who spoke French very well, and had none of the rigid principles of the Quakers, among whom she was born. Among the eminent persons with whom he dined, at one place or another, were Dr. Witherspoon, Dr. Johnson, Baron Steuben, and Thomas Paine, who at this period was sometimes admitted to the tables of respectable men.

III.

THE winter of 1787–88 is represented as having been more gay than any since New York was first agitated with the discontents leading to the revolution. The last session of the Continental Congress was organized, on the second day of January, by the election of Cyrus Griffin, of Virginia, as President; and as the Constitutional Convention, in Philadelphia, had adjourned in the previous September, the wisdom of the nation was largely assembled here, either in official capacities, or to operate more effectively on public opinion while the fate of the Constitution was still doubtful, or on account of those social attractions which every country finds in its capital.

M. de Marbois had been superseded as chargé d'affaires by M.

renounced her religion and embraced the Catholic — being baptized, and receiving the sacrament; though, in fact, I believe nothing was required of either party but *toleration of each other*." Washington wrote to him on this occasion: "It was with very great pleasure I received from your own pen an account of the agreeable and happy connection you were about to form with Miss Moore. Though you have given many proofs of your predilection and attachment to this country, yet this last may be considered not only as a great and tender one, but as the most pleasing and lasting one. The accomplishments of the lady, and her connections, cannot fail to make it so. On this joyous event, accept, I pray you, the congratulations of Mrs. Washington and myself, who cannot fail to participate in whatever contributes to the felicity of yourself or your amiable consort, with whom we both have the happiness of an acquaintance, and to whom and the family we beg leave to present our compliments. With very great esteem and regard, and an earnest desire to approve myself worthy of your friendship, I have the honor to be," &c., &c. M. de Marbois held many important offices under Napoleon, and he is known as an author, in this country, by his *History of Louisiana* and a work on the *Treason of Benedict Arnold*. His daughter, who was born in New York, was married to the Duke de Plaisance, son of Le Brun, one of Napoleon's colleagues in the consulate.

Louis William Otto, who had resided here several years, and who continued in his present office until the arrival of the Marquis de Moustier,* at the end of the year 1787, when he became secretary of legation. For the previous ministers from France the American people had justly entertained a most affectionate respect. When Gerard was about to leave us Washington said to him, "You carry with you the affections of a whole people, and leave behind you a reputation which will have the peculiar fortune to be every where admired by good men." When Luzerne retired, he wrote to him, "When I say you have inspired me with sentiments of sincere respect and attachment, I do not speak the language of my own heart only: it is the universal voice." In the same manner he expressed his regard for Marbois. And all these Frenchmen cherished for Washington a profound admiration. The Count de Moustier was less fortunate, in temper and abilities, and seemed more anxious to win the admiration of the people than the confidence of the government. One of his earliest communications to Washington, was a complaint respecting some fancied neglect, in certain points of etiquette. After making a tour through the country, however, he seemed better pleased, and during his residence in New York he contributed much to the gayety and happiness of its society.

Governor William Livingston, of New Jersey, in a letter of the third of March, 1787, alludes to the fashionable life here, and in a characteristic sentence reproves its extravagance and dissipation. "My principal secretary of state, who is one of my daughters," he says, "is gone to New York to shake her heels at the balls and

* Eléonor-François Elie, Marquis de Moustier, Lieutenant General, &c., &c., was now thirty-seven years of age. He possessed a liberal fortune, and, though penurious, was fond of display: none of the foreign ministers entertained more frequently or more ostentatiously. Brissot de Warville says he heard him boast that he told Griffin, the President of Congress, in his own house, that he *was but a tavern-keeper;* "and the Americans had the complaisance not to demand his recall!" M. de Moustier remained faithful to the Bourbons, and, during the ascendency of Napoleon, found refuge in England. He died in the beginning of 1817.

assemblies of a metropolis which might as well be — more studious of paying its taxes than of instituting expensive diversions."

IV.

The country which watched our experience with the profoundest interest was France. She was already heaving with passions which derived their energy from our example; and for many years the most inquisitive and intelligent speculators on our resources, government, society and manners, were Frenchmen, in compulsory or voluntary exile, or, commissioned for observation, applying their best faculties to the solution of the new enigma in history. Among the rest came Brissot de Warville, young, handsome, full of enthusiasm, but, said Washington, "intelligent, discreet, and disposed to receive favorable impressions of America." Sullivan describes him as a "brisk little Frenchman," and says he was well received here. The fate of poor Brissot is well known: he reäppeared in Paris with the simple costume of a Quaker, and was the first to introduce in his own country the fashion of wearing the hair without powder. These things should have been sufficient to secure for him applause as a "citizen," but he went further, and published his *Nouveau Voyage dans les Etats-Unis de l'Amerique Septentrionale*,* with a motto from Tacitus, to the effect that "A people without morals may acquire liberty, but without morals cannot preserve it;" truths which were presently to meet with fearfully striking illustrations on a scale so extraordinary, one might think, as to make the lesson sufficiently impressive for all time. He became a chief of the Girondins, a party which would have governed by intelligence and

* His other works on America are: *Examen du Voyage du Marquis de Chastellux dans l'Amerique Septentrionale; Le Philadelphien à Genève; Memoire sur les Noirs de l'Amerique Septentrionale, lu à l'Assemblée de la Société des Amis des Noirs;* and *De la France et des Etats-Unis, ou de l'Importance de la Revolution de l'Amerique pour le Bonheur de la France;* and he wrote largely on American affairs in his journal, *Le Patriot Français.*

respectability, and on the thirty-first of October, 1798, was executed by the guillotine.*

It is not to be denied that Brissot de Warville was a more partial observer of American society than some of his countrymen who had written on the same subject, and he was betrayed into controversies with M. de Moustier, the Marquis de Chastellux, and others, who objected to his authority on the ground of the shortness of his residence among us; but he held that "the telescope of reason was better than the microscope of office;" and appealed with equal tact and sagacity to the new instincts of the Parisians for a decision against his adversaries. "The greater part of Frenchmen who travel and migrate," he says, "have little information, and are not prepared for the art of observation; presumptuous to excess, and admirers of their own customs and manners, they ridicule those of other nations; and ridicule gives them a double pleasure: it feeds their own pride and humbles that of others. At Philadelphia, for instance, the men are grave, the women serious: no finical airs, no libertine wives, no coffee-houses, no agreeable walks. My Frenchman finds every thing detestable at Philadelphia, because he could not strut upon a Boulevard, babble in a coffee-house, or seduce a pretty woman by his important airs and fine curls. He was almost offended that the women did not admire them, and that they did not speak French — he lost so much in not being able to show his wit! If, then, a person of this caste attempts to describe the Americans, he shows his own character,

* Lamartine, by whom Brissot de Warville has been treated with a severity which has been denounced as entirely unjust, admits that he "nurtured in the depths of his soul these virtues: an unshaken love for a young girl, whom he married in spite of his family; a love for occupation; and a courage against the difficulties of life, which he had afterward to display in the face of death." Lafayette introduced him to Washington, saying in his letter: "He is very clever, and wishes much to be presented to you; he intends to write the history of America, and is, of course, desirous to have a peep into your papers, which appears to me a deserved condescension, as he is fond of America, writes pretty well, and will set matters in a proper light."

but not theirs. A people grave, serious, and reflecting, cannot be judged of and appreciated but by a person of like qualities."

With his friend, Claviere, M. Brissot landed at Boston, near the close of July, 1788, and a few days afterward they set out for the South, passed leisurely through Massachusetts and Connecticut, and were delighted with every thing they saw, until their arrival in New York. The city was still confined to narrow limits; Broadway extended but to Anthony street, then called Catharine street, beyond which were hills, sloping on the east side to the Kolch, and on the west to the lowlands of Lispenard's meadows. Beyond Rutgers street, the bridge, at Canal street, and Harrison street, along the several chief avenues from the Bowling Green were a few country houses; but the town, properly speaking, covered only the districts since devoted exclusively to trade. One of the Lutheran churches was offered a plot of ground, containing six acres, where Canal street now meets Broadway; but the trustees of the society decided that it was "inexpedient to accept the gift as the land was not worth fencing in." That the city must soon surpass all others on the continent, however, was even then foreseen and acknowledged, as a necessary consequence of her magnificent situation — upon the whole, incomparably the finest occupied by any great town in ancient or modern times.

In the course of the summer and autumn, M. Brissot had ample opportunities for observation of the social characteristics of the people, and he describes whatever arrested his attention in a very graphic and spirited manner. "The presence of Congress, with the diplomatic body, and the concourse of strangers," he says, "contributes much to extend here the ravages of luxury. The inhabitants are far from complaining at it; they prefer the splendor of wealth, and the show of enjoyment, to a simplicity of manners, and the pure pleasures resulting from it. The habit of smoking

has not disappeared in this town, with the other customs of their fathers, the Dutch. They use cigars, which come from the Spanish islands. These are leaves of tobacco, rolled in the form of a tube, six inches long, and are smoked without the aid of any instrument. This usage is revolting to the French. It must be disagreeable to the women, by destroying the purity of the breath. The philosopher condemns it, as it is a superfluous want. It has, however, one advantage: it accustoms to meditation, and prevents loquacity. The smoker is asked a question: the answer comes two minutes after, and is well founded. The cigar renders to a man the service that the philosopher drew from a glass of water, which he drank when he was in anger.

"If there is a town on the American continent where English luxury displays its follies, it is New York. You will find here the English fashions. In the dress of the women you will see the most brilliant silks, gauzes, hats, and borrowed hair. Equipages are rare; but they are elegant. The men have more simplicity in their dress; they disdain gewgaws, but they take their revenge in the delicacies of the table. Luxury forms already in this town a class of men very dangerous in society — I mean bachelors: the expense of women causes matrimony to be dreaded by men. Tea forms, as in England, the basis of the principal entertainments. Fruits, though much attended to in this state, are far from possessing the beauty and excellence of those of Europe. I have seen trees, in September, loaded at once with apples and with flowers. M. de Crevecœur* is right in his description of the abundance and good

* The Chevalier Saint John de Crévecœur was at this time Consul of France for Connecticut, New Jersey and New York, residing in the city of New York. He was born of a noble family in Normandie, in 1731, and passed the larger part of his life in America, where he was very much respected. He returned to France in the early part of this century, and was elected a member of the Institute. His principal writings are "*Lettres d'un Cultivateur Americain*," Paris, second edition, 1787, three volumes, octavo; and "*Voyage dans la Haute-Pennsylvanie et dans l'etat de New York*," Paris, 1801, three volumes, octavo. He died at Sarcelles, in 1818.

quality of provisions at New York, in vegetables, flesh, and especially in fish. It is difficult to unite so many advantages in one place. Provisions are dearer at New York than in any other of the northern or middle states. Many things, especially superfluities, are dearer here than in France. A hair-dresser asks twenty shillings per month, and washing costs four shillings for a dozen pieces.

"Strangers, who, having lived a long time in America, tax the Americans with cheating, have declared to me that this accusation must be confined to the towns, and that in the country you will find them honest. The French are the most forward in making these complaints, and they believe that the Americans are more trickish with them than with the English. If this were a fact, I should not be astonished at it. The French whom I have seen are eternally opposing the manners and customs of the Americans, decrying their institutions, exalting the favors rendered by the French government to the Americans, and diminishing those of Congress to the French.

"One of the greatest errors of travellers is to calculate prices of provisions in a country, by the prices in taverns and boarding-houses. It is a false basis: we should take, for the town, the price at the market, and this is about half that which one pays at the tavern. And this would be still false, if it were applied to the country. There are many articles which are abundant in the country, and are scarcely worth the trouble of collecting and bringing to market. These reflections appear to me necessary to put one on his guard against believing too readily in the prices reported by hasty travellers. Other circumstances likewise influence prices: such, for example, as war, which M. Chastellux takes no notice of in his exaggerated account of this matter. The rates were about twice as high in New York during the war, as

they are now. Boarding and lodging, by the week, is from four to six dollars. The fees of lawyers are out of all proportion, they are, as in England, excessive. Physicians have not the same advantage in this respect as lawyers, the good health generally enjoyed here rendering them little necessary; yet they are sufficiently numerous."

The Frenchman proceeds with descriptions of several public institutions, and of some of the most distinguished persons with whom he became acquainted here. He introduces Jay, Madison, Hamilton, Mifflin, Duer, and Rufus King, with expressions of admiration. John Jay, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, was forty-three years of age, and it would be difficult to find in history a character altogether more respectable. Mr. Madison was about thirty-seven, though Brissot thought him but thirty-three; "he had an air of fatigue, perhaps the effect of his immense labors, and his looks announced a censor; his conversation discovered a man of learning, and his reserve was that of a man conscious of his talents and his duties." He was still a bachelor, but he invited the traveller to dine with him at his hotel. Hamilton, who had the finest genius and one of the bravest tempers ever displayed in politics, is praised, but not with such earnestness as would have shown a just estimate of his extraordinary merits; he was six years younger than Madison, but was judged to be five years older; "his countenance was decided, his air open and martial," and his whole appearance that of "a determined republican." Brissot dined at Hamilton's also, and describes Mrs. Hamilton as a "charming woman, who joined to the graces all the candor and simplicity of the American wife." Rufus King, whom he met at the table of his friend, was nearly thirty-three years old; he "passed for the most eloquent man in the United States," and what most struck Brissot in him was "his modesty — he appeared ignorant of his own worth."

General Mifflin, who was there also, "added to the vivacity of a Frenchman every obliging characteristic;" and Colonel Duer, Secretary to the Treasury Board, united to great abilities much goodness of heart. Soon after, the young student of democracy was invited to a dinner party at the house of Cyrus Griffin, the President of Congress, and he gives us a glimpse of the toilettes of the ladies, whereof, for a Parisian, he seems to have been somewhat fastidiously critical:

"Mr. Griffin is a Virginian,* of very good abilities, of an agreeable figure, affable and polite. I saw at his house, at dinner, seven or eight women, all dressed in great hats, plumes, &c. It was with pain that I remarked much of pretension in some of these women; one acted the giddy, vivacious; another, the woman of sentiment. This last had many pruderies and grimaces. Two among them had their bosoms very naked. I was scandalized at this indecency among republicans. A President of Congress is far from being surrounded with the splendor of European monarchs; and so much the better. He is not durable in his station; and so much the better. He does not give pompous dinners; he never forgets that he is a simple citizen, and will soon return to the station of one; and so much the better. He has fewer parasites, and less means of corruption. I remarked, that his table was freed from many usages observed elsewhere: no fatiguing presentations, no toasts, so annoying in a numerous society. Little wine was drank after the women had retired. These traits will give you an idea of the temperance of this country — temperance, the leading virtue of republicans."

Among the houses at which M. Brissot dined, was Mr. Jay's.

* M. de Warville was slightly mistaken; Mr. Griffin was a native of England, and connected by marriage with an ancient and noble family of Scotland; but he had been conspicuous for his devotion to American liberty, and few men from Virginia shared more largely the respect and confidence of Washington.





We have before us the "dinner and supper list" kept by Mrs. Jay during the years 1787 and 1788, from which we learn that the guests for the second day of September, in the latter year, were Mr and Mrs. Pintard, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus King, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery, Mr. and Miss Van Berckel, Mr. Otis, Mr. Dane, Mr. Gerry, Mr. Sedgwick, Mr. Gilman, Mr. Wingate, Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. Huntington, M. Brissot de Warville, M. de la Valle, M. de Saussure.

V.

We shall dismiss M. de Warville a while, for other contemporary writers on society and manners in the metropolis. The only daughter of John Adams had been married in London, on the 12th of June, 1786, to Colonel William S. Smith, at that time our Secretary of Legation; and they returned to the United States in the summer of 1788, arriving in New York on the thirteenth of May. Mrs. Smith's letters are very much like those of John Quincy Adams, which we have already quoted. On the twentieth of May she wrote to her mother:

"Colonel Smith's friend, Mr. McCormick, came on board and conducted us to his house, where I have been treated with great kindness and attention. My mamma and Miss M. Smith came to town on Friday, and on Sunday I went over to Long Island, to visit the other part of the family; it is a family where affection and harmony prevail; you would be charmed to see us altogether; our meeting was joyful and happy.

"My time, since my arrival, has been wholly occupied in receiving visits and accepting invitations. I have dined at General Knox's. Mrs. Knox has improved much in her appearance. The General is not half so fat as he was. Yesterday we dined at Mr. Jay's, in company with the whole *corps diplomatique;* Mr. Jay is a most pleasing man, plain in his dress and manners, but kind, af-

fectionate, and attentive; benevolence is portrayed in every feature. Mrs. Jay dresses gaily and showily, but is very pleasing upon a slight acquaintance. The dinner was *à la mode Française*, and exhibited more of European taste than I expected to find Mr. Gardoqui was as chatty and sociable as his countryman Del Campo, Lady Temple civil, and Sir John more of the gentleman than I ever saw him. The French minister is a handsome and apparently polite man; the marchioness, his sister, the oddest figure eyes ever beheld: in short, there is so much said of and about her, and so little of truth can be known, that I cannot pretend to form any kind of judgment in what manner or form my attention would be properly directed to her; she speaks English a little, is very much out of health, and was taken ill at Mr. Jay's, before we went to dinner, and obliged to go home.

"Congress are sitting; but one hears little more of them than if they were inhabitants of the new-discovered planet. The President is said to be a worthy man; his wife is a Scotch woman, with the title of Lady Christiana Griffin; she is out of health, but appears to be a friendly-disposed woman; we are engaged to dine there next Tuesday. Every one is kind and civil in his inquiries respecting my father. Some persons expected he would have taken New York in his way home; others expect he will make them a visit in the course of the summer; every body inquires if he is not coming; and it seems to be a very general idea that he will come. He will judge for himself of the propriety of a visit to this place. I need not say, that to see both my parents here, would contribute greatly to my happiness. . . .

"I thought I had no local attachments, but I find I have a strong *penchant* towards your city; yet I do not give a preference, lest I might be disappointed were I to visit Boston at this time Our minds are strangely but happily flexible, and very soon we are

assimilated to the situation in which we are placed, either by design or accident."

The marchioness referred to by Mrs. Smith was Madame de Brehan, sister of the Count de Moustier, who, with her son, accompanied him on his mission to this country. She was a very clever woman, wrote with spirit, and had some skill as an artist. She made several portraits of Washington, one of which was presented by him to Mrs. Bingham, and of another, which was engraved in Paris, many copies were sent to Washington, and to her friends here, after her return to France. She appears to have made herself more agreeable to Mr. Jefferson than to Mrs. Smith. In a letter to her on her quitting Paris for the United States, he says, "The imitations of European manners, which you will find in our towns, will, I fear, be little pleasing; I beseech you to practise still your own, which will furnish them a model of what is perfect. Should you be *singular*, it will be by excellence, and after a while you will see the effect of your example." Very few of his contemporaries could approach women with more happy compliments than Mr. Jefferson; but it is proper to state that the language of Mrs. Smith in regard to Madame de Brehan is justified in the descriptions of her which we have from other hands. Among the young men then in New York was John Armstrong, who says in a letter to his friend General Gates: "We have a French minister now with us, and if France had wished to destroy the little remembrance that is left of her and her exertions in our behalf, she would have sent just such a minister: distant, haughty, penurious, and entirely governed by the caprices of a little singular, whimsical, hysterical old woman, whose delight is in playing with a negro child, and caressing a monkey."

The business of the French legation was probably transacted for the most part by M. Otto, who possessed the most agreeable

social qualities, and was connected by marriage with the families of Livingston and Crevecœur.*

Sir John Temple was the British Consul General. He was a native of Boston, and had inherited his title from his great grandfather, who lived and died in England. His character has been much discussed; the translator of the Travels of the Marquis de Chastellux, in several notes, refers to him as a person utterly destitute of honor, and charges him with such political duplicity during his residence in Boston, as should have prevented his ever revisiting this country. Mr. Robert C. Winthrop,† on the other hand, gives a very favorable view of his conduct, which he declares evinced a steady and consistent attachment to America. Lady Temple was a daughter of Governor Bowdoin, of Massachusetts, and had probably been previously acquainted with the Adams family. The Marquis de Chastellux said of her in 1782, "If I do not place Mrs. Temple in the list of handsome women it is not from want of respect, but because her figure is so distinguished as to make it unnecessary to pronounce her truly beautiful."

On the fifteenth of June Mrs. Smith wrote again to her mother, giving some further notices of the people she had met: "We are treated here," she says, "with great civility and friendship. We were invited to dine with the Governor, which was a very particular favor. He and his family neither visit nor are visited by any families, either in public or private life. He sees no company, and is not much beloved or respected. His conduct in many points

* Louis Guillaume Otto, afterward Comte de Mosloy, was born in the Grand Duchy of Baden, in 1754. He accompanied M. de la Luzerne to this country in 1779, and remained here till 1792. In 1805 he was offered the post of Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, but declined it. His first wife, to whom he was married in 1782, was a Miss Livingston, "of one of the most considerable families of the United States;" and in April, 1790, he was married again, in New York, to Mlle. Fanny de Crevecœur, daughter of the French Consul. He died in Paris on the ninth of November, 1817.

† In his Address before the Maine Historical Society, in 1849.

is censured, perhaps unjustly; he is particular, perhaps, with others. That he is a man of undecided character, no one who sees him will say. To me he appears one whose conduct and motives of action are not to be seen through upon a slight examination. The part he has taken on the subject of the new Constitution is much condemned. What are his motives I do not pretend to judge; but I do not believe that he acts or thinks without some important reasons. Mrs. Clinton is not a showy but is a kind, friendly woman. She has five daughters, and one son; the second daughter is about fourteen years old, and as smart and sensible a girl as I ever knew: a zealous politician, and a high anti-Federalist. The Governor does not conceal his sentiments, but I have not heard that he has given any reasons for them. His family are all politicians. He set off, yesterday, for the Convention.

"General and Mrs. Knox have been very polite and attentive to us. Mrs. Knox is much altered from the character she used to have. She is neat in her dress, attentive to her family, and very fond of her children. But her size is enormous; I am frightened when I look at her; I verily believe that her waist is as large as three of yours, at least.

"Sir John Temple has taken upon himself very singular airs respecting us. It has been his constant custom to visit every stranger who came to town, upon his arrival. Lady Temple called upon me, at a very late day after we arrived, but Sir John has not visited Colonel Smith, and says to others that he does not know in what manner to behave to him, because he does not know how he took leave: whether it was a gracious audience that he met with. I returned Lady Temple's visit by a card, without asking for her, which she complains of. I respect Lady Temple, and as it is probable we shall sometimes meet at a third place, I wished to be upon civil terms with her, particularly as she has

often expressed a regard for me since she has been here..... Nor will I exchange visits with any lady, where my husband is not received with equal attention.

"I hear that my father is chosen a delegate to Congress for next year. I hope he will accept, for, independent of my wish that he should not retire from public business, I think his presence in Congress would do a great deal towards reforming the wrong sentiments and opinions that many are biased by. Both precept and example are wanting here; and his sentiments in politics are more respected than those of many other persons. It is said he must come and be President next year..... Every body is looking forward to the establishment of the new Constitution, with great expectations of receiving advantage from it. To me, I confess, the consequences are problematical; and should any one or more states continue to oppose it, and refuse to adopt it, melancholy will be the scenes which ensue, I fear."

On another occasion, she writes to Mrs. Adams: "We have dined to-day at President Griffin's, with a company of twenty-two persons, including many members of Congress, &c. Had you been present you would have trembled for your country, to have seen, heard and observed the men who are its rulers. Very different they were, I believe, in times past. All now were high upon the question before them; some were for it, some against it; and there were very few whose behavior bore many marks of wisdom."

"You would not be much pleased with society here. It is quite enough dissipated. Public dinners, public days, and private parties, may take up a person's whole attention, if they attend to them all. The President of Congress gives a dinner one or two or more days every week, to twenty persons — gentlemen and ladies. Mr. Jay, I believe, gives a dinner almost every week, besides, one to the *corps diplomatique;* on Tuesday evenings Miss Van Berckel

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and Lady Temple see company; on Thursdays, Mrs. Jay, and Mrs. La Forest, the wife of the French Consul; on Fridays, Lady Christiana, the Presidentess; and on Saturdays, Mrs. Secretary ——. Papa knows her, and, to be sure, she is a curiosity!"

Mrs. Smith was decidedly ill-pleased with life in New York, and was gratified, therefore, when Colonel Smith hired a small farm on Long Island, where she could live quietly, without ever thinking of slights by Sir John and Lady Temple, the odd figure of Madame de Brehan, the circumference of Mrs. Knox's waist, or any of the thousand grievances which claimed her unwilling attention in the city.

VI.

During the last sessions of the Continental Congress, and all the period indeed in which Mr. Jay was Secretary for Foreign Affairs, the first place in New York society was occupied by the family of that pure-minded and most accomplished statesman. His wife was admirably fitted by natural graces and knowledge of the world for her distinguished position. She was a daughter of Governor Livingston, and was named Sarah Van Brugh, after her father's grandmother, who had been the guide and protectress of his boyhood. Among her sisters were Susan, who married John Cleve Symmes, Kitty, who married Matthew Ridley, and Judith, who married John W. Watkins. She was very carefully educated, and in April, 1774, being then in her eighteenth year, was married at Elizabethtown to Mr. Jay, then about twenty-nine. Until 1779 she passed most of her time at the pleasant house of her father, where she was visited by her husband as often as his various important public duties would permit, and in that year she accompanied him to Spain, where he was the first American minister. In 1782 they proceeded to Paris, where Mr. Jay was ordered to

arrange with the other commissioners the definitive treaty of peace with England. During her residence in Paris she was a great favorite in society. Spain had been less agreeable to her; but when she passed the frontier into France, she wrote to her mother that "the enchanting prospects and fertile fields which every where arrested and engaged attention, the gayety and industry of the inhabitants," and every thing indeed she saw or heard, reconciled her to the lot of humanity, with which some scenes in the preceding part of the journey had almost disgusted her. In 1785, writing from Paris, Miss Adams remarks, "Every person who knew her when here bestows many encomiums on Mrs. Jay: Madame de Lafayette said she was well acquainted with her, and very fond of her, adding, that Mrs. Jay and she thought alike, that pleasure might be found abroad, but happiness only at home, in the society of one's family and friends." We have before us letters from Madame de Lafayette to Mrs. Jay, which disclose the very warm friendship she conceived for her. Declining the appointment of commissioner to England, Mr. Jay returned with his family to New York, where he was welcomed with an enthusiastic public reception, and he presently accepted the office of Secretary for Foreign Affairs. This prominent position of her husband compelled Mrs. Jay to intermit her domestic duties, and her "invitation list" during the years 1787 and 1788, seems to indicate the circle of New York society in that period, as well as the American statesmen and distinguished foreigners who met at her table.*

* As far as we can decipher the names, this list embraced Mr. Alsop, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, General Armstrong, Mr. and Miss Van Berckel, Mrs. Bruce, Mr. Barclay, Miss Browne, Mr. Benson, Mr. Bingham, Major Beckwith, Mr. Pierce Butler, Mrs. and the Misses Butler, Major Butler, Colonel Burr, Mr. Bronson, Miss Bayard, Mr. Blount, Mr. Constable, Dr. and Mrs. Charlton, Mr. and Mrs. A. Van Cortlandt, Miss Van Cortlandt, Mr. F. Van Cortlandt, Mr. and Mrs. Colden, Miss Cuyler, Governor Clinton, General Clinton, Mr. Freeman Clarkson, Mr. Stratfield Clarkson, Mr. Levinus Clarkson, Mr. Henry Cruger, Mr. Cadwallader, General Clarkson, Mr. Corbit, Colonel

Few women in the city were more admired than Mrs. Rufus King, though she possessed little of that fondness for display which made others far more conspicuous. She was a daughter of John Alsop, an opulent merchant, whose large abilities, patriotism, and well-known integrity had secured his election to the Continental Congress which declared the colonies independent. He had been so conspicuous in his opposition to the British Government, that when its troops took possession of New York in 1778, it was necessary for him to seek another home, and he withdrew to Middletown, in Connecticut, where the girlhood of Mary Alsop was passed. After the peace Mr. Alsop returned to New York, and there remained until his death, in 1795. Mr. King was elected to the Congress in 1784, and was annually reëlected until 1789; he became acquainted with Miss Alsop soon after his first arrival in the city,

Carrington, M. Chaumont, Mr. Duer, Lady Kitty Duer, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Duane, Mr. Dowse, Mr. Dane, Mr. F. De Peyster, Miss De Peyster, Mr. Duane, Monsieur de la Forest, Colonel Few, Mr. Franklin, Mr. Gardoqui, Mr. and Mrs. Grayson, Mr. Gouverneur, Mr. and Miss Gorham, Mr. Gerry, Mr. Gansevoort, Mr. Gilman, Mr. Richard Harrison, Mr. Hindman, Colonel and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. Haring, Mr. Huger, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. Houston, Mr. Hobart, Mr. Izard, General Irwin, Dr. William Samuel Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Jay, Mrs. James, Mr. S. Jones, Chevalier Paul Jones, Mr. Kemble, General and Mrs. Knox, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus King, Mr. Kean, Dr. and Mrs. Kissam, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Ludlow, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Judge Livingston, Mr. and Mrs. W. Livingston, Miss S. Livingston, Miss Maria Livingston, Miss Eliza Livingston, Mr. Philo Livingston, Chancellor Livingston, Mr. John Lawrence, Mr. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Ladron, Mr. C. Laidlaw, Mrs. Laidlaw, Major John Rowland Livingston, M. Lattiniere, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. A. Lee, Miss Marshall, Mr. Meredith, Count de Moustier and Madame de Brehan, Mrs. Montgomery, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Mason, Mr. Mason, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Mr. J. Marston, Mr. Matthews, General Morris, Mr. Gouverneur Morris, Mr. Madison, Major North, Mr. Osgood, Monsieur and Madame Otto, Mr. and Mrs. Pintard, Miss Pintard, Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, the President of Congress, Colonel Parker, Mr. Parker, Mr. Pinckney, Bishop and Mrs. Provost, Mr. and Miss Pratt, Mr. John Rutherford, Mrs. Rutherford, Mr. Rondon, Mr. Read, Miss Van Rensselaer, Mr. Rickets, Colonel Ross, Governor Rutledge, Mr. Remsen, Mr. Sears and family, Mr. and Mrs. Melancthon Smith, M. de Saint Glain, Mr. Philip Schuyler, Baron Steuben, Mrs. Swan, General Schuyler, Mrs. Symmes, Sir John and Lady Temple, Mr. Charles Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull, Mr. and Mrs. Van Horne, Mr. C. Van Horne, Miss Betsey A. Van Horne, Miss Cornelia Van Horne, Colonel Varick and Mrs. Varick, Cornelius Verplanck, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Watts, Mr. John Watts, Mr. and Lady Mary Watts, Mr. and Misses White, Dr. Williamson, Dr. Witherspoon, Colonel Wadsworth, Mr. Wingate, Judge Yates.

and was married to her on the thirteenth of March, 1786, when she was in her sixteenth year.

John Adams soon after wrote to him a letter of congratulation. "I heard some time ago," he says, "of your marriage with the daughter of my old friend Mr. Alsop, as well as of the marriage of Mr. Gerry,* and of both with the more pleasure, probably, as a good work of the same kind, for connecting Massachusetts and New York in the bonds of love, was going on here. Last Sunday, under the right reverend sanction of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of St. Asaph, were married Mr. Smith and Miss Adams. It will be unnatural if federal purposes are not answered by these intermarriages."

As all executive and legislative functions were at this time discharged by Congress, its sessions were in some sense permanent, for as the term of one Congress expired that of the next would begin. Mr. King therefore rarely found time to visit his constituents, but resided habitually in the metropolis, with Mr. Alsop, who had long been a widower, with no other child than his daughter Mary. His house was number thirty-eight South street, as that part of William street was then called which extended from Maiden Lane to Old Slip. It was near the corner of Maiden Lane, to which there was an opening through the yard, and when the name of William was given to the whole street the number was changed to sixty-two.

Mrs. King was remarkable for personal beauty; her face was oval, with finely formed nose, mouth, and chin, blue eyes, a clear brunette complexion, black hair, and fine teeth. Her movements were at once graceful and gracious, and her voice musical. She

* Mr. Elbridge Gerry was elected to the Congress in 1784, and though then but forty years of age, was the oldest member of that body. He and Mr. King were married about the same time. Mr. Gerry's wife was the daughter of Mr. James Thompson, and was a woman as distinguished by her beauty and personal worth as by her family and social connections. She survived her husband many years, and died at a very advanced age, in Connecticut, in 1849.

had been carefully educated, and her quick faculties seized advantage from every opportunity of cultivation. All the indulgence of a parent wholly devoted to her as an only child was lavished upon her without spoiling her character.

General Armstrong in one of his letters refers to his own circumstances at this time, and to some of the leading characters in society. "I am not yet married, nor likely to be so," he says, alluding to a report on this subject which had reached General Gates; "the truth is, that I am too poor to marry a woman without some fortune, and too proud to marry any woman I know who possesses one. In this dilemma, till my circumstances change, or other objects present themselves, I must even keep along in the cheerless solitary road I am in.

"Colonel Smith has returned from St. James's. He brings with him a wife and child—the whole profit of his legation. He has parted with some of his characteristical buckram, that is, his external manner is more easy than it was, but I fear he has exchanged it for a coxcombry of a worse sort—that of the mind. He is now a very profound politician, and indeed so much so that he is often quite unintelligible. This I regret, for I think well of his honor and principles. His wife, who is a daughter of Mr. Adams, is the negative being described in Mrs. Shandy.

"The baron passed the winter at the same lodging-house with me. To this he has come at last. The 'Louvre' is dismantled and deserted, and he is once more upon the justice and generosity of the public. But the public has neither, and he has only to choose between starving here and begging in Europe. This is calamitous to him and disgraceful to us. He is now with North, who, by the way, is married to Duane's daughter, and exiled to the Mohawk."

The baron referred to by Armstrong was Steuben, who had

hired a house in the neighborhood of the city, named it "The Louvre," and filled it with "books and charts, wines, brandies, and cigars," for his own enjoyment and that of his old companions in arms. Poverty had compelled the veteran to surrender it, and he would not have felt a deeper mortification in yielding to an enemy in the field.*

The gayeties of New York society in 1787 and 1788 were enhanced by a large number of weddings in the more fashionable circles.† It was said that not less than a dozen of members of Congress were united in these years to as many of the fascinating young women of the city. Among them were Mr. John Vining, of Delaware, who married Miss Seton; Mr. John Page, of Virginia, who married Miss Lowther; Dr. Hugh Williamson, of North Caro-

* President Duer relates an amusing anecdote of the baron, connected with the famous "Doctors' Mob," produced, a year or two before this time, by the careless exposure of a "subject," from the dissecting-room of the hospital. It became necessary to call out the militia to put down the rioters, and many of the principal citizens repaired to the assistance of the civil authority. Some of them were severely wounded; Mr. Jay received a serious wound in the head, and the Baron de Steuben was struck by a stone, which knocked him down, inflicted a flesh wound upon his forehead, and wrought a sudden change in the compassionate feelings he had previously entertained towards the rabble. At the moment of receiving it he was earnestly remonstrating with Governor Clinton against ordering the militia to fire on "the people," but as soon as he was hit his benevolence deserted him, and as he fell he lustily cried out, "*Fire, Governor! fire!*" He was carried into Mr. Duer's house, and there being no surgeon at hand, Lady Kitty stanched his wound and bound up his head. After his departure Governor Clinton provoked the laughter of the company by recalling these circumstances.

† Miss Montgomery, in her "Reminiscences of Wilmington," recites an anecdote connected with a wedding at the Rutgers mansion, which illustrates the topographical condition of the city at this time. "On one of my grandfather's visits to Colonel Rutgers, a wealthy trader, whose descendants now have large possessions there, he was, after the settlement of their accounts, invited to dine, and, at the dinner, requested to be one of the guests at a bridal supper to be given to Colonel Rutgers' daughter, on her return from a journey, that evening. As the vessel was to sail at daylight the next morning, he wished to be excused. However, the invitation was so pressing that it was accepted, and he did not leave until after eleven o'clock, when a servant was offered to conduct him through a huckleberry swamp on the way to his lodgings. As it was bright moonlight, and he was familiar with the path, this civility was declined; but when about half the way was accomplished, the moon disappeared, and, losing his path, my grandfather wandered amidst thorns and briers till day dawned, his clothes almost torn off. This swamp was long ago the centre of New York."

lina, who married Miss Apthorp, and Mr. Joshua Leney, of Maryland, who married Miss Nicholson. Another of these gentlemen, so unfaithful to their pledges, or to expectations which were cherished among their fair constituents, was Colonel William Few, of Georgia, who in the answer which he made to a letter on the subject, declared that if the Georgians, when they saw how very fortunate he had been, did not willingly excuse him, and admit that the best of them would have yielded to the same temptation, he would resign his seat in the Congress and retire to private life. Discussions meanwhile were going on as to what place should become the seat of government, and some humorist availed himself of that consideration in drawing up the following

"Petition of Young Ladies.

"*To the honorable the Delegates of the United States, in Congress assembled: The petition of the Young Ladies of Portsmouth, Boston, Newport, New London, Amboy, Newcastle, Williamsburgh, Wilmington, Charleston and Savannah, most ardently sheweth,*

"That your petitioners possess the qualities of youth, health, and beauty, in an eminent degree; that, notwithstanding these advantages, they see, with great pain, but little prospect of getting good husbands, owing to the passion the beaus have of going abroad and marrying in other countries, thereby leaving a great disproportion between the sexes at home.

"That population is the true source of national wealth and power; that in all countries population increases in proportion as marriages are frequent; that without marriage even the object of the Almighty in creating man must be defeated, and his first and great command disobeyed.

"That your petitioners have been informed of the many marriages that have taken place in New York since your residence in

that city, and that even some of your own members have, to their great honor, become husbands; that delegates in Congress ought to be all bachelors, and a new election ordered in consequence of marriage—domestic duty being a good excuse from public service; that, with due deference to their New York sisters, they cannot allow them any just preference in the requisite qualities to make the married state happy; that, as the first motive for appointing a Congress was to promote the welfare of humanity, they presume the daughters as well as the sons of America have an equal right to a participation of the blessings arising therefrom.

"That for these reasons your petitioners earnestly request you annually to remove the seat of federal government into another state, until, in due rotation, it shall have been in all the states, leaving Pennsylvania, Maryland, and New York the three last upon the list, you having already resided in each of their capitals.

"That if your petitioners' request be granted, they hope, from the number of foreigners and other fine fellows who keep themselves in the sunshine of preferment, as well as from your own body, to have at least a chance of bringing their accomplishments and good qualities into their destined use, and of thereby improving as well as augmenting society.

"And your petitioners, as by inclination prompted, will ever wish," &c., &c., &c.

In this period Edward Livingston was married to Miss Mary McIvers, Nicholas Brevoort to Miss Blair, and Mr. Turnbull to Miss Susan Van Horne (described in preceding pages by Miss Rebecca Franks); and in other parts of the country, Thomas H. Perkins to Miss Sally Elliot, Charles Pinckney to Miss Mary Laurens, Richard Caton to Miss Polly Carroll, Dr. Casper Wistar to Miss Marshall, Noah Webster to Miss Greenleaf, Sir Peyton Skipwith to

Miss Millar, Peter S. Du Ponceau to Miss Anne Perry, Thomas Lee, son of Richard Henry Lee, to Mildred, daughter of Augustine Washington, and niece of George Washington, and Richard D. Spaight, late member of the Federal Convention, from North Carolina, to Miss Mary Leech, "a young lady," says the Columbian Magazine for that year, "whose amiable character and beautiful person, added to her extensive fortune, promise much felicity to this truly worthy pair."

VII.

The Year of Suspense drew near its close. Before the first of July, 1788, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire, and Virginia, in the order in which they are here named, had ratified the Constitution, and the truly respectable portion of the people, with almost entire unanimity, hailed the result with the sincerest joy and the most sanguine anticipations as to its ultimate influence. All the larger maritime towns saw in the organization of a vigorous national government, with ample powers for the regulation of commerce, assurance of their prosperity, and they were the first to celebrate the decision of the people, with every demonstration suitable to so grateful an occasion. Boston, Baltimore,* and Charleston, led the way, and Philadelphia, New York, and other cities, followed in quick succession.

* In the procession of the people of Baltimore was a ship called "The Federalist," which was, after the celebration, presented to Washington, who, in a letter to the committee, dated at Mount Vernon on the eighth of June, says: "Captain Barney has just arrived here in the miniature ship called 'The Federalist,' and has done me the honor to offer that beautiful work to me as a present from you. I pray you, gentlemen, to accept the warmest expressions of my sensibility for this specimen of American ingenuity, in which the exactitude of the proportions, the neatness of the workmanship, and the elegance of the decorations (which make your present fit to be preserved in a cabinet of curiosities), while they exhibit the skill and taste of the artist, demonstrate that the Americans are not inferior to any people whatever in the use of mechanical instruments and the art of ship-building."

The celebration in Philadelphia was planned and directed in a large degree by the celebrated wit, Francis Hopkinson, in whose Works nearly a hundred pages are occupied with its description. The day selected was the fourth of July. The rising sun was saluted with the ringing of bells and the discharge of cannon. Ten ships along the river in front of the city represented the ten ratifying states, each gayly dressed in flags and streamers, with appropriate inscriptions emblazoned in gold. At half after nine o'clock the grand procession began to move. The Declaration of Independence, the French Alliance, the Definitive Treaty of Peace, the Convention of the States, the Constitution, the New Era, were repre sented by some of the principal citizens, in emblematical costumes. The Constitution was personified by a lofty monumental car, in the form of an eagle, drawn by six horses. Chief Justice McKean, with Judges Atlee and Rush, in their official robes, were seated in this car, bearing the Constitution, framed and fixed upon a staff, which was crowned with the cap of liberty, and bore as a legend, "The People," in golden letters. A carriage drawn by ten white horses, supported the model of a Federal Edifice, the "New Roof" of which was upheld by thirteen columns, three, inscribed with the names of the states which had not yet ratified the Constitution, being unfinished. The pilots, ship carpenters, boat builders, and other trades connected with navigation, surrounded the federal ship Union, mounting twenty guns, and with a crew of twenty-five men. A sheet of canvas, tacked along the water line, extended over a light frame, and was painted to represent the sea, concealing the carriage on which the vessel was drawn. The procession, including all the trades, many of which were occupied with their appropriate duties, the military, and the public functionaries, embraced more than five thousand persons, and having traversed the city, it proceeded to Union Green, Bush Hill, where a crowd of more than

seventeen thousand was collected to observe the remaining proceedings. While the procession was moving, the printers struck off and distributed from their car among the people the following ode, which was written by Hopkinson:

Oh, for a muse of fire! to mount the skies,
And to a listening world proclaim,
Behold! behold an empire rise!—
An era new, Time, as he flies
Hath entered in the book of Fame."
On Alleghany's towering head
Echo shall stand, the tidings spread,
And o'er the lakes and misty floods around
"An Era New" resound.

See, where Columbia sits alone,
And from her star-bespangled throne
Beholds the gay procession pass along,
And hears the trumpet and the choral song!
She hears her sons rejoice,
Looks into future time, and sees
The numerous blessings Heaven decrees,
And with her plaudit joins the general voice.

"'T is done! 't is done! my sons," she cries,
"In war are valiant and in council wise;
Wisdom and valor shall my rights defend,
And o'er my vast domain these rights extend;
Science shall flourish, genius stretch her wing,
In native strains Columbia's muses sing,
Wealth crown the arts, and Justice cleanse her scales.
Commerce her ponderous anchor weigh—
Wide spread her sails—
And in far distant seas her flag display." . . .

Hail to this festival! all hail the day!—
Columbia's standard on her roof display
And let the people's motto ever be
"United thus, and thus united, free!"

At Union Green an oration was delivered from the Federal Edifice by James Wilson, who had distinguished himself in the

convention for forming the constitution and afterwards in defending it before the convention of Pennsylvania. The entire proceedings were marked by the utmost decorum. The streets and the windows and roofs of houses were crowded with spectators, but there was not an accident or the slightest disturbance of any kind during the day. "It was remarkable," writes a spectator to a friend at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, "that every countenance wore an air of dignity as well as of pleasure. Every tradesman's boy in the procession seemed to consider himself as a principal in the business. Rank for a while forgot its claims, and agriculture, commerce and manufactures, with the learned and mechanical professions, seemed to acknowledge, by united harmony and respect, that they were all necessary to each other, and all useful in a cultivated society. These circumstances distinguished this procession from the processions in Europe, which are commonly instituted in honor of single persons. The military alone partake of the pleasure of those exhibitions. Farmers and tradesmen are either deemed unworthy of such connections, or are introduced like horses or buildings, only to add to the strength or length of the procession. Such is the difference between the effects of republican and monarchical government upon the minds of men."

The same writer mentions particularly that the clergy formed a conspicuous part of the procession, manifesting by their attendance a sense of the connection between good government and religion. There were seventeen, and they marched arm-in-arm to illustrate the general union. Care was taken to associate ministers of the most dissimilar opinions with each other, to display the promotion of Christian charity by free institutions. "The rabbi of the Jews, with a minister of the gospel on each side, was a most delightful sight." It exhibited the political equality, not only of Christian denominations, but of worthy men of every belief.

In New York the celebration was on the twenty-third of the same month—three weeks after. The state had not yet accepted the Constitution, and its friends probably expected that this imposing demonstration would have some effect upon the convention which was debating the subject at Poughkeepsie. The proceedings were arranged by Major l'Enfant.* The morning was ushered in by a federal salute of thirteen guns, from a ship moored off the Bowling Green. The procession was formed soon after in "The Fields," where stands the present City Hall, and marched down Whitehall street to Great Dock street, thence through Hanover square, Queen and Chatham streets, to the Bowery, and finally to a meadow near the country residence of Nicholas Bayard, where Broadway now intersects Grand street. Here a splendid pavilion, eight hundred feet long and six hundred feet wide, had been erected, with a vast dome, on the top of which stood Fame, with her trumpet, announcing a new era, and displaying the standard of the United States, and a roll of parchment on which were inscriptions in large characters referring to the Declaration of Independence, the Alliance with France, and the Definitive Treaty of Peace. By the side of Fame was the American Eagle, with extended wings, and over six of the principal pillars of the colonnade in the centre of the pavilion were the arms of the several nations which had recognized our independence — France, Spain, Sweden, Prussia, Holland, and Mexico — and above these their respective flags. Within, from an elevated semicircular table, at which were seated the President and members of Congress, the heads of departments in the federal and state govern-

* Major l'Enfant was a native of France, who arrived in this country about the year 1780. His first public employment after the war was the alteration of the old City Hall, on the site now occupied by the Custom House, into "Federal Hall," for the new government, in 1789. He afterwards designed a magnificent residence for Robert Morris, in Philadelphia, in which, before it was half finished, the great financier sunk all his fortune. He is best known now as the author of the "Plan of the City of Washington," and the architect of some of its buildings. He died about 1817

ments, foreign ministers, clergy, and other guests, radiated a large number of tables, with plates for six thousand persons. In many respects the procession resembled that in Philadelphia. Colonel Richard Platt was chief marshal, and was assisted by Colonel Morgan Lewis and Majors Nicholas Fish, William North and Aquila Giles. The various trades appeared on cars, engaged with their several occupations. The coopers were setting up and hooping a huge cask, emblematical of the Constitution. The carpenters were erecting the tenth column, inscribed "New York," of the federal temple, and two prostrate columns represented other states which had not yet accepted the Constitution. The upholsterers were preparing a chair of state for the first President, and the coach makers were building him a superb chariot. The printers, preceded by Hugh Gaine, immortalized in the satirical verses of Freneau, were striking off and distributing patriotic songs, and a programme of the day's proceedings. On the car of the brewers were hogsheads and tuns, decorated with festoons of hop-vines, and on the top of one of them, in a closely-fitting dress of flesh-colored silk, a handsome boy, representing Bacchus, his head garlanded with grapes, hops, and barley. At the head of the lawyers were John Lawrence, John Cozine, and Robert Troup. In the Philological Society appeared Josiah Ogden Hoffman, its President, Noah Webster, its Secretary, and William Dunlap, who bore its standard. With a large number of farmers, were Nicholas Cruger, driving six oxen, John Watts, holding a plough, and the Baron Poelnitz, attending a threshing-machine. The most interesting object of all was the federal ship Hamilton — a thirty-two gun frigate, thirty feet long and twelve feet wide, with every proportion and appointment complete. She was manned by about forty seamen and marines, with the usual complement of officers, and commanded by the veteran Commodore Nicholson, who dis-

played at her mast-head the same broad pennant under which he had fought victoriously upon the sea. After leaving "The Fields," in passing Liberty street she made a signal for a pilot, and received one, and on arriving before Mr. Constable's house, at the foot of Broadway, Mrs. Edgar came to a window and presented the commodore a suit of rich silk colors, in acknowledgment of which the yards were instantly manned and the crew gave three cheers. When passing Old Slip a Spanish government ship saluted her with thirteen guns, which she returned with as much promptness as if she had been an actual man-of-war, sailing upon her proper element. The Hamilton was drawn by ten white horses, and during the advance of the procession went through every nautical preparation and movement for storms, calms, squalls, and sudden shiftings of the wind. When she reached "Bayard's Farm" the crew took in sail and anchored, and the officers "went on shore to dine," while ample messes were sent on board for the seamen and marines. At four o'clock signal was made for unmooring, by a second salute of thirteen guns, and she proceeded to the place whence she started, opposite the Bowling Green, where she arrived at half past five o'clock, amidst the acclamations of thousands. The decorations of the societies, professions and trades in this immense procession were in all cases rich, tasteful, and appropriate, and the general effect probably surpassed that of any similar display ever made in New York except that on the completion of the Erie Canal, nearly half a century afterward. In the evening there was a display of fireworks, under the direction of Colonel Bauman, post-master of the city and commandant of the artillery, "whose constitutional irascibility," says President Duer, "was exceedingly provoked by the moon, which shone with pertinacious brilliancy, as if in mockery of his feebler lights."

These proceedings were on Monday, and on the following Sat-

ırday, about nine o'clock in the evening, news arrived in the city of the acceptance of the new Constitution by the State Convention at Poughkeepsie. "The bells," says a contemporary writer, "were immediately set a-ringing, and from the fort and the federal ship Hamilton, there were repeated discharges of artillery. The merchants at the coffee-house testified their joy by huzzas, and a large body of citizens, headed by a number of the first characters, went to the houses of the city members of the Convention, and gave three cheers, as a testimony of their approbation of the glorious event brought about by their united, unremitted, and toilsome exertions. In short, a general joy ran through the whole town, and several of those who were of different sentiments drank freely of the federal bowl, and declared they were now perfectly reconciled to the new Constitution."





THE TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS.

I.

The Congress in New York had been barely kept alive during the winter of 1788–89. Sometimes not half a dozen members remained in the city, and a quorum was rarely assembled. All thoughts and all hopes were centered in the new organization of affairs, which the splendid genius of Hamilton, the calm and judicial logic of Jay, and the invincible common sense of Madison, had at length made triumphant. For with whatever power and earnestness the claims of the Constitution had been asserted in different parts of the country, it was not difficult to perceive that the masterly expositions of the separate and common interests, in "The Federalist," reprinted in many of the larger towns, and entering into nearly all the spoken or written arguments for the Constitution, in every state, had been the great means of securing to the nation what the abilities and patriotism of her most illustrious citizens had conceived and evolved—this unapproachable model of a free and stable government.

As soon as the necessary majority of the states had transmitted to Congress their acceptance of the Constitution, an act was passed for the choice of a President and Vice President of the Republic; and Washington, who had commanded the army and presided in

the Convention, as if by the all-disposing election of the Sovereign Ruler of the world, was now, by the common sense, affection, and reverence, made vital by the same Divine Influence, called to the highest place in the completely organized nation. The sincerity of his nature was so conspicuous that no one doubted his avowed reluctance to be further engaged in affairs, though in the most honorable, dignified, and responsible office that had ever been created by a free people; and it was felt that no addition could be made to his glory, so that his acceptance of the Presidency must be a consequence only of his self-sacrificing love of country; but to this the whole people appealed, and when he consented, notwithstanding his advanced season of life, his increased fondness for agricultural amusements, his growing love of retirement, and decided predilection for the character of a private citizen, to hazard his former reputation, and encounter new fatigues and troubles, it was no longer questioned that the sublimest revolution in human history was successful; that the institutions of liberty were firmly established; that a new and beneficent power was inaugurated which would preserve for its authors, to the latest ages, such grateful respect as is due to the benefactors of mankind.

II.

The first Congress under the Constitution came together very slowly. The day appointed for its meeting was the fourth of March, 1789, and at morning, noon and evening on that day there was firing of cannon and ringing of bells in the city; but only eight senators and thirteen representatives, not enough for a quorum in either house, made their appearance; and though circulars were repeatedly sent to the absent members it was near the end of the month before a sufficient number came in for one or the other branch to organize. This was partly owing to the desultory habits in every-

thing connected with federal affairs which had grown up under the late administration, but more largely to the difficulties and uncertainties of the means of travelling, not only in the more inaccessible parts of the country but even in the most populous states and on the chief routes connecting the larger towns.

The Rev. Jeremy Belknap, the well known author of the History of New Hampshire, and several other works, which secured to him a high reputation among literary men in America at the close of the last century, had apprenticed one of his sons to Robert Aitkin, a printer of magazines and books, in Philadelphia. He sat out from his home, in Dover, to visit his son, and see the world, and the adventures he encountered illustrate in an interesting manner the delays and vexations of travel at that time. From Boston, on the twenty-seventh, he wrote back to his wife, "I am disappointed of my intended journey to Providence, by the means of a set of English factors, or something else, who, after I had engaged a passage for myself in the coach, went and hired the whole of it to themselves, and the base fellow of a coachman shut me out. Your brother is vexed on the occasion as much as myself. Another coach is expected in this evening, and I have laid in for a place in it; but as these stages do not go on any fixed day, but only as they find company, I may be detained here till Thursday: however, I have time enough before me — the whole month of October — at the end of which I hope to see you again." As the worthy pastor anticipated, or hoped rather, the stage-coach was again ready on Thursday morning, and he took a place in it for Providence; but the illness of a "lady passenger" compelled them to pass the night at Hatch's Tavern, in Attleborough, so that they did not reach Providence till the next day. On the following Tuesday he sailed in a packet for Newport, having been detained by squally weather, and in that place was compelled to wait, for a favorable wind

and a "freight of passengers," till Friday. "But before we left the harbor," he writes to Mrs. Belknap, "the wind came ahead, and we beat to windward (a species of sailing I never before was acquainted with, and never wish to be again*), till we found it impossible to weather Point Judith, and then we returned to port. Saturday morning, with three more passengers, seven in all, we sailed once more, with a fair wind, and had a very pleasant passage up the Sound, in a very swift sailing sloop, with every desirable accommodation for eating, drinking, and sleeping." Having passed four days in New York, where he enjoyed himself very much, on the afternoon of Thursday, the thirteenth of October, he crossed over to Paulus Hook, about sunset, to be ready to start for Philadelphia in the "New Flying Diligence" the next morning. "Between three and four o'clock," he writes, "we set off in the stage, rode nine miles, to Bergen Neck, and then crossed a ferry, which brought us to Woodbridge. Just before we reached the second ferry, we perceived the dawn of day, and when we had ridden two miles from it, the sun rose, so that we had ridden sixteen miles and crossed two ferries before sunrise, besides shifting horses twice. The third stage brought us to Brunswick, where we breakfasted. We here crossed the Raritan, in a scow, open at both ends, to receive and discharge the carriage, without unharnessing or dismounting; and the scow was pulled across the river by a rope. We passed through Princeton about noon, and got to Trenton to dinner; then passed the Delaware in another scow, which was navigated only by setting poles; drove thirty miles over a plain, level country, at a great rate, and arrived at Philadelphia just at sunset." He adds, "I sent for Josey to the inn where the stage put up, and the dear child was overjoyed, and shed tears at seeing me; they had heard of my ar-

* In another letter, referring to this "beating to windward," he says "it made me downright seasick."

rival in New York, and the family talk had ever since been about me; a lodging was prepared for me at Mr. Aitken's, and I was received with all the cordiality of an intimate friend." This was three and a half years before the meeting of the first Congress, but facilities for travelling had not increased much in that period.*

Philip Freneau describes in a satire of three cantos the "Journey from Philadelphia to New York, by way of Burlington and South Amboy;" and M. Brissot de Warville presents a particular account of his passage between the same cities, in "a kind of open wagon, hung with double curtains, of leather and woollen"—carriages "which keep up the idea of equality, the member of Congress riding beside the shoemaker who elected him, in fraternity." He also gives us in his amiable way a chapter of adventures from Boston to New York, both by the land route and the sea. He makes the best of every thing, but does not show that he had a very comfortable time, in the wagons or in the boats. On one occasion he says, "We left the place where we had slept at four o'clock in the morning, in a carriage without springs. A Frenchman who was with me began, at the first jolt, to curse the carriage, the driver, and the country. 'Let us wait a little,' said I, 'before we form a

* Public conveyances were almost unknown except between a few of the principal cities. The Continental Congress had lately authorized the Postmaster General to contract for the transmission of the mail over the great route along the sea coast, by a line of stage-wagons, to carry passengers also; but this scheme was as yet very imperfectly executed, so that members derived from it but little advantage in their journeys to New York. To Philadelphia and Boston the mails were sent three times a week in the summer, and twice a week in the winter. The "Boston, Albany, and Philadelphia General Stage Office," was kept by Samuel Fraunces—more famous in his day than even Niblo, half a century afterward, as an almost universal caterer for the public entertainment—in Cortlandt street; and stages for Boston started every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; for Albany every Monday and Thursday; and for Philadelphia, from Paulus Hook, twice every day, except Saturdays and Sundays, when they left but once a day. The fare, from Paulus Hook to Philadelphia, was two dollars a passenger (only half what is now charged on the railroad!) or, by *express*, at eight miles an hour, one shilling per mile; or ten miles an hour, eighteen pence per mile. At the early season of the year in which the Congress was summoned to assemble, the roads in many places, and especially the fords of rivers, were frequently made impassable by floods.

judgment; every custom has its cause: doubtless there is some reason why this kind of carriage is preferred to one hung with springs.' In fact, by the time we had run thirty miles, among the rocks, we were convinced that a carriage with springs would very soon have been overset and broken." In the same spirit he praises the inns; "you will not go into one," he says, "without meeting with neatness, decency, and dignity. The table is served by a maiden, well dressed, and pretty, by a pleasant mother whose age has not effaced the agreeableness of her features, and by men who have that air of respectability which is inspired by the idea of equality, and are not ignoble and base, like the greater part of our own tavern keepers." The Marquis de Chastellux, while travelling in the same region, was not so well satisfied; he contradicts indeed nothing which is advanced by M. de Warville, but avers that while the tables of the sitting-rooms were covered with the writings of Milton, Addison, and Richardson, the cellars contained "neither brandy, nor wine, nor even rum." The neophyte of democracy was every where attentive to the young women, and he finds the tediousness of the wagon beguiled by frequent sights, all through Massachusetts and Connecticut, of "fair girls, either driving a carriage, or alone on horseback, galloping boldly, with an elegant hat on the head, a white apron, and a calico gown: usages which prove at once the early cultivation of their reason, (since they are trusted so young to themselves,) the safety of the roads, and the general innocence of manners." Coming to New York by water* he was de-

* "I ought to say one word of the packet boats of this part of America, and of the facilities which they offer. Though, in my opinion, it is more advantageous and often less expensive to go by land, yet I owe some praises to the cleanliness and good order observable in these boats. The one which I was in contained fourteen beds, ranged in two rows, one above the other, and every one had its little window. The chamber was well aired, so that one did not breathe that nauseous air which infects the packets of the English Channel. It was well varnished, and the provisions were good. There is not a little town on all this coast which is without this kind of vessels, going to New York. They have all the same neatness, the same embellishments, the

tained by contrary winds, but assures us that the voyage from Newport is not unfrequently performed in twenty hours, and that the price of passage is but six dollars.

Miss Montgomery states that the journey from Wilmington to New York was so great an undertaking that few persons attempted it, and they were regarded as "travellers." Her grandfather's business often required his attention there, and on his return crowds of villagers would come to hear the news and accounts of all the wonders he had seen in that astonishing city.

III.

A SUFFICIENT number of members having appeared, the House of Representatives at length on the thirtieth of March proceeded to organize itself, and on the following week the Senate was also ready for business. This first Congress under the Constitution embraced a large portion of the talents, experience and respectability of the country. John Langdon, Oliver Ellsworth, Charles Cárroll, Richard Henry Lee, and Ralph Izard, were in the Senate, and among the members of the House were Elbridge Gerry, Roger Sherman, Jeremiah Wadsworth, Elias Boudinot, Frederick A. Muhlenberg, James Madison, and young Fisher Ames, soon to be acknowledged the greatest of American orators.

The Continental Congress had sat in the old City Hall, at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, where now stands the Custom House. This building had been erected nearly a century, and in it had been held the sessions of the Provincial Assembly, the Supreme Court, the Admiralty Court, and the Mayor's Court. Here too had been the city prison, and in Broad street, nearly opposite, had stood the whipping post and the pillory. The City Hall, in-

same convenience. You may be assured there is nothing like them in the old countries."—*New Travels in America*, c. iv.

deed, had been the centre of all important business, in legislation, administration, and politics; it was also the principal resort of the lovers of literature, as it contained the public library; and it served the purposes of the Athenian stoæ, for gossips, newsmongers, and speculators. Anxious for the proper accommodation of the various branches of the federal government, and not without expectations that a liberal course on her part might cause New York to be made the permanent capital of the nation, several wealthy citizens contributed thirty-two thousand dollars for the purpose of remodeling, repairing and renovating this building, which, when completed, received the new name of Federal Hall, and was placed by the City Council at the disposal of Congress.

The appearance of Federal Hall was for that period very imposing, and its front, toward Broad street, was particularly admired. The basement story was in the Tuscan style, with seven openings, and four massive pillars in the centre supported heavy arches, above which rose four Doric columns. The cornice was ingeniously divided to admit thirteen stars in the metopes, which with the eagle and other insignia in the pediment, and the sculptures of thirteen arrows surrounded by olive branches over each window, marked it as a building set apart for national purposes. The entrance on Broad street opened into a large and plainly furnished room, to which every one had free access, and beyond this was the vestibule, which led, in front, to the Hall of the Representatives, and through arches on each side, by a public stairway on the right, and a private one on the left, to the Senate chamber and the galleries. The vestibule was paved with marble, and was very lofty, and elegantly finished. The lower part was of a light rough stone, which supported a handsome iron gallery, and the upper part, which was in a less massive style, was lighted from a richly ornamented dome. The Hall of the Representatives was sixty-one feet long, fifty-eight feet

wide, and thirty-six feet high, and had an arched ceiling, increasing its height in the centre about ten feet more. Its form was slightly octangular, and on its sides were niches for statues. The windows were large, and placed sixteen feet from the floor, the space below being finished with a plain wainscot, interrupted only by four fire-places, above which were Ionic columns and pilasters. In the panels between the windows were trophies, carved, and the letters U. S. in a cipher, surrounded with laurel. The speaker's chair was on an elevated platform, opposite the principal entrance. Each member had a separate chair and desk. There were two galleries in front of the speaker's seat—the lower one projecting fifteen feet, and the upper one, less spacious—both supported without pillars. These were intended for the accommodation of the friends of the members. The public were admitted only to an area on the floor outside the bar. There were three small doors, for common use, besides the larger and less convenient entrance. The curtains in this room were of light blue damask, and the chairs of the members were covered with the same material.

The Senate chamber was approached by the stairs on the east side of the vestibule, through an ante-chamber, nineteen feet wide and forty-eight feet long, finished with Tuscan pilasters, and communicating with the iron gallery already mentioned, as well as with the galleries of the Hall of the Representatives. This room was forty feet long, thirty feet wide, and twenty feet high, with an arched ceiling; it had three windows at each end, those toward Wall street opening into an external gallery, twelve feet deep, and guarded by an iron railing. In this gallery the President of the United States was expected to take his oath of office. The Senate chamber was decorated with light and graceful pilasters, with capitals, devised by the architect, Major l'Enfant, composed of foliage, in the midst of which appeared radiant stars, and below each was

a small medallion exhibiting the initials, U. S. The ceiling was of a light blue, with a sun and thirteen stars in the centre. The fireplaces in both halls were of a highly polished variegated American marble. The President's chair was elevated three feet above the floor, and was under a rich canopy of crimson damask. The curtains of the windows and the coverings of the chairs of the senators were of the same color. The chairs of the members in both halls, were arranged in semicircles, and the floors in both were covered with handsome carpets. The capitol contained several smaller rooms, for committees, a library, and other purposes.

Before the alteration of the building the room which had been occupied by the old Congress contained full length portraits of the King and Queen of France, presented to America by Louis the Sixteenth. These are not mentioned among the decorations which were now retained.

IV

The first business after the organization of the two houses, on the sixth of April, was the opening and counting of the votes for President of the United States. It was found that Washington had received sixty-nine, the whole number cast, but that the votes for the second candidate were so scattered that there was barely a majority for Mr. Adams, who, however, having next the highest number, became Vice President. The same day Charles Thompson, who had been perpetual Secretary to the Continental Congress, was appointed to inform George Washington of his election to the Presidency, and Sylvanus Bourne was at the same time selected to convey to John Adams information of his being chosen Vice President. The following morning* they left New York, one for Vir-

* On the seventh of April, John Armstrong wrote to General Gates, from New York: "All the world here are busy in collecting flowers and sweets of every kind to amuse and delight the President in his approach and on his arrival. Even Roger Sherman has set his head at work to

ginia, and the other for Massachusetts; and, on the fifteenth, a joint committee of the two houses was chosen to make suitable arrangements for the reception of the President and Vice President in the metropolis.

V.

Mr. Adams was the first to receive official information of his election, and the first to arrive in New York. At ten o'clock on the morning of the twelfth of April, he left his residence in Braintree, and was escorted to Boston by a troop of horse, from Roxbury. As he approached the city the bells were rung, and amidst the shouts of an immense crowd of people he was conducted to the house of Governor Hancock, where he partook of a collation, with the principal magistrates and citizens. His arrival and departure were signalized by federal salutes, which were repeated at all the chief places through which he passed, with his numerous retinue, in Massachusetts and Connecticut. At Hartford the manufacturers gave him a piece of broadcloth for a suit of clothes, and the corporation of New Haven presented him with the freedom of the city. From the Connecticut line he was attended by the Westchester Light Horse, under Major Pintard, to King's Bridge, where he was met by the heads of departments, a great number of members of Congress, military officers, and private citizens, on horseback or in carriages, who conducted him, through a multitude of people to the house of John Jay, in the lower part of the city.

devise some style of address more novel and dignified than "Excellency." Yet in the midst of this admiration, there are skeptics who doubt its propriety, and wits who amuse themselves at its extravagance. The first will grumble and the last will laugh, and the President should be prepared to meet the attacks of both with firmness and good nature. A caricature has already appeared called 'The Entry,' full of very disloyal and profane allusions. It represents the General mounted on an ass, and in the arms of his man Billy — Humphreys leading the Jack, and chanting hosannas and birth-day odes. The following couplet proceeds from the mouth of the devil:

"'The glorious time has come to pass
When David shall conduct an ass.'"

VI.

As it had been popularly known for several weeks before the votes of the electors were officially canvassed that Washington was unanimously chosen President, his preparations for entering upon the duties of the office were all completed before the arrival of Mr. Thompson at Mount Vernon, on the fourteenth of April. In a letter to General Knox, referring to the delay of the certificate of his election, he says, "As to myself this delay may be compared to a reprieve, for in confidence I tell you, (with the world it would obtain little credit,) that my movements to the seat of government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of execution, so unwilling am I, in the evening of life, nearly consumed in public cares, to quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties." He however informed Mr. Thompson that at the end of two days he would be ready to accompany him, and in the mean time paid a last visit to his venerable mother, in Fredericksburg. On coming into her presence he said, "The people, madam, have been pleased, with the most flattering unanimity, to elect me to the chief magistracy of the United States; but before I can assume the functions of that office I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and"— Here she interrupted him: "You will see me no more," she said; "my great age, and the disease that is rapidly approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfil the high destinies which Heaven appears to assign you; go, my son, and may that Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always." He was deeply affected; his head rested on the

shoulder of his aged parent, whose arm feebly yet fondly encircled his neck. The scene was full of the most touching sublimity. Both the mother and the son were dissolved in tears at the thought that they were embracing each other for the last time. There is no fame in the world more pure than that of the mother of Washington, and no woman since the Mother of Christ has left a better claim to the affectionate reverence of mankind.

In his diary he wrote on the evening of the sixteenth: "About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity, and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York, with Mr. Thompson and Colonel Humphreys, with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations."

He wished to proceed to New York in the most quiet manner, but the irrepressible enthusiasm of the people all along the route prevented; and the homage he received could not have been ungrateful to him, for he held it to be "a proof of false modesty or an unworthy affectation of humility to appear altogether insensible to the commendations of the virtuous and enlightened part of our species;" and he added, "perhaps nothing can excite more perfect harmony in the soul than to have this spring vibrate in unison with the internal consciousness of rectitude in our intentions, and an humble hope of approbation from the Supreme Disposer of all things."

The first place at which he stopped was Alexandria, where he was entertained at a public dinner by his neighbors and more immediate personal friends. "The first and best of our citizens," said the Mayor, "must leave us; our aged must lose their ornament, our youth their model, our agriculture its improver, our commerce its friend, our infant academy its protector, our poor their bene-

factor.... Farewell! Go, and make a grateful people happy: a people who will be doubly grateful when they contemplate this new sacrifice for their interests." In his reply he said, "Just after having bade adieu to my domestic connections, this tender proof of your friendship is but too well calculated to awaken still further my sensibility, and increase my regret at parting from the enjoyments of private life. All that now remains for me is to commit myself and you to the care of that beneficent Being, who, on a former occasion, happily brought us together after a long and distressing separation. Perhaps the same gracious Providence will again indulge me. But words fail me. Unutterable sensations must, then, be left to more expressive silence, while from an aching heart I bid all my affectionate friends and kind neighbors farewell."

He was welcomed to Maryland by a collection of citizens assembled at Georgetown, and from all the principal places along his way the leading inhabitants came out to meet him, and to welcome him with the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, and military displays. Every where men and women of all ages and conditions watched to see him as he passed along the road. Old men shedding tears as their enthusiasm was rekindled by his presence, and mothers holding up their infant children that they might be able to say when their lives should be near their ending that they had looked with their own eyes upon the Father of his Country.

He arrived in Baltimore in the beginning of the evening, and retired from the public supper at Grant's tavern a little after ten o'clock. On the following morning he was in his carriage at half-past five, and left the city under a discharge of cannon, and attended, as on his entrance, by a large cavalcade of citizens, who accompanied him seven miles, when, alighting, he would not permit them to proceed any farther, but took leave, thanking them in an affectionate manner for their politeness.

At the frontier of Pennsylvania, early on the morning of the nineteenth, he was met by two troops of cavalry, and a large number of citizens, at the head of whom were Governor Mifflin and Judge Richard Peters. They had left Philadelphia the previous day, and waited here all night for his approach. The military saluted him on his appearance, and the procession moved on to Chester, where they stopped to breakfast. Perceiving that it was impossible to avoid a public reception in the city, the Chief now reluctantly ordered his carriage into the rear of the line, and mounting a superb white horse, in readiness for that purpose, and supported on one side by the venerable messenger of Congress, and on the other by his old aid-de-camp, Colonel Humphreys, took the position assigned him in the cavalcade. They were now joined by an immense number of citizens, led in the most perfect order by General Arthur St. Clair, and by additional companies of cavalry from the neighboring counties. At Gray's Ferry were erected on each side of the river triumphal arches, covered with laurel branches, and approached through long avenues of laurels which had been transplanted from the forests in the preceding night. As he passed under the last arch a youth, concealed in the foliage, let down with the aid of some ingenious machinery a beautifully ornamented civic crown of laurel, and before the hero was aware, it embraced his head, when tumultuous shouts arose from the immense multitude, which every moment was increased by crowds from the town and all the adjacent country. The procession advanced from the Schuylkill to Philadelphia surrounded by not less than twenty thousand people, lining the avenues and thronging every fence, tree, window, or other elevation from which it was possible to obtain a glimpse of the great man whom they almost worshipped. Passing through the principal streets he was saluted at every step with cries of "Long live George Washington!" "Long live the father of his people!"

until the procession arrived at the City Tavern, where a sumptuous banquet was provided, and the Executive Council, the Trustees of the University, the Judges of the Supreme Court, the officers of the Cincinnati, and the Mayor and Common Council of the city, hastened to wait upon him with their respectful congratulations. In his reply to the Mayor, he said: "When I contemplate the interposition of Providence, as it was visibly manifested in guiding us through the revolution, in preparing us for the reception of the general government, and in conciliating the good-will of the people of America toward one another after its adoption, I feel myself oppressed and almost overwhelmed with a sense of divine munificence. I feel that nothing is due to my personal agency in all those wonderful and complicated events, except what can be attributed to an honest zeal for the good of my country." The festivities of the day were continued by a magnificent display of fireworks in the evening, and the general joy was manifested in various ways until long after midnight.

In the morning the military paraded at ten o'clock to accompany the chief to Trenton; but being obliged on account of the weather to proceed in his carriage he declined the intended honor, for he could not, he said, think of riding under cover while his friends were exposed to the rain on horseback. Ascending the left bank of the Delaware, he arrived in the afternoon near the scene where he had fought twelve years before, and the reception which awaited him, if less imposing than that in some other places, was singularly graceful and touching. The clouds had broken away as the day wore on, and the sun shone pleasantly down on the smooth river, which was lined with a vast crowd assembled to hail his approach. As he stepped on to the shore of New Jersey he was greeted with three loud huzzas, and after salutes by the cavalry and infantry the procession was formed for marching into Trenton. On

the bridge across the Assumpink, which flows through the town into the Delaware — the same bridge across which he had retreated before the army of Cornwallis on the eve of the battle of Princeton — a triumphal arch, twenty feet high, and supported by thirteen pillars, twined with evergreens and laurel, had been erected, solely by the contributions and under the directions of the women of the city. On the side toward the approaching hero was inscribed:

THE DEFENDER OF THE MOTHERS WILL BE THE PROTECTOR OF THE DAUGHTERS.

Over the centre of the arch was a cupola on which were the dates of his glorious actions at Trenton, in letters of gold, wreathed with flowers, and from its summit was displayed a large sunflower, to indicate that it was to him alone these demonstrations were offered, that the whole people were as one in their homage to his greatness. A numerous train of mothers, leading their daughters, all dressed in white, was assembled under and on each side of the arch, and as he passed, thirteen young girls, wearing wreaths of flowers on their heads, and holding baskets of flowers in their hands, sung the following little ode, written for the occasion, by Major Howell, who had been an officer under him during the war:

Welcome, mighty chief, once more
Welcome to this grateful shore;
Now no mercenary foe
Aims again the fatal blow—
Aims at thee the fatal blow.

Virgins fair and matrons grave,
Those thy conquering arm did save,
Build for thee triumphal bowers;
Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers!
Strew your hero's way with flowers!

and suiting their action to the words, they threw their flowers in

the way before him. In the evening he acknowledged these elegant compliments in a brief note, in which he said: "General Washington cannot leave this place without expressing his acknowledgments to the matrons and young ladies who received him in so novel and grateful a manner at the Triumphal Arch, for the exquisite sensations he experienced in that affecting moment. The astonishing contrast between his former and his actual situation at the same spot, the elegant taste with which it was adorned for the present occasion, and the innocent appearance of the white-robed choir who met him with the gratulatory song, have made such an impression on his remembrance as, he assures them, will never be effaced."

Having crossed New Jersey, Washington was received at Elizabethtown Point, early on the morning of the twenty-third, in accordance with a previous arrangement, by a committee of both houses of Congress, with whom were the Chancellor of the State, the Adjutant General, the Recorder of the City, and Mr. Jay, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, General Knox, Secretary of War, Samuel Osgood, Arthur Lee, and Walter Livingston, Commissioners of the Treasury, and Ebenezer Hazard, Postmaster General — these heads of departments continuing to act until new arrangements should be made under the constitutional government. A magnificent barge had been constructed for the occasion, and was manned by thirteen master pilots, in white uniforms, under Commodore Nicholson, to convey the President and his suite to New York. Two other barges had been fitted up for the Board of the Treasury, the Secretaries, and other dignitaries. The passage from Elizabethtown is graphically described in a hitherto unpublished letter addressed to his wife the next day by Elias Boudinot, Chairman of the Committee of Congress. "You must have observed," he writes, "with what a propitious gale we left the shore, and glided with

steady motion across the Newark Bay, the very water seeming to rejoice in bearing the precious burden over its placid bosom. The appearance of the troops we had left behind, and their regular firings, added much to our pleasure. When we drew near to the mouth of the Kills a number of boats, with various flags, came up with us and dropped in our wake. Soon after we entered the bay General Knox and several other officers, in a large barge, presented themselves, with their splendid colors. Boat after boat and sloop after sloop, gayly dressed in all their naval ornaments, added to our train, and made a most splendid appearance. Before we got to Bedloe's Island a large sloop came, with full sail, on our starboard bow, when there stood up about twenty gentlemen and ladies, who, with most excellent voices, sung an elegant ode, prepared for the purpose, to the tune of 'God save the King,' welcoming their great Chief to the seat of government. On its conclusion we saluted them, with our hats, and then they, with the surrounding boats, gave us three cheers. Soon after another boat came under our stern and presented us with a number of copies of a second ode, and immediately about a dozen gentlemen began to sing it, in parts, as we passed along. Our worthy President was greatly affected with these tokens of profound respect. As we approached the harbor our train increased, and the huzzaing and shouts of joy seemed to add life to this brilliant scene. At this moment a number of porpoises came playing amongst us, as if they had risen up to know what was the cause of all this happiness. We now discovered the shores to be crowded with thousands of people — men, women, and children — nay, I may venture to say, tens of thousands. From the fort to the place of landing, although near half a mile, you could see little else along the shore, in the streets, and on board every vessel, but heads standing as thick as ears of corn before the harvest. The vessels in the harbor made a most superb

appearance indeed, dressed in all their pomp of attire. The Spanish ship of war, the Galveston, in a moment,* on a signal given, discovered twenty-seven or twenty-eight different colors, of all nations, on every part of the rigging, and paid us the compliment of thirteen guns, with her yards all manned, as did also another vessel in the harbor, the North Carolina, displaying colors in the same manner. We had a like compliment from the battery, of eighteen pounders. We soon arrived at the ferry stairs, where there were many thousands of the citizens, waiting with all the eagerness of expectation, to welcome our excellent patriot to that shore which he regained from a powerful enemy by his valor and good conduct. We found the stairs covered with carpeting and the rails hung with crimson. The President, being preceded by the committee, was received by the governor and the citizens in the most brilliant manner. He was met on the wharf by many of his old and faithful officers and fellow patriots, who had borne the heat and burthen of the day with him, who like him had experienced every reverse of fortune with fortitude and patience, and who now joined the universal chorus of welcoming their great deliverer (under Providence) from all their fears. It was with difficulty a passage could be made by the troops through the pressing crowds, who seemed incapable of being satisfied with gazing at this man of the people. You will see the particulars of the procession from the wharf to the house appointed for his residence, in the newspapers.† The streets were lined with the inhabitants as thick as they could stand, and

* "Every ship in the harbor," says Colonel Stone, "was gayly dressed for the occasion except the Galveston, a Spanish man of-war, which lay at anchor displaying only her own proper colors. The contrast which she presented, when compared with the splendid flags and streamers floating from every other vessel in the bay, especially the government ship, the North Carolina, was universally observed, and the neglect was beginning to occasion unpleasant remarks, when, as the barge of the General came abreast, in an instant, as if by magic, the Spaniard exhibited every flag and signal known among nations."

† On Washington's arrival at the stairs, prepared and ornamented, at Murray's Wharf, for

it required all the exertions of a numerous train of city officers, with their staves, to make a passage for the company. The houses were filled with gentlemen and ladies the whole distance, being about half a mile, and the windows, to the highest stories, were illuminated by the sparkling eyes of innumerable companies of ladies, who seemed to vie with each other in showing their joy on this great occasion. It was half an hour before we could finish our commission and convey the President to the house prepared for his residence. As soon as this was done, notwithstanding his great fatigue of both body and mind, he had to receive the gentlemen and officers, to a very large number, who wished to show their respect in the most affectionate manner. When this was finished and the people dispersed, we went, undressed, and dined with his Excellency Governor Clinton, who had provided an elegant dinner for us. Thus ended our commission. The evening, though very wet, was spent by all ranks in visiting the city, street after street being illuminated in a superb manner. I cannot help stating now how high-

his landing, he was saluted by Colonel Bauman's artillery, and received and congratulated by the Governor and the officers of the state and the city. From the wharf the procession moved in the following order:

Colonel Morgan Lewis, accompanied by Majors Morton and Van Horne;
Troop of Dragoons, Captain Stakes;
German Grenadiers, Captain Scriba;
Band of Music;
Infantry of the Brigade, Captains Swartwout and Stediford;
Grenadiers, Captain Harsin;
Regiment of Artillery, Colonel Bauman;
Band of Music;
General Malcom, and Aid;
Officers of the Militia, two and two;
Committee of Congress;
The PRESIDENT; Governor CLINTON,
President's Suite;
Mayor and Aldermen of New York;
The Reverend Clergy;
Their Excellencies, the French and Spanish Ambassadors, in their carriages;
The whole followed by an immense concourse of citizens.

ly we were favored in the weather; the whole procession had been completely finished, and we had repaired to the Governor's, before it began to rain. When the President was on the wharf an officer came up and, addressing him, said he had the honor to command his Guard, and that it was ready to obey his orders. The President answered that, as to the present arrangement, he should proceed as was directed, but that after that was over, he hoped he would give himself no farther trouble, as the affection of his fellow-citizens (turning to the crowd) was all the guard he wanted."

The house to which Washington was conducted, and which became his official residence, was that which still exists at the corner of Cherry street and Franklin square. It was owned by Mr. Osgood, of the Treasury Board, and had been occupied by the presidents of the Continental Congress. As his domestic establishment was not yet organized his table for a few days was supplied from Fraunces's tavern, and on the evening of his arrival he was entertained at dinner by Governor Clinton, with the Vice President, the heads of departments, the committee of Congress appointed to receive him, the foreign ambassadors, and several other eminent persons. "The occasion of the President's first arrival at the seat of government," says Fenno, "arrested the public attention beyond all powers of description; the hand of industry was suspended, and the various pleasures of the capital were centered in a single enjoyment." Some who were advanced in years, and hardly expected to see him till they should meet in heaven, could with difficulty "restrain their impatience at being in a measure deprived of the high gratification, by the eagerness of the multitude of children and young people, who probably might long enjoy the blessing; and others were heard to say they should now die contented, nothing having been wanted previous to this auspicious time but a sight of the Saviour of his Country."

John Adams, in a speech to the senate on taking his place as president of that body, two days before Washington's arrival in the city, said of him, "Were I blessed with powers to do justice to his character, it would be impossible to increase the confidence and respect of his country, or make the smallest addition to his glory. This can only be effected by a discharge of the present exalted trust, on the same principles, with the same abilities and virtues, which have uniformly appeared in all his former life, public and private. May I, nevertheless, be indulged to inquire, If we look over the catalogues of the first magistrates of nations, whether they have been denominated presidents or consuls, kings or princes, where shall we find one whose commanding talents and virtues, whose overruling good fortune, have so completely united all hearts and voices in his favor; who enjoyed the esteem and admiration of foreign nations and fellow citizens with equal unanimity? .... By these great qualities, and their benign effects, has Providence marked out the head of this nation, with a hand so distinctly visible, as to have been seen by all men and mistaken by none."

Yet the modest estimate which the Chief entertained respecting his own abilities brought a melancholy foreboding to mingle with the patriotic joy awakened by all these recent triumphs. The day after he thus entered New York he wrote in his private journal: "The display of boats which attended and joined us on this occasion, some with vocal and some with instrumental music on board, the decorations of the ships, the roar of cannon, and the loud acclamations of the people which rent the skies as I passed along the wharves, filled my mind with sensations as painful (considering the reverse of this scene, which may be the case, after all my labors to do good,) as they are pleasing."

It is noted among the incidents of the day that the schooner

Columbia, Captain Philip Freneau, eight days from Charleston, came up the bay in time to take a part in the proceedings. Philip Freneau, the bard of the revolution, was destined to act no unimportant part in the secret history of Washington's administration.

THE INAUGURATION.

I.

At length the important day arrived when the great leader who had maintained our independence in the field with so much wisdom, prudence, energy, and indomitable perseverance, was to be inaugurated the first chief magistrate of the united and consolidated republic. For nearly a fortnight the taverns and boarding-houses in the city had been thronged with visitors, and now every private house was filled with guests, from all parts of the Union, assembled to witness the imposing ceremonial which was to complete the organization of the government. "We shall remain here, even if we have to sleep in tents, as so many will have to do," wrote Miss Bertha Ingersoll to Miss McKean;* "Mr. Williamson had promised to engage us rooms at Frauncis's, but that was jammed long ago, as was every other decent public house; and now, while we are waiting at Mrs. Vandervoort's, in Maiden Lane, till after dinner, two of our beaus are running about town, determined to obtain the best places for us to stay at which can be opened for love, money, or the most persuasive speeches." Another young woman, after recounting the vicissitudes of a journey from Boston, and various difficulties in finding agreeable accommodations in the metropolis,

* Afterward Marchioness d'Yrujo.

adds in a postcript, "I have seen him! and though I had been entirely ignorant that he was arrived in the city, I should have known at a glance that it was General Washington: I never saw a human being that looked so great and noble as he does. I could fall down on my knees before him and bless him for all the good he has done for this country."

II.

The anxiously expected morning of Thursday, the thirtieth of April, was greeted with a national salute from the Bowling Green, and at an early hour the streets were filled with men and women, in their holiday attire, while every moment arrived new crowds from the adjoining country, by the road from King's Bridge, by ferry boats from more distant places, or by packets which had been all night on the Sound or coming down the Hudson. At eight o'clock some clouds about the horizon caused apprehensions of an unpleasant day; but when, at nine, the bells rung out a merry peal, and presently with a slower and more solemn striking, called from every steeple for the people to assemble in the churches "to implore the blessing of Heaven on the nation, its favor and protection to the President, and success and acceptance to his administration," the sun shone clearly down, as if commissioned to give assurance of the approbation of the Divine Ruler of the world.

As the people came out from the churches, where Livingston, Mason, Provoost, Rodgers, and other clergymen,* had given passion-

* The list of clergymen, for the city, in 1789, comprised only fourteen names, as follows:—Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. John Rodgers; Scotch Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. John Mason; Episcopal Church, Rev. Dr. Samuel Provoost, Bishop, and Rev. Mr. Beach and Rev. Benjamin Moore; United Lutheran Church, Rev. Dr. John Christopher Kunzie; Methodist Church, Rev. Mr. Morrill and Rev. Mr. Cloud; Reformed Dutch Church, Rev. Dr. John H. Livingston and Rev. Dr. William Linn; German Church, Rev. Mr. Gross; Baptist Church, Rev. Mr. Foster; Jewish Synagogue, Rev. Gershom Seixas. While the ministry of peace exhibited this meagre catalogue, that of contention—the list of Supreme Court attorneys—embraced one hundred and twenty-two.

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ately earnest and eloquent expression to that reverent and profound desire which filled all hearts — so universal was a religious sense of the importance of the occasion — the military began to march from their respective quarters, with flaunting banners, and the liveliest music. The principal companies were Captain Stakes's troop of horse, equipped in the style of Lee's famous partisan legion; Captain Scriba's German Grenadiers, with blue coats, yellow waistcoats and breeches, black gaiters, and towering cone-shaped caps, faced with bear-skin; Captain Harsin's New York Grenadiers, composed, in imitation of the guard of the great Frederick, of only the tallest and finest-looking young men of the city, dressed in blue coats with red facings and gold lace broideries, cocked hats with white feathers, and white waistcoats and breeches, and black spatterdashes, buttoned close from the shoe to the knee; and the Scotch Infantry, in full highland costume, with bagpipes.

Ralph Izard, Tristram Dalton, and Richard Henry Lee, on the part of the Senate, and Charles Carroll, Egbert Benson, and Fisher Ames, on the part of the House of Representatives, had been appointed a joint committee of arrangements, and the procession was formed under the immediate direction of Colonel Morgan Lewis, in Cherry street, opposite the President's house, at twelve o'clock. After the military came

The Sheriff of the City and County of New York,
The Committee of the Senate,
George Washington,
The Committee of the House of Representatives,
John Jay, Secretary for Foreign Affairs,
Henry Knox, Secretary of War,
Robert R. Livingston, Chancellor of the State of New York,
Distinguished Citizens.

The procession having marched through Queen, Great Dock, and Broad streets, until opposite Federal Hall, the troops formed a line

on each side of the way, through which the President, with his attendants, was conducted to the chamber of the Senate, where the members of the House of Representatives had a few minutes before assembled, and at the door the Vice President received him and waited upon him to the chair.

The Vice President then said, "Sir, the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States are ready to attend you to take the oath required by the Constitution, which will be administered by the Chancellor of the State of New York."

The President answered, "I am ready to proceed."

The Vice President and the Senators led the way, and, accompanied by the Chancellor, and followed by the Representatives, and other public characters present, he then walked to the outside gallery, from which Broad street and Wall street, each way, were perceived to be filled, as with a sea of upturned faces, but as silent as if the immense concourse had been of statues instead of living men.

The spectacle must have been in the highest degree interesting and serious. In the centre, between two pillars, was seen the commanding figure of Washington, in a coat, waistcoat, and breeches, of fine dark brown cloth, and white silk stockings, all of American manufacture, plain silver buckles in his shoes, his head uncovered, and his hair dressed in the prevailing fashion of the time. On one side stood the Chancellor, in a full suit of black cloth, and on the other the Vice President, dressed more showily, but like the President entirely in American fabrics. Between the President and the Chancellor was Mr. Otis, Secretary of the Senate, a small short man, holding an open Bible upon a rich crimson cushion, and conspicuous in the group were Roger Sherman, General Knox, General St. Clair, Baron Steuben, and others whose names were equally dear and familiar to the people.

A gesture of the Chancellor arrested the attention of the im-

mense assembly, and he pronounced slowly and distinctly the words of the oath. The Bible was raised, and as the President bowed to kiss its sacred pages, he said audibly, "I swear," and added, with fervor, his eyes closed, that his whole soul might be absorbed in the supplication, "So help me God!"

Then the Chancellor said, "It is done," and, turning to the multitude, waved his hand, and with a loud voice exclaimed, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!"

Immediately the air was filled with acclamations and the roar of cannon; the President bowed, and again and again the welkin rung with the plaudits of happy and grateful citizens, who felt that Heaven had granted all their reasonable petitions, and that the New Era dreamed of by sages and celebrated by orators and bards was now completely inaugurated.

"The scene," writes one who was present to his correspondent in Philadelphia, "was solemn and awful beyond description. It would seem extraordinary that the administration of an oath, a ceremony so very common and familiar, should in so great a degree excite the public curiosity; but the circumstances of the President's election, the impression of his past services, the concourse of spectators, the devout fervency with which he repeated the oath, and the reverential manner in which he bowed down and kissed the sacred volume, all these conspired to render it one of the most august and interesting spectacles ever exhibited. . . . . It seemed, from the number of witnesses, to be a solemn appeal to Heaven and earth at once. In regard to this great and good man I may perhaps be an enthusiast, but I confess that I was under an awful and religious persuasion, that the gracious Ruler of the Universe was looking down at that moment with peculiar complacency on an act which to a part of his creatures was so very important." Under this impression, he proceeds to say that when the Chancellor proclaimed

Washington President, his sensibility was so excited that he could do no more than wave his hat with the rest, without the power of joining in the repeated acclamations which rent the air.

Few persons are now living who witnessed the induction of the first President of the United States into his office; but walking, not many months ago, near the middle of a night of unusual beauty, through Broadway — at that hour scarcely disturbed by any voices or footfalls except our own — Washington Irving related to Dr. Francis and myself his recollections of these scenes, with that graceful conversational eloquence of which he is one of the greatest of living masters. He had watched the procession till the President entered Federal Hall, and from the corner of New street and Wall street had observed the subsequent proceedings in the balcony.

III.

The President, members of the Congress, and other dignitaries and distinguished characters, having returned to the Senate chamber and taken their seats, Washington arose and delivered a short inaugural speech, alike remarkable as a display of modesty, dignity, and wisdom. Among the vicissitudes of his life, he said, none could have filled him with greater anxieties than his election to the Presidency. "On the one hand I was summoned by my country, whose voice I can never hear but with veneration and love, from a retreat which I had chosen with the fondest predilection, and, in my flattering hopes, with an immutable decision, as the asylum of my declining years; a retreat which was rendered every day more necessary as well as more dear to me by the addition of habit to inclination, and of frequent interruptions of my health to the gradual waste committed on it by time. On the other hand, the magnitude and difficulty of the trust to which the voice of my country called me, being sufficient to awaken in the wisest and most expe-

rienced of her citizens a distrustful scrutiny into his qualifications, could not but overwhelm with despondence one who, inheriting inferior endowments from nature, and unpractised in the duties of civil administration, ought to be peculiarly conscious of his own deficiences. In this conflict of emotions all I dare aver is, that it has been my faithful study to collect my duty from a just appreciation of every circumstance by which it might be affected; all I dare hope is, that if in accepting this task I have been too much swayed by a grateful remembrance of former instances, or by an affectionate sensibility to this transcendant proof of the confidence of my fellow-citizens, and have thence too little consulted my incapacity as well as disinclination for the weighty and untried cares before me, my error will be palliated by the motives which misled me, and its consequences judged by my country with some share of the partiality in which they originated. Such being the impressions under which I have in obedience to the public summons repaired to the present station, it would be peculiarly improper to omit in this, my first official act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils of nations, and whose providential aids can supply every human defect, that his benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States a government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes, and may enable every instrument employed in its administration to execute with success the functions allotted to his charge. In tendering this homage to the great Author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your sentiments not less than my own, nor those of our fellow-citizens at large less than either. No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible Hand which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the

character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency, and in the important revolution just accomplished in the system of this united government, the tranquil deliberations and voluntary consent of so many distinct communities, from which the event has resulted, cannot be compared with the means by which most governments have been established, without some return of pious gratitude, along with an humble anticipation of the future blessings which the past seem to presage. These reflections, arising out of the present crisis, have forced themselves too strongly on my mind to be suppressed. You will join with me, I trust, in thinking that there are none under the influence of which the proceedings of a new and free government, can more auspiciously commence." These are sentiments most worthy of the greatest of men, and their perfect and profound justice can never be questioned, except by the intellectually weak or the morally depraved. Intimating briefly his unwillingness, until he should become more familiar with the condition of public affairs, to recommend any specific action to the representatives of the people, and suggesting that he desired, as when holding his former office of commander-in-chief of the army, no compensation for his services, but only the repayment of his actual expenses, he closed with renewed expressions of his devout gratitude to Heaven, and supplications for further aid, protection, and direction.*

The President, Vice President, Senators, Representatives, Heads of Departments, and many others, then proceeded to St. Paul's Chapel in Broadway, where prayers suited to the occasion were read by Dr. Provoost, recently elected Bishop of the Protestant

* The Senate, a few days afterwards, and soon after the House of Representatives, went in long lines of carriages from Federal Hall to the President's house, to present their answers to the inauguration speech. The members of the lower House, as we learn from a MS. letter of Elias Boudinot, had a very unpleasant time of it, in consequence of the rain, but they were delighted with their gracious reception.

Episcopal Church in New York, who had been selected by the Senate to be one of the chaplains of Congress. These services over, the President was escorted back to his own house.

IV.

In the evening the city was brilliantly illuminated, and there was a display of fireworks, under Colonel Bauman, surpassing any thing of the kind hitherto seen in New York. Between the Bowling Green and the Fort, at the foot of Broadway, was a large transparent painting, in the centre of which appeared a portrait of Washington, under a figure of Fortitude, and the Senate and House of Representatives were exhibited, one on the right, and the other on the left, under the forms of Justice and Wisdom. The ship Carolina, off the Fort, seemed like a pyramid of stars. Federal Hall presented in every window a sheet of light. The front of the Theatre, in John street, was almost covered with transparencies, one of which represented Fame, descending like an angel from Heaven, and crowning Washington with the emblems of immortality. A very large number of private residences were also illuminated, and none more tastefully or brilliantly than those of the French and Spanish ministers, the Count de Moustier and Don Diego Gardoqui, which were both in Broadway, near the Bowling Green. The doors and windows of M. de Moustier displayed borderings of lamps, which shone upon numerous paintings, ingeniously suggestive of the past, the present, and the future, in American history; and there were also over the front of the house large and striking transparencies, which are described as having done great honor to the taste and sentiment of the inventor, probably Madame de Brehan, the Count's sister, who was always industrious with her pencil when not occupied with more immediate duties to society. The Spanish minister's residence was still more elaborately and effect-

ively ornamented. In the principal transparency were seen figures of the Graces, exceedingly well executed, among a pleasing variety of patriotic emblems, and trees, flowers, arches, and fountains; and in the windows were moving pictures, so skilful in design and accomplishment as to present the illusion of living panoramas, "the whole," according to Fenno's Gazette, "affording a new, an animated, and an enchanting spectacle."

Mr. Lear mentions, in a diary which he kept at the time, that in the beginning of the evening the President, Colonel Humphreys, and himself, went in a carriage to the houses of Chancellor Livingston and General Knox, where they had a full view of the fireworks, and that they returned home at ten o'clock, on foot, the throng of people in the streets being so great as not to permit a carriage to pass.

V.

Under these favorable auspices, surrounded and sustained by the most able and eminent men of the country, and encouraged by the most enthusiastic demonstrations of popular respect and affection, Washington entered upon that career of civil administration in which the sagacious student of history recognizes as much bravery of temper, solidity of understanding, and steady and unselfish devotion to the common welfare, as had marked that military conduct which caused Frederic, the hero of Prague, Rosbach, and Lissa, to send him his sword, inscribed, "From the oldest general in Europe to the greatest general in the world," and Napoleon to hail him as "the Great Washington."

NEW YORK METROPOLITAN.

I.

For several days after the inauguration Washington was occupied nearly every moment with public business, and the amount of official labor which he performed seems almost incredible. His first purpose was to acquaint himself intimately with the details of domestic and foreign affairs, and with this view he instructed Mr. Jay, General Knox, and the commissioners of the Treasury, (who continued to exercise their functions till Congress passed laws for the reorganization and support of their respective departments,) to present elaborate reports, which he read, and with his own hand reproduced, in abstracts, the better to impress their contents on his memory; and that he might more perfectly understand our relations with other governments he studied, from beginning to end, with pen in hand, all the correspondence which had accumulated in the foreign secretary's office since the treaty of peace and the termination of the war.

In the midst of these arduous avocations he found time, nevertheless, to arrange with Samuel Fraunces,* his steward, the details of his household economy, and to attend to the more important

* "Black Sam," as Fraunces was familiarly called, must have been at this time not far from sixty years of age. Washington had long been familiar with him as a popular host, and had employed his daughter as housekeeper, at Richmond Hill, while the head-quarters of the army were

calls of ceremony, courtesy and curiosity, though in regard to these he was relieved in a considerable degree by the serviceable interference of Colonel Humphrey, who instinctively understood what parties were best entitled to an audience, and in what manner to send away without offence those whom it was least necessary for the President personally to receive.

in the city. It was by means of this daughter that an attempt to poison the Chief, during that period, was frustrated. As early as 1761, Fraunces kept a tavern, and sold "portable soup, catchup, bottled gooseberries, pickled walnuts, pickled or fryed oysters fit to go to the West Indies, pickled mushrooms, currant jelly, marmalade," &c., at the "sign of the *Mason's Arms*, near the Green." He afterward opened the Vauxhall Gardens, in Greenwich street, and in 1771 his celebrated City Tavern, in Broad street, where Washington took leave of the officers of the army, on the fourth of December, 1783. There were several clubs in New York previous to the war; one, called "The Moot," and composed principally of lawyers, was organized in 1770, and held its last meeting on the sixth of January, 1775. To this belonged William Livingston, Robert R. Livingston, John Jay, Stephen De Lancey, Gouverneur Morris, James Duane, and about a dozen others, a majority of whom subsequently filled important public places. Another was the Social Club, which "passed Saturday evenings at Sam. Fraunces's, corner of Broad and Dock streets, in winter, and in summer at Kip's Bay, where they built a neat large room for a club house." This club was broken up in December, 1775. The following biographical list of its members, written by the John Moore whose name is at the end of it, is preserved in the library of the New York Historical Society:

"John Jay, — Disaffected — Became Member of Congress, a Resident Minister to Spain. Commissioner to make Peace, Chief Justice, Minister to England, and on his return Governor of New York — a good and amiable man.
"Gouverneur Morris, " Member of Congress, Minister to France, &c.
"Robt. R. Livingston, " Minister to France, Chancellor of New York, &c.
"Egbert Benson, " District Judge, New York, and in the Legislature. A good man.
"Morgan Lewis, " Governor of New York, and a General in the war of 1812.
"Gulian Verplanck, " but in Europe until 1783. President of the New York Bank.
"John Livingston and his brother Henry, " but of no political importance.
"James Seagrove, " went to the southward as a merchant.
"Francis Lewis, " but of no political importance.
"John Watts, — Doubtful — during the war Recorder of New York.
"Leonard Lispenard and his brother Anthony, " but remained quiet at New York.
"Rich'd Harrison,—Loyal—but has since been Recorder of New York.
"John Hay, " an officer in the British army. Killed in the West Indies.
"Peter Van Schaack, " a lawyer, remained quiet at Kinderhook.
"Daniel Ludlow, " during the war. Since President of the Manhattan Bank.
"Dr. Samuel Bard, " though in 1775 doubtful, remained in New York. A good man.
"George Ludlow, " remained on Long Island in quiet. A good man.
"William, his brother, " or supposed so — remained on Long Island. Inoffensive man.
"William Imlay, " at first — but doubtful after 1777.
"Edward Gould, " at New York all the war — a merchant.
"John Reade—Pro. and Con.—Would have proved loyal, no doubt, had not his wife's family been otherwise.
"J. Stevens, — Disaffected.
"Henry Kelly, — Loyal — went to England, and did not return.
"Stephen Rapelye—turned out bad. Died in the New York Hospital.
"John Moore, — Loyal — in public life during all the war, and from the year 1765."

It soon became apparent, however, that particular rules must be established for receiving visitors and entertaining company. The first step taken was a public intimation, two or three days after the inauguration, that he would receive visits on Tuesdays and Fridays, between the hours of two and three in the afternoon, and that visits of compliment on other days, and particularly on Sundays, would not be agreeable to him. He at the same time consulted several of his more immediate friends on the subject, intimating

Washington's confidence in Fraunces's judgment had been illustrated in 1785, when he wrote to him from Mount Vernon:

"As no person can judge better of the qualifications necessary to constitute a good housekeeper, or household steward, than yourself, for a family which has a good deal of company, and wishes to entertain them in a plain but genteel style, I take the liberty of asking you if there is any such one in your reach, whom you think could be induced to come to me on reasonable wages. I would rather have a man than a woman; but either will do, if they can be recommended for honesty, sobriety, and knowledge in their profession; which, in one word, is to relieve Mrs. Washington from the drudgery of ordering, and seeing the table properly covered, and things economically used..... The wages I now give to a man, who is about to leave me in order to get married, (under which circumstances he would not suit me,) is about one hundred dollars per annum; but for one who understands the business perfectly, and stands fair in all other respects, I would go as far as one hundred and fifty dollars."

The first public appearance of Fraunces in his new capacity was in the following advertisement, published in the newspapers:

"WHEREAS, all servants and others appointed to procure provisions or supplies for the household of THE PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES will be furnished with monies for these purposes: *Notice is therefore given*, That no accounts, for the payment of which the public might be considered as responsible, are to be opened with any of them.
"May 4th, 1789. SAMUEL FRAUNCES, *Steward of the Household*."

"We are happy to inform our readers, in addition to the preceding notification," says Fenno's Gazette, "that the President is determined to pursue that system of regularity and economy in his household which has always marked his public and private life. As a proof of this, we learn that the steward is obliged, by his articles of agreement, to exhibit weekly a fair statement of the receipts and expenditures of moneys by him, for and on account of the President's household, to such person as the President may appoint to inspect the same; together with the several bills and receipts of payment for those articles which may be purchased by him, where such bills and receipts can be obtained. And it is likewise strongly inculcated on the steward to guard against any waste or extravagance that might be committed by the servants of the family."

An anecdote illustrative of the President's personal economy refers to the following winter. Fraunces, it is related, was always anxious to provide the first dainties of the season for his table. On one occasion, making his purchases at the old Vly Market, he observed a fine shad, the first of the season. He was not long in making a bargain, and the fish was sent home with his other provisions. The next morning it was duly served, in the best style, for breakfast, on sitting down to which Washington observed the fragrant delicacy, and asked what it was; the steward replied, that it was "a fine shad." "It is very early in the season for shad: how much did you pay for it?" "Two dollars." "Two dollars! I can never encourage this extravagance at my table, take it away—I will not touch it." The shad was accordingly removed, and Fraunces, who had no such economical scruples, made a hearty meal upon it in his own room.

that it was his wish to adopt such a system, as, without overstepping the limits of republican simplicity, would best maintain the dignity of the office, and secure to the President such a command of his time as was necessary to the proper performance of his duties. About a week after the inauguration, at his request, Mr. Hamilton addressed to him a letter, embracing such suggestions as he deemed appropriate, and these were in the main adopted. The customs thus introduced have ever since governed the intercourse of the executive with society. It was decided that the President should return no visits, that invitations to dinner should be given only to official characters and strangers of distinction, and that visits of courtesy should be confined to the afternoon of Tuesday, in each week. Foreign ministers and strangers were, however, received on other days, and the President was always accessible to persons who wished to see him on business. At a subsequent period his house was open in the same manner on Fridays for visits to Mrs. Washington, which were on a still more sociable footing, and at which the Chief was always present.

Mr. Jefferson, in his "Anas," has this statement: "When the President went to New York, he resisted for three weeks the efforts to introduce levees. At length he yielded, and left it to Humphreys and some others to settle the forms. Accordingly an ante-chamber and presence-room were provided, and when those who were to pay their court were assembled the President set out, preceded by Humphreys. After passing through the ante-chamber, the door of the inner room was thrown open, and Humphreys entered first, calling out with a loud voice, 'The President of the United States!' The President was so much disconcerted by it that he did not recover in the whole time of the levee; and when the company was gone, he said to Humphreys, 'Well, you have taken me in once, but, by God, you shall never take me in a second time.'"

How entirely erroneous this is, in every particular, may be seen from Washington's own statement respecting the institution of the levees, as given in a letter to his relation, Dr. Stuart. "Before the custom was established," he says, "which now accommodates foreign characters, strangers, and others, who from motives of curiosity, respect to the chief magistrate, or any other cause, are induced to call upon me, I was unable to attend to any business whatever; for gentlemen, consulting their own convenience rather than mine, were calling after the time I rose from breakfast, and often before, until I sat down to dinner. This, as I resolved not to neglect my public duties, reduced me to the choice of one of these alternatives: either to refuse visits altogether, or to appropriate a time for the reception of them. The first would, I knew, be disgusting to many; the latter, I expected, would undergo animadversion from those who would find fault, with or without cause. I therefore adopted that line of conduct which combined public advantage with private convenience, and which in my judgment was unexceptionable in itself. These visits are optional; they are made without invitation; between the hours of three and four, every Tuesday, I am prepared to receive them. Gentlemen, often in great numbers, come and go; chat with each other, and act as they please. A porter shows them into the room, and they retire from it when they choose, without ceremony. At their first entrance they salute me, and I them, and as many as I can, I talk to. What 'pomp' there is in all this I am unable to discover."

On Sundays the President attended church, in the morning, unless detained by indisposition, passed the afternoon in his own apartment, at home, and in the evening remained with his family, without company, though sometimes an old or intimate friend was admitted for an hour or two. Every night it was his custom to retire to his library at nine or ten o'clock, and to remain there an

hour before he went to his chamber; and he always rose before the sun, and occupied himself in his library until called to breakfast.

II.

Another subject which caused much discussion in society as well as in Congress was that of titles. We have already seen from a letter by General Armstrong to General Gates, that "even Roger Sherman had set his head at work to devise some style of address to the President more novel and dignified than 'Excellency,'" before Washington arrived in the city. The first movement in Congress in relation to this matter was on the twenty-third of April, when committees were appointed in both houses to consider and report what styles or titles it would be proper to annex to the offices of President and Vice President of the United States, if any, other than those given in the Constitution. On the fifth of May the Representatives decided against all titles whatever. In the Senate, on the seventh, the committee proposed that the President should be addressed as "His Excellency," but this proposition was rejected, and a new committee appointed, who, on the fourteenth, recommended the style of "His Highness the President of the United States of America, and Protector of their Liberties." The Representatives, however, still refusing to sanction any title except that indicated in the Constitution, the Senate finally passed a resolution declaring that, "from a decent respect for the opinion and practice of civilized nations, whether under monarchical or republican forms of government, whose custom is to annex titles of respectability to the offices of their chief magistrates, and that in intercourse with foreign nations a due respect for the majesty of the people of the United States might not be hazarded by an appearance of singularity," it had been of opinion that it was expedient to make use of some such distinction in addressing the head of the government;

but that, desirous of preserving harmony with the House of Representatives, it would conform to its practice, and adopt the simple style, "To the President of the United States."

Before the meeting of Congress this subject had been discussed by some distinguished characters at a dinner table in Philadelphia. The wife of Dr. Shippen was from Virginia, and in consequence of this, probably, the doctor invited several members of the delegation of that state, while in Philadelphia, on their way to New York, to dine at his house; and Mr. Madison, Mr. Page, Mr. Richard Henry Lee, and one or two others accepted, and met, from the city, Chief Justice McKean, Mr. William Bingham, and Dr. Ashbel Green. Soon after the company were assembled, the Chief Justice asked Mr. Madison if he had thought of a title for the President. Madison answered that he had not, and added, that in his opinion no title except that of President would be necessary or proper. "Yes, sir," replied McKean, "he must have a title, and I have been examining the titles of the princes of Europe to discover one that has not been appropriated; 'Most Serene Highness' is used, but Serene Highness, without the word 'Most,' is not; and I think it proper that our Chief magistrate should be known as His Serene Highness the President of the United States." An amicable controversy ensued, Madison and his colleagues on one side, and McKean and probably Bingham on the other.

General Muhlenberg states that Washington himself was in favor of the style of "High Mightiness," used by the Stadtholder of Holland, and that while the subject was under discussion in Congress he dined with the President, and, by a jest about it, for a time lost his friendship. Among the guests was Mr. Wynkoop, of Pennsylvania, who was noticeable for his large and commanding figure. The resolutions before the two houses being referred to, the President, in his usual dignified manner, said, "Well, General

Muhlenberg, what do you think of the title of High Mightiness?" Muhlenberg answered, laughing, "Why, General, if we were certain that the office would always be held by men as large as yourself or my friend Wynkoop, it would be appropriate enough, but if by chance a president as small as my opposite neighbor should be elected, it would become ridiculous." This evasive reply excited some merriment about the table, but the Chief looked grave, and his evident displeasure was increased soon after by Muhlenberg's vote, in the House of Representatives, against conferring any title whatever upon the President.

Mr. Adams was understood to be decidedly in favor of titles, and he had adopted in his equipage and manner of living a style which seemed to him appropriate to the dignity of his official position. At this many members of Congress, especially some from the South, took offence, and Mr. Thomas Tudor Tucker, of South Carolina, referred to him in a very marked manner in a speech on the subject of titles, saying, "This spirit of imitation, this apishness, will be the ruin of our country, and instead of giving us dignity in the eyes of foreigners will only expose us to be laughed at"

III.

Some preparations had been made by the managers of the City Assemblies for an Inauguration Ball, but as Mrs. Washington did not accompany the President to New York the design was abandoned. A week after, however—on the evening of Thursday, the seventh of May—a very splendid ball was given at the Assembly Rooms, at which the President, the Vice President, a majority of the members of both houses of Congress, the French Minister, the Spanish Minister, the Governor of New York, Chancellor Livingston, Baron Steuben, General Knox, Mr. Jay, Mr. Hamilton, and a great number of other distinguished persons, were



present. "The collection of ladies," says a contemporary, "was numerous and brilliant, and they were dressed with consummate taste and elegance." * The Assembly Room was on the east side of Broadway, a little above Wall street, and it was decorated on this occasion with tasteful and appropriate magnificence.

Among the most distinguished women at this ball were Lady Stirling, and her two daughters, Lady Mary Watts and Lady

* The costume of the time is very well illustrated by the portraits in this volume, but some readers may be interested in the remarks on the dresses of women which form a portion of Colonel Stone's description of the ball above referred to. "Few jewels," he says, "were then worn in the United States; but in other respects, the dresses were rich and beautiful, according to the fashions of the day. We are not quite sure that we can describe the full dress of a lady of rank at the period under consideration, so as to render it intelligible. But we will make the attempt. One favorite dress was a plain celestial blue satin gown, with a white satin petticoat. On the neck was worn a very large Italian gauze handkerchief, with border stripes of satin. The head-dress was a *pouf* of gauze, in the form of a globe, the *creneaux* or head-piece of which was composed of white satin, having a double wing, in large plaits, and trimmed with a wreath of artificial roses, falling from the left at the top to the right at the bottom, in front, and the reverse behind. The hair was dressed all over in detached curls, four of which, in two ranks, fell on each side of the neck, and were relieved behind by a floating *chignon*. Another beautiful dress was a perriot, made of gray Indian taffeta, with dark stripes of the same color, — having two collars, the one yellow, and the other white, both trimmed with a blue silk fringe, and a reverse trimmed in the same manner. Under the perriot they wore a yellow corset or boddice, with large cross stripes of blue. Some of the ladies with this dress wore hats *a l'Espagnole*, of white satin, with a band of the same material placed on the crown, like the wreath of flowers on the head-dress above mentioned. This hat, which, with a plume, was a very popular article of dress, was relieved on the left side, having two handsome cockades, — one of which was at the top, and the other at the bottom. On the neck was worn a very large plain gauze handkerchief, the ends of which were hid under the boddice, after the manner represented in Trumbull's and Stuart's portraits of Lady Washington. Round the bosom of the perriot a frill of gauze, *a la Henri IV.*, was attached, cut in points around the edge. There was still another dress which was thought to be very simple and pretty. It consisted of a perriot and petticoat, both composed of the same description of gray striped silk, and trimmed round with gauze, cut in points at the edges in the manner of *herrisons*. The herrisons were indeed nearly the sole trimmings used for the perriots, caracos, and petticoats of fashionable ladies, made either of ribbons or Italian gauze. With this dress they wore large gauze handkerchiefs upon their necks, with four satin stripes around the border, two of which were narrow, and the others broad. The head-dress was a plain gauze cap, after the form of the elders and ancients of a nunnery. The shoes were celestial blue, with rose-colored rosettes. Such are descriptions of some of the principal costumes; and although varied in divers unimportant particulars, by the several ladies, according to their respective tastes and fancies, yet, as with the peculiar fashions of all other times, there was a general correspondence of the outlines, — the *tout ensemble* was the same."

Kitty Duer; Mrs. Peter Van Brugh Livingston, who was a sister of the late Lord Stirling, Mrs. Montgomery, widow of the hero of Quebec, Lady Christiana Griffin, Lady Temple, the Marchioness de Brehan, Madame de la Forest, Mrs. Clinton, Mrs. Jay, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Provoost, wife of Bishop Provoost, Mrs. Duane, wife of the Mayor, Mrs. Dalton, wife of a senator from Massachusetts, Mrs. Langdon, wife of a senator from New Hampshire, Mrs. Dominick Lynch, Mrs. Elbridge Gerry, Mrs. William S. Smith, Mrs. James H. Maxwell, Mrs. Beekman, Mrs. Robinson, the Misses Livingston, the Misses Bayard, and Miss Van Zandt. The President danced during the evening in the cotillion with Mrs. Peter Van Brugh Livingston and Mrs. Maxwell, and with the latter in a minuet. He had repeatedly danced with Mrs. Maxwell, then Miss Van Zandt, while the headquarters of the army were at Morristown.

On this occasion an agreeable surprise was prepared by the managers for every woman who attended. A sufficient number of fans had been made for the purpose in Paris, the ivory frames of which displayed, as they were opened, between the hinges and the elegant paper covering, an extremely well executed medallion portrait of Washington, in profile, and a page was appointed to present one, with the compliments of the managers, as each couple passed the receiver of the tickets.

Mr. Jefferson, to illustrate "the frenzy which prevailed in New York on the opening of the new government," gives an account of this ball, on the authority of a "Mr. Brown." He says: "At the first public ball which took place after the President's arrival there, Colonel Humphreys, Colonel William S. Smith, and Mrs. Knox, were to arrange the ceremonials. These arrangements were as follows: a sofa at the head of the room, raised on several steps, whereon the President and Mrs. Washington were to be

seated; the gentlemen were to dance with swords; each one, when going to dance, was to lead his partner to the foot of the sofa, make a low obeisance to the President and his lady, then go and dance, and, when done, bring his partner back again to the foot of the sofa, for new obeisances, and finally retire to their chairs. It was to be understood, too, that gentlemen should be dressed in bags. Mrs. Knox contrived to come with the President, and to follow him and Mrs. Washington to their destination, and she had the design of forcing from the President an invitation to a seat on the sofa. She mounted up the steps after them, unbidden, but unfortunately the wicked sofa was so short, that, when the President and Mrs. Washington were seated, there was not room for a third person, and she was obliged, therefore, to descend, in the face of the company, and to sit where she could. In other respects the ceremony was conducted rigorously according to the arrangements, and the President made to pass an evening which was a very disagreeable one to him." Several of these statements were adopted by the late Colonel Stone, in an account which he published of the first ball after the inauguration; and Mr. Hildreth, I am surprised to perceive, has repeated them in his History of the United States; but they are all utterly untrue. That the President occupied no such stately position, on an elevated platform, is sufficiently apparent from the fact that he danced at least in two cotillions and one minuet; as for Mrs Washington, she was not present, nor, for more than a fortnight afterwards, in the city; and Mrs. Knox was at this time in a situation which prevented her appearance in society.

On the following Thursday, the fourteenth of May, the Count de Moustier gave a magnificent ball in honor of the President, at his house in Broadway. It is described in a letter by one of the young women present, to a friend in Philadelphia, as remarkable for the good taste and elegance of all the appointments. "I heard

the Marchioness," she says, "declare she had exhausted every resource to produce an entertainment worthy of France." Our alliance with that country was celebrated by two sets of cotillion dancers in complete military costume: one in that of France, and the other in the American buff and blue. Elias Boudinot the next day wrote to his wife: "Last evening we spent at the Count de Moustier's, where was a most splendid ball indeed. After the President came, a company of eight couple formed in the other room and entered, two by two, and began a most curious dance, called *En Ballet.* Four of the gentlemen were dressed in French regimentals, and four in American uniforms; four of the ladies with blue ribbons round their heads and American flowers, and four with red roses and flowers of France. These danced in a very curious manner, sometimes two and two, sometimes four couple and four couple, and then in a moment all together, which formed great entertainment for the spectators, to show the happy union between the two nations. Three rooms were filled, and the fourth was most elegantly set off as a place for refreshment. A long table crossed this room, in the middle, from wall to wall. The whole wall, inside, was covered with shelves, filled with cakes, oranges, apples, wines of all sorts, ice creams, &c., and highly lighted up. A number of servants from behind the table, supplied the guests with every thing they wanted, from time to time, as they came in to refresh themselves, which they did as often as a party had done dancing, and made way for another. We retired about ten o'clock, in the height of the jollity."

Besides attending these balls we find that Washington was present also, on the sixth of May, at the annual commencement of Columbia College, with the Vice President, the Senate, the House of Representatives, and the principal officers of the national and state administrations. On the eleventh, with the Vice President, Gover-

nor Clinton, Count de Moustier, and many other citizens and foreigners of distinction, he attended the theatre. And almost every day, for several weeks, he was occupied more or less with receiving and answering the addresses of legislative and other public bodies on his accession to the presidency.

IV.

Mrs. Washington was now fifty-seven years of age. She had been a very handsome woman, thirty years before, when she married Colonel Washington, and in the admirable picture of her by Woolaston,* painted about the same time, we see something of that pleasing grace which is said to have been her distinction. Born of a good family and heiress of a liberal fortune, Martha Dandridge

* Considering the great excellence of some of his works, it is astonishing that we know so little of John Woolaston, a painter who was unquestionably of the first class in portraiture, and whose colors, at the end of a century and a half, have the fresh brilliancy of their first display on the canvas. The industrious Dunlap says, "a gentleman of this name painted in Philadelphia in 1758, and in Maryland as early as 1759–60: I know nothing more of him." Several of his works which I had seen interested me so much that I hunted through a dozen dictionaries of painters for information respecting his history, and was despairing, when I saw in the "Picture Collector's Manual," by J. R. Hobbes, that "John Woolaston, born in London about 1672, painted portraits whose only merit consisted in their being good likenesses." Horace Walpole says of the same person that "he painted portraits at a very low rate, though they had the merit of strong resemblance." The British Museum, we learn also from the "Anecdotes of Painters," contains a remarkable portrait by him of Thomas Brittan, a celebrated character, with whom he was very intimate, and at whose concerts he used to play on the violin and the flute. That he was in Philadelphia as early as 1758 we know from a copy of verses addressed to him in that year by Frances Hopkinson; that he was in Virginia in the previous year appears from the date of his portrait of Mrs. Custis; and he painted numerous pictures in Maryland, Virginia, and North and South Carolina. If Lord Orford is right as to the date of his birth, he must have been at this period not less than eighty-five years of age; and if his chief merit was the faithfulness of his likenesses, Mrs. Custis might well conquer him who other whiles never moved except to victory. But the portrait of Mrs. Washington, in her youth, which has been engraved for this volume, from the original, at Arlington House, is deserving of praise for every good quality which can enter into the composition of such a work; and several other pictures by Woolaston, particularly a full length of Mrs. Smith, a sister of Mr. Rutledge, which I saw in Charleston, may be favorably compared with the later and more celebrated works of Reynolds and Lawrence. Mr. Custis, who is himself a painter, writing to me from Arlington House last year, says: "I have three of the works of Woolaston, and they compare favorably with two magnificent pictures in my collection here by Vandyke and Sir Godfrey Kneller."

had troops of suitors before her first marriage, at seventeen; and when, a few years after, as the richest and handsomest widow in Virginia, Mrs. Daniel Parke Custis attracted the tender regard of the young soldier of Mount Vernon, there was, of course, abundant competition; but only the brave deserve the fair, and in this case only the bravest could win the fairest. It was certainly a love match; few, upon the whole, have been happier; and its only misfortune was doubtless fortunate for the world, since greatness is rarely transmissible, and any descendant of Washington, however respectable, would have seemed in history but a small satellite, too frequently passing between us and his impressive and luminous grandeur. During the revolution Mrs. Washington had remained as much as possible with the Chief. At the close of each campaign an aid-de-camp repaired to Mount Vernon, to escort her, and her arrival in camp, in a plain chariot, with postillions in white and scarlet liveries, was always an occasion of general happiness, and a signal for the wives of other principal officers to join their husbands. With the army, and all the successions of eminent and curious strangers who visited the head-quarters, at Cambridge, Valley Forge, Morristown, New Windsor, Newburgh, or elsewhere, she was eminently popular. The gay Marquis de Chastellux, a grandson of the great d'Aguesseau, described her at the end of the contest as "one of the best women in the world, and beloved by all about her."* In the six years from the peace till Washington was chosen President, she dispensed the ample hospitalities of Mount Vernon with a tact and graciousness which won the applause of her numerous guests, many of whom left her praises in their correspondence. "Every thing about the house," said Brissot de Warville,

* But there were no democrats in those days; when this sort of people came into fashion, during the French revolution, full grown, she cherished against them an intensity of dislike which made it quite impossible for even the most amiable of that patriotic class to regard her with any affection whatever.

"has an air of simplicity; the table is good, but not ostentatious, and no deviation is seen from regularity and domestic economy; she superintends the whole, and joins to the qualities of an excellent housewife the simple dignity which ought to characterize a woman whose husband has acted the greatest part on the theatre of human affairs, while possessing that amiability and manifesting that attention to strangers which render hospitality so charming."

Mrs. Washington had not been ready or had not deemed it expedient to leave Mount Vernon with the General, on the sixteenth of April; but more than a month afterward, on the nineteenth of May, with her grandchildren, Eleanor Custis and George Washington Parke Custis, she set out for New York, in her private carriage, with a small escort on horseback. Approaching Baltimore, the same evening, she was met at Hammond's Ferry by several of the most respectable citizens, and received with such other demonstrations of affection and consideration as her brief stay admitted. Fireworks were discharged before and after supper, and she was serenaded by an excellent band of musicians, composed of gentlemen of the city. "Like her illustrious husband," we learn from the journals of the day, "she was clothed in the manufactures of our own country, in which her native goodness and patriotism appeared to the greatest advantage."

Information having reached Philadelphia, by an express appointed for the purpose, that she would breakfast the next morning at Chester, two troops of dragoons, under Captains Miles and Bingham, left town at an early hour, with a numerous cavalcade of citizens, among whom were the President of the State and the Speaker of the General Assembly; and having arrived at a place about ten miles distant they awaited there her appearance, which was presently announced, when the military formed and proceeded to receive her with the honors due to the commander-in-chief. The occasion re-

called those interesting scenes during the war, in which her presence alleviated the care-oppressed hero's sufferings, and revived his heart and quickened his brain for those terrible conflicts and that profound policy which were destined to be crowned with so complete a success in our independence. As the procession defiled on either side for her carriage to pass, every countenance betrayed feelings of the most grateful and affectionate consideration. At Darby, a pleasant village seven miles south-west of Philadelphia, she was met by a brilliant company of women, in carriages, who attended her to Gray's Ferry, the favorite resort of pleasure-loving people of the city, where she partook of a collation, hastily prepared at the fashionable inn there,* for more than one hundred persons. From Gray's Ferry Mrs. Robert Morris occupied a seat beside Mrs. Washington, who was to be her guest, resigning her own carriage to young Custis, and at about two o'clock the procession entered High street, near her residence, greeted by the ringing of bells, the discharge of thirteen guns from the park of artillery under Captain Fisher, and the cheering shouts of an immense

* "Gray's Ferry," says the Duke de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt, during Washington's administration, "presents a most pleasing view: the toll-house, situated amid large points of rock which here skirt the south bank of the Schuylkill, the trees scattered here and there amongst them, and a considerable number of sailing vessels belonging to an adjoining inn, form altogether a truly interesting scene. This inn is a place of general resort for parties of pleasure in the summer, and is frequently visited in the winter by the young people of Philadelphia, who travel there in sledges, dine, and sometimes pass the night there in dancing." The banks of the Schuylkill, in a few years, were celebrated by Moore, who often resorted to these agreeable shades with Dennie and Hopkinson; but they were already familiar in song. Apostrophizing Gray's Ferry, in 1787, a bard informs us that:

"The Paphian queen and all her wingéd loves
For this have left their high Idalian groves,
Here, with the muses, passed their flowing hours,
Near the cool stream, or in the shady bowers,
While the sweet nine their golden harps have strung
And Waller's verse on Sacharissa sung.
Thus did Apollo for his choir prepare
A seat removed from public strife and care,
For which the muse, in gratitude, has brought
To Schuylkill's bank the Greek and Roman thought;
There, to her Barlow, given the sounding string,
And first taught Smith, and Humphreys, how to sing."

concourse of joyous people. Here Mrs. Washington, taking leave of her escort, thanked the troops and citizens in the most gracious manner for their polite attention.

The next day she received many demonstrations of respectful attachment, and recalled to Mrs. Morris, as her doors were continually thronged with distinguished visitors, the different temper with which she had been received when on her way to join the General, at Cambridge, soon after the commencement of the revolution.* So prevalent was the disaffection at that time that but few women called upon her, and a ball, to which she and Mrs. Hancock had been invited, was postponed lest it should lead to a riot. She left on Monday morning, her party increased by Mrs. Morris, who attended her, in her own carriage. At an early hour the troops paraded with an intention to escort her as far as Trenton, but the weather proving rainy Mrs. Washington requested them to return, and they took a respectful leave of her, a few miles from the city.

At Trenton, where she slept on Monday night, and at Elizabethtown, where she and her party were guests of the venerable Livingston, Mrs. Washington was received with similar evidences of affectionate respect.

* In Christopher Marshall's Diary, for the twenty-fourth of November, 1775, it is stated that a committee was appointed to wait on Lady Washington, and express the great regard entertained for her by the committee met at the Philosophical Hall (a sort of Committee of Safety), requesting her to accept of their grateful acknowledgments and respect, "due to her on account of her near connection with our worthy and brave General, now exposed in the field of battle in defence of our rights and liberties, and desire her not to grace that company to which, we are informed, she has an invitation this evening," &c. Major Bayard, one of the committee, the next day reported that Lady Washington received them with great politeness, thanked them for their kind regard in giving her such timely notice, and assured them of her ready agreement with their wishes. Mr. William B. Reed, in his Memoir of President Reed, explains this state of feeling at that time by saying, "Philadelphia, though the colonial metropolis, was of no great extent or population; village-like in its character, there were very well defined rules of society, such as in a village are apt to be offensively distinct; these social distinctions had been rather rudely trampled down in the first disturbance of the revolution, and the conduct of those connected with the proprietory or other pseudo-aristocratic connections, had not been such as to conciliate popular regard"

On Wednesday morning, at five o'clock, the President departed from New York, accompanied by Robert Morris and several other distinguished persons, in his splendid barge — manned, as on the occasion of its presentation to him on his own arrival at Elizabethtown, by thirteen pilots, in handsome white dresses — to meet his wife and conduct her to her new home. As the beautiful vessel was seen returning, great numbers gathered on the wharves; as it approached the battery, it was saluted with thirteen guns; and as its distinguished passengers landed, they were greeted by crowds of citizens, assembled to testify their participation in the happiness which the Chief must feel at this reunion with his beloved family.

The principal women of the metropolis hastened to pay their compliments to the wife of the President. Mrs. George Clinton, Mrs. Montgomery, Lady Stirling, Lady Kitty Duer, Lady Mary Watts, Lady Temple, Lady Christiana Griffin, the Marchioness de Brehan, Madame de la Forest, Mrs. John Langdon, Mrs. Tristram Dalton, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Robert R. Livingston, Mrs. Livingston of Clermont, the Misses Livingston, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Gerry, Mrs. McComb, Mrs. Egdar, Mrs. Lynch, Mrs. Houston, Mrs. Provoost, Mrs. Beekman, the Misses Bayard, and many others, called on Thursday morning.

Although it was the rule for the President to give no formal invitations, yet the day after the arrival of Mrs. Washington, Vice President Adams, Governor Clinton, the Count de Moustier, Don Diego Gardoqui, Mr. Jay, General Arthur St. Clair, Senators Langdon, Wingate, Izard, and Few, and Mr. Muhlenberg, Speaker of the House of Representatives, dined at his table *en famille*. Mr. Wingate has left us a description of this dinner. It was the least showy, he says, of any he ever saw at the President's table. As there was no clergyman present, Washington himself said grace, on taking his seat. He dined on a boiled leg of mutton.

It was his custom to eat of only one dish. After the dessert a single glass of wine was offered to each of the guests, and when it was drunk the President rose, all the company of course following his example, and repaired to the drawing-room, whence every one departed as he chose, without the least ceremony.

On the evening of Friday, the twenty-ninth of May, two days after her arrival, Mrs. Washington held her first levee, which was attended by a numerous and most respectable company. The President continued to receive such persons as chose to call upon him, every Tuesday afternoon, and from this time the drawing-rooms of the presidential residence were opened from eight till ten o'clock every Friday evening for visits to Mrs. Washington, at which the Chief was always present. These assemblages were marked by as little ostentation or restraint as the ordinary intercourse of respectable circles. They were accessible to persons connected with the government and their families, to distinguished strangers, and indeed to all men and women whose social position entitled them to a recognition in polite and cultivated society, while they furnished opportunities for visits of civility and courtesy by the more intimate friends of the President and his household.*

* Colonel Stone remarks very justly of these levees or receptions, that "they were numerously attended by all that was fashionable, elegant, and refined in society; but there were no places for the intrusion of the rabble in crowds, or for the mere coarse and boisterous partisan—the vulgar electioneerer—or the impudent place-hunter—with boots, and frock-coats, or round abouts, or with patched knees, and holes at both elbows. On the contrary, they were select, and more courtly than have been given by any of his successors. Proud of her husband's exalted fame, and jealous of the honors due, not only to his own lofty character, but to the dignified station to which a grateful country had called him, Mrs. Washington was careful in her drawing-rooms to exact those courtesies to which she knew he was entitled, as well on account of personal merit, as of official consideration. Fortunately, moreover, democratic rudeness had not then so far gained the ascendency as to banish good manners; and the charms of social intercourse were heightened by a reasonable attention, in the best circles, to those forms and usages which indicate the well-bred assemblage, and fling around it an air of elegance and grace, which the envious only affect to decry, and the innately vulgar only ridicule and contemn. None, therefore, were admitted to the *levees*, but those who had either a right by official station to be there, or were entitled to the privilege by established merit and character; and full dress was required of all."

V.

THE residence provided by Congress for the President, as has already been mentioned, was number three Cherry street, now known as the corner of Cherry street and Franklin square.* It was regarded as "up town," and was a considerable distance from the most fashionable quarter, which was in the neighborhood of Wall

* The residences of the President, Vice President, and Members of Congress, as put down in the "Register for 1789," will be interesting, not only as indicating the persons thus connected with the government, but as suggesting the limits of that part of the city which was occupied by the better classes of society. The list is here copied in full: "GEORGE WASHINGTON, Esquire, President of the United States, and Commander of the Army and Navy thereof when in actual service, No. 3 Cherry street. JOHN ADAMS, Esquire, Vice President, Greenwich Road. *Senators of the United States:* New Hampshire, John Langdon and Paine Wingate, 37 Broad street; Massachusetts, Tristram Dalton, 37 Broad street, Caleb Strong, 15 Great Dock street; Connecticut, William Samuel Johnson, at the College, Oliver Ellsworth, 193 Water street; New York, [senators not yet chosen]; New Jersey, Jonathan Elmer, 48 Great Dock street, William Paterson, 51 Great Dock street; Pennsylvania, William Maclay, at Mr. Vandolsom's, near the Bear Market, Robert Morris, 39 Great Dock street; Delaware, Richard Bassett and George Read, 15 Wall street; Maryland, Charles Carroll, 52 Smith street, John Henry, 27 Queen street; Virginia, William Grayson, 57 Maiden Lane, Richard Henry Lee, at Greenwich; South Carolina, Pierce Butler, 37 Great Dock street, Ralph Izard, Broadway, opposite the French ambassador's; Georgia, William Few, 90 William street, James Gunn, 34 Broadway; Samuel A. Otis, Secretary, 5 Wall street. *Representatives of the United States:* New Hampshire, Nicholas Gilman, corner of Smith and Wall streets, Samuel Livermore, 37 Broad street, Benjamin West, (absent); Massachusetts, Fisher Ames, George Leonard, George Partridge, and Theodore Sedgwick, 15 Great Dock street, Elbridge Gerry, corner of Broadway and Thames street, Benjamin Goodhue, Jonathan Grout, and George Thatcher, 47 Broad street; Connecticut, Benjamin Huntingdon and Roger Sherman, 59 Water street, Jonathan Sturges, 47 Broad street, Jonathan Trumbull and Jeremiah Wadsworth, 195 Water street; New York, Egbert Benson, corner of King and Nassau streets, William Floyd, 27 Queen street, John Hathorn and Jeremiah Van Rensselaer, at Mr. Strong's, near the Albany pier, John Lawrence, 14 Wall street, Peter Sylvester, 45 Maiden Lane; New Jersey, Elias Boudinot, 12 Wall street, Lambert Cadwallader, 15 Wall street, James Schureman and Thomas Sinnickson, 47 Little Dock street; Pennsylvania, George Clymer and Thomas Fitzsimons, at Mr. Anderson's, Pearl street, Thomas Hartley and Daniel Heister, 19 Maiden Lane, F. A. Muhlenberg, Speaker, and General Peter Muhlenberg, Rev. Dr. Kunzie's, 24 Chatham Row, Thomas Scott, at Mr. Huck's, corner of Smith and Wall streets, Henry Wynkoop, at Mr. Vandolsom's, near Bear Market; Delaware, John Vining, 19 Wall street; Maryland, Daniel Carroll, William Smith, and George Gale, 52 Smith street, Benjamin Contee, 15 Wall street, Joshua Seney and Michael Jenifer Stone, 15 Wall street, Virginia, Theodoric Bland, Josiah Parker, and Isaac Coles, 57 Maiden Lane, John Brown, Alexander White, John Page, and James Madison, Jun., 19 Maiden Lane, Samuel Griffin, at the

and Broad streets, though the houses of several of the more respectable families were in the vicinity. It was large, and its rooms generally of such ample dimensions as were necessary in the home of a public character apt to be surrounded by numerous visitors. Before the arrival of Washington Mr. Osgood was requested, by a resolution of Congress, to "put the house and the furniture thereof in proper condition for the residence and use of the President of the United States," and a part of the preparation thus authorized was the removal of the partition between two of the large apartments, to make a drawing-room sufficiently capacious for the President's receptions and public audiences. The furniture was extremely plain, but "in keeping and well disposed, and the whole arrangements," according to a correspondent of Mr. Hancock, were such as to "give promise of substantial comfort." Mrs. Washington had sent on by sea from Mount Vernon many articles of taste and luxury, including a few pictures, vases, and other ornaments, which had been presented to the General by his European friends. The family plate was melted soon after it was brought to the city, and reproduced in more elegant and harmonious forms. At the house of Mr. Custis I was shown recently the silver tea service as it was used at Mrs. Washington's private parties. Each piece displays the arms of the Washington family. The salver is massive,

White Conduit House, near the Hospital, Richard Bland Lee and Andrew Moore, 15 Wall street; South Carolina, Edanus Burke, Daniel Huger and Thomas Tudor Tucker, at Mr. Huck's, Wall street, William Smith, Broadway, next to the Spanish minister's, Thomas Sumter, 40 Wall street; Georgia, Abraham Baldwin, 193 Water street, James Jackson and George Mathews, 63 Broadway, John Beckley, Clerk of the House of Representatives, 19 Maiden Lane, Joseph Wheaton, Sergeant at Arms, 16 George street, Gifford Dally, door-keeper, back of the Trinity Church, North River. [It was the intention of the editors to have here inserted the names of all the public officers appointed under the new Constitution, but the different departments not being yet established, it is not in their power to insert them this year.]"

In the following year the President, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, the Attorney General, and the Chief Justice, occupied houses in the lower part of Broadway, the Secretary of the Treasury a house on the corner of Wall and Broad streets, and the Postmaster Genera his house in Cherry street.

twenty-two and a half inches long and seventeen and a half wide, of an oval shape, without any ornament except a small beading on the edge of the rim. The state coach was the finest carriage in the city. It was usually drawn by four horses, but when it conveyed the President to Federal Hall, always by six. The body was of the shape of a hemisphere, and it was cream-colored, and ornamented with cupids, supporting festoons, and with borderings of flowers around the panels.

The President afterwards removed to the commodious house owned by Mr. McComb, since known as Bunker's Hotel, in Broadway, near the Bowling Green. The situation was more pleasant and the house was larger and more convenient than that in Cherry street. His office for the transaction of business was here on the first floor, on the right hand of the hall, as it was entered from the street, and the drawing-rooms were on the left. The rent of the house in Broadway was regarded as extremely high; it was twenty-five hundred dollars a year.

The Vice President occupied Mrs. Jephson's beautiful rural residence at Richmond Hill. It was the most delightful place on the island, and suited better than any other those ideas of official distinction which Mr. Adams was said to have acquired abroad. Early in the revolution it was General Washington's head-quarters, and he evinced a profound emotion when revisiting its chambers and the venerable oaks about it, soon after it came into the Vice President's possession. Mrs. Adams describes it in a letter to her sister, Mrs. Shaw, as "a situation where the hand of nature has so lavishly displayed her beauties, that she has left scarcely any thing for her handmaid, art, to perform." "The house in which we reside," she says, "is situated upon a hill, the avenue to which is interspersed with forest trees, under which a shrubbery, rather too luxuriant and wild, has taken shelter, owing to its having been de-

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prived by death, some years since, of its original proprietor, who kept it in perfect order. In front of the house the noble Hudson rolls his majestic waves, bearing upon his bosom innumerable small vessels, which are constantly forwarding the rich products of the neighboring soil to the busy hand of a more extensive commerce. Beyond the Hudson rises to our view the fertile country of the Jerseys, covered with a golden harvest, and pouring forth plenty like the cornucopia of Ceres. On the right hand, an extensive plain presents us with a view of fields covered with verdure, and pastures full of cattle. On the left, the city opens upon us, intercepted only by clumps of trees, and some rising ground, which serves to heighten the beauty of the scene, by appearing to conceal a part. In the background, is a large flower-garden, inclosed with a hedge and some very handsome trees. On one side of it, a grove of pines and oaks fit for contemplation.

> "'In this path
> How long soe'er the wanderer roves, each step
> Shall wake fresh beauties; each last point present
> A different picture, new, and yet the same.'"

In a letter to Thomas Brand-Hollis, she adds, "A lovely variety of birds serenade me morning and evening, rejoicing in their liberty and security; for I have, as much as possible, prohibited the grounds from invasion, and sometimes almost wished for game laws, when my orders have not been sufficiently regarded. The partridge, the woodcock, and the pigeon, are too great temptations to the sportsmen to withstand."

Mrs. Adams was one of the remarkable characters of her age. She was not without tenderness and womanly grace, but her distinction was a masculine understanding, energy, and decision, fitting her for the bravest or most delicate parts in affairs, and in an eminent degree for that domestic relation which continued harmonious

through so many changeful years, herself unchanged always, and making her own life a portion of her husband's in a manner that illustrates the noblest ideas we have of marriage. In the long periods of necessary separation, during the war and the diplomatic career of Mr. Adams in Europe, she managed his moderate estate with a discretion which saved him from the mortification of such poverty in his last days as embittered the closing years of some of his illustrous contemporaries. At the age of forty, the definitive treaty of peace having been signed, and public duties still detaining her husband abroad, she left her modest and now quiet home in Braintree to mingle in the shows of a magnificent court, where intercourse was governed by set forms and the stateliest courtesy, and it became her duty to sustain not only the dignified position of the minister, but the social fame of her country. The daughter of the village clergyman and the wife of the village lawyer — for it was in such capacities only that she had yet seen the world — thus suddenly translated into scenes so new, and so different a life, found in her native abilities and habitual elevation of feeling and demeanor, ample compensation for all that aristocratical cultivation which was illustrated in every thing about her, and commanded a higher consideration for herself than for the rank she shared with her husband. She remained in Paris and London four years, and had but recently returned, as we have already seen, in the letters of her daughter, when summoned to New York by the election of Mr. Adams to the office of Vice President. She was now forty-five, and still in the most perfect maturity of her presence and intelligence. In coming to New York she had the happiness of being reunited with her daughter, Mrs. Smith. The family appear to have been all much attached to each other, all proud of each other, and the circumstances of their only daughter were continually a subject of the tenderest solicitude on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Ad-

ams, and not less so with their sons, especially with John Quincy Adams, who made of his sister his most confidential friend and correspondent.*

Mrs. Knox had been one of the heroines of the revolution, nearly as well known in the camp as her husband, whom she had married against the wishes of her family, who anticipated a more splendid alliance than that love planned for her with the clever and dashing bookseller, Captain Henry Knox, of the Boston Grenadiers, who had not the slightest claim to an aristocratic lineage. But Knox justified her preference, and gave her a prouder name than was ever dreamed of by Mr. Secretary Fluckner, her father. As

* When John Quincy Adams, in 1837, had reached the full term of three score years and ten, his affection for the memory of Mrs. Smith, his only sister, remained fresh and unabated. In the winter of that year, while he was a member of the House of Representatives, a grand-daughter of Mrs. Smith was on a visit at the metropolis, and requested of him some lines for her Scrap-book. He immediately complied; and from the autograph of the lines then written we copy the following tender reference to that sister who had so long before departed:

"Thy mother, bless her! is my niece;
Her mother! — no! till blood shall cease
Within these veins to flow —
No! never, never from my heart
Her cherished image shall depart,
In pleasure, or in woe!

'Though many a year has past away
Since she resigned her mortal clay
To slumber in the tomb,
Yet Memory brings her form to me
In vernal blossom, just like thee,
Unconscious of her doom!

'Her days were short and checkered o'er
With joy and sorrow's mingled store,
And fortune's treacherous game —
But never since creation's hour,
Sent forth from Heaven's almighty power,
A purer spirit came!

'Cousin, forgive this falling tear:
She was my sister — and how dear,
No language can express;
And when upon thy blooming face,
Her lovely lineaments I trace,
I see thee, and I bless!

'Yes! may the God of truth and love
His choicest blessings from above
Profuse around thee shed —
And near the throne of Grace Divine,
My sister's voice unite with mine,
To shower them on thy head!"

has been mentioned in a previous chapter, Mrs. Knox was "enormously large;" she and her husband were perhaps the largest couple in the city; and both were favorites, he for really brilliant conversation and unfailing good humor, and she as a lively and meddlesome but amiable leader of society, without whose coöperation it was believed, by many besides herself, that nothing could be properly done, in the drawing-room or the ball-room, or any place indeed where fashionable men and women sought enjoyment. The house of the Secretary of War was in Broadway, and it was the scene of a liberal and genial hospitality.

Mrs. Izard, of South Carolina, had been famous for her beauty and spirit, but was now passed her prime, though not older than Mrs. Adams. She was the grand-daughter of Etienne de Lanci, a Huguenot nobleman who came to this country in 1686. In 1767 she married Ralph Izard, of Charleston, a man of accomplishments and liberal fortune, who had been educated at the University of Cambridge, and after returning to America had passed his winters in South Carolina and his summers in New York. Four years after his marriage he went to London, where he lived several winters, in a brilliant society. Displeased with the conduct of the ministry toward the colonies, he visited the Continent, but becoming wearied of travel, went back to London, where he exerted his influence to avert the approaching war, without success, and in 1777 removed his family to Paris, and in a few months to Florence, being appointed Commissioner from Congress to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. His subsequent diplomatic services, and his personal relations with Franklin, Deane, and others, cannot here be stated. He was always accompanied by his wife, who was very handsome, witty, and fond of adventure. In London her portrait was painted by Gainsborough, and I was shown in Charleston, by her grandson, Mr. Manigault, one of Copley's finest pictures, a very large "family

piece" representing Mr. and Mrs. Izard in a Roman palace, with a window in the background looking out on one of the most interesting parts of the Eternal City. Mr. Izard returned to Charleston in 1780, and his wife and children three years afterward. On the formation of the new government he was chosen one of the senators of South Carolina.

Of the men in the city, not immediately connected with the government, the greatest beyond all comparison was Alexander Hamilton. His extraordinary genius, knowledge, and activity, would have made him illustrious in any society, but his character was in some respects beyond the grasp of common minds, and it is doubtful whether he was justly appreciated at this time by a very large number, though Washington knew him well, and regarded him with the sincerest respect, affection, and admiration. It is true that Hamilton was something of a *roué*, but his gallantries were subject to a certain law of honorableness which even in such affairs is not altogether impossible; and in his public conduct he was as inflexibly just as he was unapproachably able. Doubtless in the formation of our Constitution the profound sense of Washington was the deciding authority, but the suggesting intelligence was Hamilton's, and he is to be regarded above all other men as the creator of the institutions of modern liberty. His residence was on the corner of Wall and Broad streets, nearly opposite Federal Hall, and with a party of his friends he had witnessed from his balcony the inauguration of Washington. He had built, however, a beautiful house which he called "The Grange," a few miles up the island, which was his last home in the world.

Aaron Burr, during this period, was at Albany much of the time, busy with official duties, and in writing love-letters to his wife, and instructions for the education of Theodosia, that marvellous girl whose beauty, wit, and melancholy history constitute one of

the most romantic chapters in the history of American private life. Burr in Albany lived with a pretty and tidy widow, and rarely dined or passed an evening abroad. Near the end of July he finished important business which had detained him in the courts, "received thanks, and twenty half joes," with promises of more of both commodities, and returned to New York. He had been married to Mrs. Prevost, a charming woman, the widow of a British officer, in July, 1782. For several years he lived in the house at Richmond Hill, now occupied by the Vice President. His interest made it necessary to reside more near the centre of business, and he removed into the city. Mrs. Burr did not go into society. I do not find her name in the lists of dinner parties, nor is she often referred to in contemporary letters. She loved "My lord," as she playfully addressed her husband, and was always perfectly content in his presence, or inconsolable by the presence of others for his absence. Although his whole life from boyhood had been steeped in profligacy,* and his amours were as well known as those of any hero of scandalous history, he seems really to have loved her with much of the tenderness she felt for him. While he was in Albany he wrote to her, "Multiply your letters to me; they are all my

* It is unnecessary to refer here to the extraordinary vicissitudes of Burr's subsequent life; but that it may not be suspected that his infirmities are too strongly stated, the following remarks are transcribed from his memoirs, written by his most partial and most faithful friend, Mr. Davis: "It is truly astonishing how any individual could have become so eminent as a soldier, as a statesman, and as a professional man, who devoted so much time to the other sex as was devoted by Colonel Burr. For more than half a century of his life they seemed to absorb his whole thoughts. His intrigues were without number; his conduct most licentious; the sacred bonds of friendship were unhesitatingly violated when they operated as barriers to the indulgence of his passions. For a long time he seemed to be gathering and carefully preserving every line written to him by any female, whether with or without reputation, and when obtained they were cast into one common receptacle—the profligate and corrupt by the side of the thoughtless and betrayed victim. All were held as trophies of victory, all esteemed alike valuable. How shocking to the man of sensibility! how mortifying and heart-sickening to the intellectual, the artless, and the fallen fair! Among these manuscripts were many the production of highly-cultivated minds. . . . . They were testimonials of the weakness of the weaker sex, even where genius and learning would seem to be towering above his arts."

solace; the last six are constantly within my reach; I read them once a day at least." And she, years after their marriage, was half distracted every time his duties or his pleasures called him away: "I feel as if my guardian angel had forsaken me," she writes on one occasion; "tell me, why do I grow every day more tenacious of your regard? can my affection increase? is it because each hour proves you more deserving? Heaven preserve the husband of my heart! and teach me to cherish his love, and deserve it." In 1789 Burr was thirty-three years old. He was small but well formed, with a handsome face, by some described as striking, and eyes jet black and uncommonly brilliant and piercing. In public, he had an air of eminent authority, though in the drawing-room his manner was singularly graceful, gentle, and fascinating.

The roll of attorneys of the Supreme Court at this time in the city of New York consisted of one hundred and twenty-two names. Among these were James Duane, admitted in August, 1754; Richard Nichols Harrison, in January, 1769; Burr, in January, 1782; Hamilton, in July, 1782; Jay, in October, 1758; James Kent, in January, 1785; Morgan Lewis, in October, 1782; Robert Troup, in April, 1782; and Robert R. Livingston, Edward Livingston, Egbert Benson, John Watts, Gouverneur Morris, Richard Varick, Josiah Ogden Hoffman and James Lansing, the dates of whose admission I do not discover. It may well be doubted whether the city has ever since, notwithstanding its prodigious growth in every thing else, embraced as much legal learning, eloquence, or dignity of character, as in that year, when the "New York Directory" was contained in ninety-six very small octodecimo pages.

Dr. John H. Livingston and Dr. William Linn were ministers of the Reformed Dutch Church. Dr. Linn was a fine scholar and a graceful and fervid orator; an honorary member of the Cincinnati, and one of the chaplains to Congress; and his simple and

agreeable manners and pleasing conversation, enriched with unusual stores of information, made him a favorite in the best society. His son, John Blair Linn, who afterward became a celebrated preacher, and whose "Valerian" and "Powers of Genius" display considerable taste and skill in poetry, was at this period a law student in the office of Mr. Hamilton, but much more fond of the theatre than the court-rooms. Dr. Rodgers and Dr. John Mason occupied the two Presbyterian churches. The greatest of American pulpit orators, John M. Mason, had recently graduated at Columbia College, and was now studying divinity with his father. The learned Dr. Kunzie* ministered in the German Lutheran Church. The "easy, good-tempered, gentlemanly and scholarly Dr. Provoost,†" as President Duer describes him, was bishop of the Episcopal Church, one of the chaplains of Congress, and a welcome guest at the dinner tables of all his friends.

* John Christopher Kunzie, D. D., was now about forty-five years of age. He had been, before his removal to New York, fourteen years a preacher, in Philadelphia, and a professor in the college in that city. In Columbia College he filled the chair of oriental languages. A valuable collection of coins and medals which he owned is now preserved in the rooms of the New York Historical Society. His house was in Chatham Row, and during the sessions of Congress Mr. Speaker Muhlenberg and General Muhlenberg boarded with him.

† Dr. J. W. Francis, in the only memoir we have of Bishop Provoost, gives us a very pleasing account of his character. "His philanthropy," says this learned writer, "was of the most extensive order, and his beneficence was called into almost daily exercise. His private charities were often beyond what his actual means justified. As a patriot he was exceeded by none, and his sensibility to the honor and interests of his country were of the liveliest nature. In the relations of husband and parent he exhibited all the kindly and endearing affections which ennoble our species. As a scholar, he was deeply versed in classical lore, and in the records of ecclesiastical history and church polity; to a very exact knowledge of the Hebrew, he added a profound acquaintance with the Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, and other languages. It is affirmed that as a literary recreation he made a new poetical version of Tasso. In a knowledge of the natural and physical sciences he also made considerable progress. Of these, botany was his favorite. He had attended, while at Cambridge, lectures on this branch of natural history, and became conversant with the classification of plants, from Cœsalpinus to Linnæus, whose system was then taught by the Cambridge professor. So great was his delight in botanical pursuits, that he formed an extensive index to the elaborate *Historia Plantarum* of John Baushin, whom he calls the prince of botanists, in a blank leaf of the work, the manuscript of which bears date 1766, with his name and distinctions, 'Sam. Provoost, D.D. St. Petr. Cantab. et Lugd. Bativ.'"

The popular physicians were Dr. Samuel Bard, Dr. John Bard, Dr. Wright Post, Dr. Bailey, Dr. Kissam, and Dr. Jones.

VI.

The anniversary of the Declaration of Independence which succeeded the organization of the constitutional government was celebrated in all parts of the Union with remarkable enthusiasm. In New York a committee of the Society of the Cincinnati waited upon the President, in the morning, and its chairman, Baron Steuben, addressed him, saying, "The Society of the Cincinnati of the State of New York have instructed this delegation to present to you, sir, their sentiments of the profoundest respect. In common with all good citizens of the United States of America, they join their ardent wishes for the perservation of your life, health, and prosperity. In particular, they feel the highest satisfaction in contemplating the illustrious Chief of our armies, by the unanimous vote of an independent people, elected to the highest station that a dignified and enlightened country can bestow. Under your conduct, sir, this band of soldiers was led to glory and to conquest, and we feel confident that under your administration our country will speedily arrive at an enviable state of prosperity and happiness." The Chief answered, "I beg you, gentlemen, to return my most affectionate regards to the Society of the Cincinnati of the State of New York, and to assure them that I received their congratulations on this auspicious day with a mind constantly anxious for the honor and welfare of our country, and can only say that the force of my abilities, aided by an integrity of heart, shall be studiously pointed to the support of its dignity and the promotion of its prosperity and happiness."

The society afterwards marched in procession, attended by Colonel Bauman's artillery and a band of music, to St. Paul's church,

where, in the presence of the members of Congress and a great concourse of distinguished citizens and strangers, Alexander Hamilton delivered an oration on the life and character of General Nathaniel Greene. The President was too unwell to leave his house, but Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Jay, and a great number of other women, were present, and made the assemblage one of the most brilliant ever seen in New York.

The military of the city paraded in the fields, and were reviewed by several eminent officers. As they passed the house of the President, he appeared at the door, in the uniform he had worn in the revolution, to receive their salutations, but was not sufficiently recovered to address them.

The Society of the Cincinnati dined at the old City Tavern in Broad street, and the officers of the city troops at Fraunces's Hotel in Cortlandt street; and both parties paid to the name of Washington all possible honors.

VII.

The health of the President was far from good when he arrived in New York, and the extraordinary labors which he astonished those about him by performing so readily, so patiently, and so admirably, in the few weeks following his inauguration, brought on at length a malady so serious that for several days his life was regarded as in imminent danger. His disease was anthrax, so malignent as to threaten mortification. He was attended, night and day, by Dr. Samuel Bard, a physician of the highest personal as well as professional respectability, whose skilful treatment, and a naturally strong constitution, enabled him to survive an illness the most painful and trying he had ever endured, but he never entirely recovered from its effects. Dr. Bard relates that on one occasion, being left alone with him, Washington looked steadily in his face and

asked his candid opinion as to the probable termination of the disease; adding, with that placid firmness which marked his address, "Do not flatter me with vain expectations: I am not afraid to die, and, therefore, can bear the worst." The doctor expressed hopes of his recovery, but acknowledged his fears. The patient then said, "Whether to-night, or twenty years hence, makes no difference: I know that I am in the hands of a good Providence." By the blessing of that good Providence his life was spared to a country, which never stood in greater need of his amazing wisdom and unparalleled and as yet unresisted influence. Dr. Bard from this period was one of his intimate friends.

On Tuesday, the twenty-eighth of July, he was well enough to receive visits of compliment, but the papers intimated that until his health should be more perfectly restored he would see his friends but once a week. He had hardly gained strength to go abroad, when he heard of the death of his mother, at Fredericksburg, on the twenty-fifth of August, after a long and very painful illness. She was eighty-two years of age, and had been forty-six years a widow. "Though a pious tear of affection and esteem is due to the memory of so revered a character," says a writer from Fredericksburg, two days after her decease, "yet our grief must be greatly lessened, from the consideration that she is relieved from the pitiable infirmities attendant on an extreme old age. It is usual, when virtuous and conspicuous persons quit this terrestrial abode, to publish elaborate panegyrics on their characters, but suffice it to say that she conducted herself through this transitory life with virtue and prudence worthy the mother of the greatest hero that ever adorned the annals of history." Washington himself wrote on the occasion to his only sister, Mrs. Lewis: "Awful and affecting as the death of a parent is, there is consolation in knowing that Heaven has spared ours to an age beyond which few attain, and favored her

with the full enjoyment of her mental faculties, and as much bodily strength as usually falls to the lot of fourscore. Under these considerations, and a hope that she is translated to a happier place, it is the duty of her relatives to yield due submission to the decrees of the Creator."

At the first public levee after the death of the President's mother was known in the city, several members of the two houses of Congress, and other respectable persons, wore the customary signs of mourning, and the event was alluded to with feeling and delicacy in the principal pulpits on the following sabbath.

VIII.

All the details of administration had been left by the Constitution for the decision of Congress, and the Senate and House of Representatives at length agreed upon the creations of departments and the limitations of their functions, and passed such other laws as were necessary for the organization of affairs.

The formation of his cabinet was a matter of the deepest personal interest to the President. The secretaries were to be his counsellors as well as the executors under his authority of the principal business of the nation; and on their selection, therefore, would depend in a large degree the success of his government. For the Department of State he chose Mr. Jefferson, who had already solicited and obtained permission to return from France, where he had filled the office of minister plenipotentiary, as the successor of Franklin, with unquestionable ability, during all the period of the formation and adoption of the Constitution. Alexander Hamilton was appointed to the most laborious and difficult place, the Secretaryship of the Treasury; his extraordinary capacities were equal to any position, and he had shown himself to be particularly qualified for the management of the finances. General Knox was continued in the

war office, which he had occupied for several years, under the confederation. Edmund Randolph, who had been governor of Virginia, and a very successful lawyer, was made Attorney General, and Samuel Osgood, of New York, Post Master General.

The President's opinion of Mr. Jay, induced him to ask his acceptance of any place he might prefer, and he was gratified when that illustrious character consented to become Chief Justice of the United States. In communicating to him his appointment he said "I have a full confidence that the love which you bear to our country, and a desire to promote the general happiness, will not suffer you to hesitate a moment to bring into action the talents, knowledge, and integrity, which are so necessary to be exercised at the head of that department which must be considered the keystone of our political fabric." For Mr. Jay's colleagues on the bench the President selected William Cushing, at this time Chief Justice of Massachusetts; James Wilson, who had been conspicuous in the affairs of Pennsylvania, and in the Convention had been chairman of the committee which reported the Constitution; Robert H. Harrison, Chief Justice of Maryland, who had been formerly one of the confidential secretaries of the commander-in-chief; John Blair, one of the judges of the Virginia Court of Appeals; and John Rutledge, the eloquent and brave spirited statesman of South Carolina. Judge Harrison declined, and his place was conferred upon James Iredell, of North Carolina.

On the twenty-sixth of September the first session of the first Congress was brought to a close. Before their adjournment the two houses appointed a joint committee to wait on the President and "request that he would recommend to the people of the United States a day of public thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by acknowledging, with grateful hearts, the many and signal favors of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity

peacefully to establish a constitution of government for their safety and happiness." The creators of the Constitution do not seem ever to have dreamed of the wretched demagoguism which has discovered that it is unconstitutional for the government to recognize the existence and kindness of the Deity. On the third day of October, therefore, Washington acceded to this request, and recommended that the twenty-sixth of November "be devoted by the people of these states to the service of that great and glorious Being who is the beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be; that we may then all unite in rendering unto Him our sincere and humble thanks for his kind care and protection of the people of this country previous to their becoming a nation; for the signal and manifold mercies and the favorable interpositions of his providence, in the course and conclusion of the late war; for the great degree of tranquillity, union, and plenty, which we have since enjoyed; for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish constitutions of government for our safety and happiness, and particularly the national one now recently instituted; for the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge; and, in general, for all the great and various favors which he has been pleased to confer upon us."





THE EASTERN TOUR.

I.

Soon after the adjournment of Congress Washington made arrangements for a journey through New England. He anticipated perhaps some pleasure from revisiting the earlier scenes of his command during the revolution,* but he was most anxious for the restoration of his health, and to observe the condition and disposition of the people of that part of the Union.

He set out from New York on Thursday morning, the fifteenth of October, in his own chariot, drawn by four Virginia bays, and accompanied by two of his secretaries, Tobias Lear and Major Jackson, on horseback. The Chief Justice, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Secretary of War, escorted him as far as Rye, where Mr. Jay had his country residence.

As he approached New Haven, in the forenoon of Saturday, he was met by a deputation of members of the legislature of Connecticut, escorted by the guards of the Governor, who conducted him, amid crowds of people, to his lodgings. Governor Huntington, soon after, presented to him a congratulatory address, and the

* As early as 1785 Washington had written to Mr. James Warren of Massachusetts: "It would afford me great pleasure to go over those grounds in your state, with a mind more at ease than when I travelled them in 1775 and 1776, and to unite in congratulation on the happy change, with those characters who participated the anxious moments we passed in those days and for whom I entertain a sincere regard."

Congregational ministers of the city — Ezra Stiles, James Dana, Jonathan Edwards, Samuel Wales, and Samuel Austin — all men of eminent reputations, also addressed him, saying, in reference to his recent illness, "We most sincerely rejoice in the kind and gracious providence of God, who has been pleased to preserve your life during your late dangerous sickness, and to restore you to such a degree of health as gives us this opportunity to express our joy, and affords us the most pleasing hopes that your strength may be firmly reëstablished." To the governor and to the clergy he made appropriate replies, and to the latter observed: "The tender interest you have taken in my personal happiness, and the obliging manner in which you express yourselves on the restoration of my health, are so forcibly impressed on my mind as to render language inadequate to the utterance of my feelings. If it shall please the Great Disposer of events to listen to the pious supplication which you have presented in my behalf, I trust the remainder of my days will evince the gratitude of a heart devoted to the advancement of those objects which receive the approbation of Heaven, and promote the happiness of our fellow men. My prayers are offered at the throne of Grace for your happiness and that of the congregations committed to your care." The next day he attended divine service at Trinity Church in the morning, and at the Congregational church of Dr. Edwards in the afternoon. The Governor, the Lieutenant Governor, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the Treasurer, and Roger Sherman, dined with him.

Accompanied by a troop of cavalry, and a large number of citizens on horseback, he left New Haven on Monday morning, and the same evening arrived at Hartford, where he was received in an appropriate manner by the public authorities and by the people. On Tuesday he visited the manufacturing establishments of that city, and on Wednesday proceeded on his journey.

Information having reached Worcester, on Thursday evening, that the President would be in that village early the next morning, about forty citizens assembled on horseback before sunrise, on Friday, and proceeded as far as Leicester line to welcome him and escort him into town. On notice being given of his approach, five cannon were fired for the New England states — three for those which had accepted the Constitution, one for Vermont, which was expected immediately to come into the Union, and "one as a call for Rhode Island to be ready before it should be too late." When he came in sight of the meeting-house eleven cannon were fired. He viewed with attention the artillery, as he passed, and expressed to the people his sense of the honor conferred upon him. He stopped at "The United States Arms" to breakfast, and, to gratify the inhabitants, proceeded through the rest of the town on horseback. The Worcester Spy, in giving an account of these circumstances, refers to the President as "His Highness." The discussion of the subject of titles was not yet ended; Representatives were called "Honorable," Senators and members of the Cabinet, "Most Honorable," and in many of the journals it was insisted that the President should be addressed by some distinctive and peculiar designation. It was alleged in illustration of the necessity of such a style as might distinguish him from other eminent persons, at least when travelling, that, as he approached one of the villages between New Haven and Worcester, a messenger was sent forward to inform the keeper of the inn where he intended to pass the night, that "the President was near by, and wished to be accommodated with a little necessary refreshment, and lodging." The host was absent, but his wife, supposing it was Doctor Manning, President of Rhode Island College, who was an occasional visitor, generally having with him Mrs. Manning, whom she did not feel quite well enough to entertain, sent word that "the President must go

on to the next tavern." The landlady soon, but too late, found out her error, and grievously lamented that she had not known it was the illustrious Washington who intended to honor her house. "Bless me!" she exclaimed, "the sight of him would have cured me of my illness, and the best in the house and in the town should have been at his service."

A cavalcade from Worcester attended the President to the line of Marlborough, where he was met by a handsomely uniformed company of horse, who escorted him to Williams's Tavern, where he dined, and thence to Captain Flagg's, in Weston, where he lodged and breakfasted. At the latter place he was met by a courier from Governor Hancock, inviting him with his suite to dine with his Excellency the next day, and expressing regret that the President had declined a previous request to become his guest while he should remain in Boston. Washington had written to him, from Brookfield, that from a wish to avoid giving trouble in private families he had determined on leaving New York to decline all such invitations, and, that this rule might be observed, had caused lodgings in Boston to be secured for him.

On Saturday morning he was met, soon after he started, by a troop of horse from Cambridge, and as he passed through Watertown he was saluted by the artillery of that village. At Cambridge he had occupied as his head-quarters, in 1775, a noble mansion*

* Now the residence of Mr. Longfellow, who, in a beautiful poem "To a Child," recalls its history:

"Once, ah, once, within these walls,
One whom memory oft recalls,
The Father of his Country dwelt;
And yonder meadow, broad and damp,
The fires of the besieging camp
Encircled with a burning belt;
Up and down these echoing stairs,
Heavy with the weight of cares,
Sounded his majestic tread;
Yes, within this very room
Sat he in those hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head."

Washington's revisiting the house, under these circumstances, is a fine subject for the meditative and graceful muse of its present owner.

about half a mile from the college, and he now stopped an hour to revisit its rooms and walk about its grounds.

From his old head-quarters the Chief proceeded on horseback, leaving his chariot in the rear, and as he entered the village green he was saluted with a discharge of artillery, under the direction of General Brooks, who met him there at the head of about one thousand uniformed militia.

II.

A disagreement had arisen between the governor and a committee of the selectmen, as to which party had the right to receive the President at the boundary of the city. The committee contended that as he was about to visit the town, it was the especial office of the municipal authorities to bid him welcome, though it would have been perfectly proper for the governor to have met him on the frontier of the state. From this cause there was considerable delay, during which the President, who had already advanced through Roxbury, was exposed to a cold and damp wind, extremely disagreeable and alarming to a valetudinarian. He inquired the reason of the difficulty, and when it was explained did not conceal his impatience. Of one of his secretaries, Major Jackson, he asked whether there was not some other way into the city, and was in the act of turning his horse when informed that the controversy was over, and that he would be received by the delegates of the corporation.

The people had assembled on the mall, at ten o'clock, where an immense procession had been formed, which, preceded by the band of the French squadron, then in the harbor, marched to the city line, where the governor had previously ordered a parade of the military. Halting here, their ranks were opened, so as to make an avenue, all the way to the State House, bordered, it was sup-

posed, by twenty thousand persons. At one o'clock the approach of the President was announced by federal salutes from the Roxbury Artillery, the Dorchester Artillery, posted on the celebrated Dorchester Heights, the Boston Artillery, at the town line, and the garrison of Castle William; a royal salute from His Most Christian Majesty's squadron; and the ringing of all the bells of all the churches, which continued fifteen minutes.

The selectmen having expressed to the President the pleasure the citizens enjoyed on his arrival, and given him a hearty welcome, the marshals arranged the procession in the following order:

Five companies of the City Troops, under Colonel Bradford,
Officers of the Municipal Government,
Council and Lieutenant Governor of the State, in carriages,
United States Marshal,
The President
In his continental uniform, on a white horse, attended by Major Jackson and
Mr. Lear, his Secretaries, also on horseback,
The Vice President,
Distinguished Citizens, in carriages
Committee of Arrangements,
Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians,
Civil Officers,
Officers of the Revolutionary Army,
&c. &c. &c.

followed by between forty and fifty societies, and bodies of mechanics and tradesmen, carrying flags of white silk, upon which were emblazoned appropriate devices, legends and mottoes.

On arriving at the old brick meeting house a halt was ordered, and the President was conducted through a Triumphal Arch, erected under the direction of Judge Dawes, across Main street — displaying on one side, "To the Man who Unites all Hearts," and on the other, "To Columbia's Favorite Son" — into the Senate Chamber, by the east door of the State House, and thence to an outside gal

lery, supported by thirteen columns, over the west door. His appearance here was greeted with prolonged acclamations, the streets and every window and house-top, as far as could be seen, being filled with people. He was accompanied to this gallery by Vice President Adams, by the venerable patriot and scholar, James Bowdoin, and by the Lieutenant Governor, the Council, his secretaries, and several other gentlemen; and as soon as he had acknowledged, by gracefully bowing to all around, the enthusiasm with which he was received, Daniel Rea, "the famous vocalist of that town," supported by a full chorus, began singing in a clear and loud voice, from a canopy over the Triumphal Arch, an ode which had been written for the occasion. When this was concluded the procession defiled before the gallery, and soon after the military escorted the President to his lodgings, at Mrs. Ingersoll's in Court street, where he was visited by many distinguished characters, among whom were Viscount de Ponteves Gien,* and the other officers of His Most Christian Majesty's squadron.

In the evening the public buildings generally and many private residences were brilliantly illuminated; the French frigates, the Active and the Sensible, moored off the end of Long wharf, displayed each more than a thousand lanterns; and from the ships, the mall, and the principal streets, there were exhibitions of fireworks.

The Governor had invited the President with his suite to take a family dinner at Hancock House, and the invitation had been accepted, but as the Governor had not come out to meet him, or to call upon him after his arrival at Mrs. Ingersoll's, Washington

* The Viscount de Ponteves and the captains of the squadron under his command, declined the invitation of the Committee of Arrangements to take a seat in the balcony erected at the State House, as the ordinances of the king required them to be on board their ships whenever the chief magistrate of a nation arrived at the place at which they lay, to give him the customary salutes.

avoided going near his residence. In some negotiations which followed it was intimated on the part of Hancock, that as the representative of the sovereignty of Massachusetts he thought he should receive the first visit even from the President of the United States. His friends, however, remonstrated with him, urging that a just application of his own principle entitled the chief magistrate of all the states to precedence, wherever he might be, within their limits; and he reluctantly assented to this view of the case, and the next evening went in his coach, enveloped in red baize, to Washington's lodgings, and was borne in the arms of servants into the house. The public were informed that this delay was in consequence of the Governor's ill health.

On Sunday the President attended King's Chapel in the morning, and one of the Congregational churches in the afternoon, and on Monday he rode about the city, accompanied by several leading characters, returned the visit of the Governor, and received the officers of the French squadron, to whom he expressed his intention of going on board their ships the following day.

On Tuesday morning, soon after breakfast, he received the clergy, who presented an appropriate address, which he answered in his happiest manner. Among them was Dr. Belknap, to whom, when he was introduced, he said, "I am indebted to you, sir, for the History of New Hampshire, and it gave me great pleasure." The amiable doctor records the circumstance with peculiar satisfaction, in his diary, and it is mentioned that this was the only instance in which he thus noticed the approbation bestowed upon his literary labors. Soon after came the Society of the Cincinnati, accompanied by the Viscount Ponteves, the Marquis de Traversay, and the Chevalier de Braye, members of the society in France (the Marquis de Galissoniere, who had also served in the revolution, being detained on board his ship by indisposition), and received and an-

swered their address. They said, "After the solemn and endearing farewell on the banks of the Hudson, which our anxiety presaged as final, most peculiarly pleasing is the present unexpected meeting. On this occasion we cannot avoid the recollection of the various scenes of toil and danger through which you conducted us, and while we contemplate the trying periods of the war, and the triumphs of peace, we rejoice to behold you, induced by the unanimous voice of your country, entering upon other trials, and other services, alike important, and in some points of view, equally hazardous. For the completion of the great purposes which a grateful country has assigned you, long, very long, may your invaluable life be preserved; and as an admiring world, while considering you as a soldier, have wanted a comparison, so may your virtues and talents as a statesman, leave it without a parallel." He said in his answer, "Dear indeed, is the occasion which restores an intercourse with my faithful associates, in prosperous and adverse fortune; and enhanced are the triumphs of peace, participated by those whose virtue and valor so largely contributed to procure them. To that virtue and valor your country has confessed her obligations; be mine the grateful task of adding the testimony of a connection, which it was my pride to own, in the field, and it is now my happiness to acknowledge, in the enjoyment of peace and freedom." At one o'clock, he received and replied to an address from the Governor and Council of the commonwealth. At four o'clock he was entertained by the Lieutenant Governor and the Council (the ill health of the Governor preventing his attendance) at a sumptuous dinner, given at Faneuil Hall, where Warren, Otis, and Adams, had fanned into life the embers of the Revolution. Among the guests were the Vice President, ex-governor Bowdoin, the judges of the Supreme Court, the President of Harvard College, the clergy of Boston, the admiral and captains of the French squadron, and

other civil and military officers, citizens, and strangers, to the number of one hundred and fifty.

On Wednesday, at eleven o'clock, he went on board the flagship of His Most Christian Majesty's fleet, in a barge having at her bow the flag of the United States and at her stern that of France, steered by a major and rowed by midshipmen, all dressed in red. He was received on deck with the homage offered to kings: a salute was fired, and "the officers took off their shoes, and the crew all appeared with their legs bared." Viscount Ponteves introduced him to the officers, about thirty, who had fought in America during the war, and afterwards to the other gentlemen of the fleet, of which he visited two more ships, and then returned to the shore, accompanied by the admiral. In the afternoon he dined with Governor Bowdoin, and in the evening attended a brilliant assembly at Concert Hall, at which were present Vice President Adams, Mrs. Hancock,* Lieutenant Governor Samuel Adams and Mrs. Adams, the Viscount Ponteves, the Marquis and Marchioness de la Galissoniere, and a great number of other persons distinguished in affairs or in society. The women of Boston wore as a sash, during the President's visit, a broad white ribbon, with G. W., in golden letters, encircled with a laurel wreath, in front, and with the American eagle on one end, and on the other the French *fleur de lis*, embroidered. The Marchioness de Traversay, besides a sash of this description, wore on the present occasion, on the bandeau of her hat, the initials G. W., and an eagle, set in brilliants on a ground of black velvet.

* Mrs. Hancock, *née* Quincy, was a fine looking woman, high-bred, and high-spirited, and generally dressed with great care and an ornate elegance. When Lafayette was last in this country he made an early call upon her, and the once youthful chevalier and unrivalled belle met as if only a summer had passed since their social interviews during the perils of the Revolution. She was as attentive to taste in dress, in her very last days, as when in the circles of fashion. She "would never forgive a young girl," she said, "who did not dress to please, nor one who seemed pleased with her dress." There is a fine portrait of her, by Copley, in the possession of Mrs. Cushing, who occupies the ancient mansion of Governor Wentworth, near Portsmouth.

III.

At eight o'clock on the morning of Thursday, the thirtieth of October, the President departed from Boston. His visit had been upon the whole a very delightful one, but besides the little controversy on a point of etiquette with Governor Hancock, he had been subjected to some vexation by the imperfect arrangements for his reception, and on leaving was obliged to set a noticeable example of punctuality to the city troops, whose offer to accompany him he had accepted the previous evening. At the very moment appointed for his departure his chariot started from Mr. Ingersoll's, though the military escort had not yet made its appearance. A large cavalcade, however, and many carriages, were in readiness, and Major Gibbs's cavalry came up with them as they were passing the bridge over the river Charles, which was finely decorated with the flags of all nations. At this moment he was saluted with eleven guns from Captain Colden's artillery, stationed on the Charlestown Heights. At Cambridge he was received in the Philosophy Room* of the college, by the president and corporation, who, in a formal address, declared their gratitude for his revolutionary services and his patriotism in consenting to preside over the new government. Reminding him of the depressed state of the college when he first took command of the army at Cambridge, "its members dispersed, its literary treasures removed, and the muses fled from the din of arms then heard within its walls," and comparing the danger with which it had been surrounded with its present prosperous and

* The Philosophy Room at this period was hung on one side with full length portraits of four eminent benefactors of the college, Thomas Hollis, Nicholas Boylston, Thomas Hancock, and Ezekiel Hersey. In the centre of this group was a portrait of the late Earl of Chatham, and a view of Mount Vesuvius, in eruption. The other sides were occupied with works of Copley, and in one corner was deposited the celebrated Planetarium of Mr. Pope. The floor was covered with a rich carpet, presented by Governor Hancock.

peaceful condition, they invoked the blessings of Heaven on him who had rendered such distinguished services to it and to their country. The President, in reply, reciprocated their affectionate sentiments and kind wishes, and expressed his hope that the muses might "long enjoy a tranquil residence" within the walls of that distinguished seat of learning.

Proceeding on his journey, he stopped a few minutes at Lynn, where the gentlemen who had accompanied him from Boston took their leave, and reached Marblehead in time to dine with General Glover. On arriving at the boundary of Salem he was met by the selectmen of the town, and their chairman, Mr. Northey, a Quaker, welcomed him in an address equally agreeable for its brevity and apparent sincerity: "Friend Washington," he said, taking the President by the hand, "we are glad to see thee, and in behalf of the inhabitants bid thee a hearty welcome to Salem." Salutes were then fired from two parks of artillery, at different points, and the President, quitting his carriage, mounted a beautiful white horse, on which he proceeded to Main street, amid continued cheers and the ringing of numerous bells. After reviewing several regiments, in Main street, he was escorted by a company of infantry, followed by the principal citizens, in procession, to the Court House, into the balcony of which he was conducted by Mr. Goodhue, and immediately was greeted with huzzas by the great concourse of people, and by an ode sung by a select choir from a temporary but richly ornamented gallery, erected for the purpose. In the evening the public buildings were illuminated, there was an exhibition of fireworks, and the President attended a ball, at which a brilliant circle displayed the taste, elegance and beauty of the Salem women.

He left Salem at nine o'clock on Friday morning, escorted by two troops of cavalry, and a large number of citizens — riding on horseback, to gratify the people, as far as Essex Bridge, which was

ornamented with the flags of different countries. At Newburyport, where he arrived about three o'clock, he was received with military honors, an address was presented by the magistrates, and there were displays of rockets in the evening. "The joy of the inhabitants was extreme, and their hospitality equal to their joy; for all who came into the town on the occasion were provided for without charge."

On Saturday morning he proceeded toward Portsmouth. The Marine Society of Newburyport had prepared a handsome barge, with rowers dressed in white, to convey him across the Merrimack river, at Amesbury, and during the passage he received a royal salute from the French ship Teneriffe, and was welcomed by the military of the place with appropriate demonstrations. At ten o'clock the cortege reached the line of Massachusetts, where the President dismounted and took leave of the escort which had thus far attended him. He was met here by General Sullivan, President of the State of New Hampshire, with four troops of light-horse, and a numerous company of public and private characters, among whom were the members of the Executive Council, senators Langdon and Wingate, and the chiefs of the departments of the government of the commonwealth, who accompanied him to Portsmouth. All the way the road was lined with spectators, from the neighboring country, who cheered him as he passed. At Greenland, where he stopped half an hour, he mounted his horse and rode through the ranks of men, women, and children, assembled to behold "the man whom God approves and the people delight to honor." As he entered the metropolis he was saluted with thirteen guns from Colonel Hacket's artillery and by the same number from the Castle. The ships in the harbor were gaily dressed, every door and window was thronged with women, and in the street all the trades were arranged, alphabetically, in procession. The bells rung joyful peals all the while until he

reached the State House. Here he was conducted by the President and Council through the Senate chamber into a balcony, where odes were sung, and several companies of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, under the command of General Cilley, defiled before him, each officer saluting him as he passed; after which he was conducted to his lodgings.

IV.

Portsmouth at this period was the seat of a refined and generous hospitality, and few cities in America could boast of a more cultivated or polite society. The situation of the town was extremely pleasant, and its commercial prosperity had bordered the streets with beautiful houses, surrounded by every thing that evinces comfort and refinement. Mrs. Lee informs us in the interesting memoir of her father, the reverend Dr. Joseph Buckminster, who was one of the ministers at the time of Washington's visit, that there were more private carriages and livery servants in Portsmouth, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, than in any other place in New England. "In the old meeting-house ancient and venerable forms loomed out of the distant dimness, arrayed in all the splendor of the dresses of the court of George the Third: immense wigs, white as snow, coats trimmed with gold lace, embroidered waistcoats, ruffles of delicate cambric, cocked hats, and gold-headed canes — costumes that would now be assumed for a masquerade."

The President's arrival was on Saturday, and the next day he attended religious services in two of the churches: in the morning hearing Mr. Ogden, at Queen's Chapel, and in the afternoon Dr. Buckminster, at the First Congregational Church. He was accompanied by Governor Sullivan, Senator Langdon, and his two secretaries, and was escorted to his pew at Queen's Chapel by the marshal of

the district and two church wardens, with their staves; and a similar ceremonial was preserved at Dr. Buckminster's. Both pastors referred, in their discourses, to the numerous virtues of the dignified personage whose appearance had diffused such general joy and awakened in every breast such grateful sensations, and felicitated their numerous hearers on the happy occasion that called them together, to offer up their unfeigned thanks to the Father of Mercies for his goodness, and to implore a continuance of his gracious benediction on the head of the beloved Chief.

On Monday, accompanied by General Sullivan, Senator Langdon, and the United States Marshal, he made an excursion about the harbor, in a barge, rowed by seamen dressed in white frocks. Two other barges followed, one containing the French consul and the President's secretaries, rowed by sailors in blue jackets, and round hats, decorated with blue ribbons; and the other a band, who executed a variety of pieces of music. The President went on shore for a few minutes at Kittery, in the Province of Maine, and afterward landed at the beautiful seat of Colonel Wentworth, whence, with his attendants, he returned to the city by land, and was again saluted with discharges of artillery, from Church Hill. The party dined, with several other distinguished persons, at Mr. Langdon's.

The next day the President and Council of New Hampshire gave to the President of the United States a public dinner, at which were present one hundred persons, including the principal officers of the state government, the clergy, the members of the bar, and the most eminent private citizens. After the first toast, in honor of the illustrious guest, he himself rose and offered, "The State of New Hampshire," and both, of course, were drunk with every sign of enthusiasm. In the evening he attended a ball, and was introduced to more than seventy women. After he was seated a

song was sung, with accompaniments by the band, and the dancing followed till a late hour.

On the morning of Wednesday, the fifth of November, Washington left Portsmouth for New York. His route was through the southern part of New Hampshire, and by way of Springfield, in Massachusetts, to Hartford,* where he remained several days, to rest from the fatigues of his journey. He reached New York a little after noon, on Friday, the thirteenth, having been absent twenty-nine days.

V.

This journey was eminently agreeable and satisfactory to the President. He was pleased with the apparent and general well-being and happiness of the people, and could not have been unmoved by the evidences of universal and profound respect and affection with which he was greeted at every place through which he passed. It was indeed a continuous triumphal march from its commencement to its end, unparalleled in any history, for the spontaneous enthusiasm which lined all his route with men, women, and children, of every rank and condition, who almost worshipped him. Wherever he moved he was surrounded by thousands, anxious to obtain a sight of his person, or to greet him with acclamations of joy and praise.

* From Hartford he wrote, on the eighth of November, the following note to Mr. Taft, near Uxbridge, Massachusetts: "Sir: Being informed that you have given my name to one of your sons, and called another after Mrs. Washington's family, and being moreover much pleased with the modest and innocent looks of your two daughters, Patty and Polly, I do for these reasons send each of these girls a piece of chintz; and to Patty, who bears the name of Mrs. Washington, and who waited more upon us than Polly did, I send five guineas, with which she may buy herself any little ornaments she may want, or she may dispose of them in any other manner more agreeable to herself. As I do not give these things with a view to have it talked of, or even to its being known, the less there is said about the matter the better you will please me; but, that I may be sure the chintz and money have got safe to hand, let Patty, who I dare say is equal to it, write me a line informing me thereof, directed to 'The President of the United States, New York.' I wish you and your family well, and am your humble servant."

Sometimes crowds would follow him for miles, so that in many instances he stopped and entreated them to return to their homes and occupations, lest their devotion to him should cause some inconvenience or be injurious to their interests.

"The very trees bore men: and as the sun,
When from the portal of the East he dawns
Beholds a thousand birds upon the boughs
To welcome him with all their warbling throats,
So did the people, in their gayest trim,
Upon the pendant branches speak his praise;
Mothers, who covered all the banks beneath,
Did rob the crying infant of the breast,
Pointing the hero out, to make them smile;
And climbing boys stood on their father's shoulders,
Answering their shouting sires with tender cries,
To make the concert up of general joy."

If in some instances the praise he was constrained to hear, in the addresses presented by the public authorities, religious societies, literary institutions, or other bodies, seemed extravagant, and was received by his modest spirit as undeserved, he never doubted or had reason to doubt that it was as sincere as it was freely offered. But above all other suggestions of happiness in this celebrated journey, was the assurance, afforded by every day's observation, that the country was in a great degree recovered from the ravages of war, that federal principles, the constitution, and the administration of the government, were generally approved, and that industry, enterprise, and confidence, under the existing condition of affairs, were leading every community to a satisfying prosperity.

VI.

It had been hoped by some of the President's friends that Mrs. Washington would accompany him to New England, but she did not do so. During the war she had become personally acquainted with Mrs. Mercy Warren, a sister of James Otis, and a public

writer of considerable transient popularity;* and to her, soon after the President's return, she wrote the following letter, which Mr. Sparks justly describes as "creditable to her understanding, her heart, and her views of life:"

"Your very friendly letter, of last month, has afforded me much more satisfaction than all the formal compliments and empty ceremonies of mere etiquette could possibly have done. I am not apt to forget the feelings which have been inspired by my former society with good acquaintances, nor to be insensible to their expressions of gratitude to the President; for you know me well enough to do

* Mrs. Warren was now more than sixty years of age, and had little left of that beauty which is seen in Copley's portrait of her. She was engaged in the composition of her "History of the Rise, Progress, and Termination of the American Revolution," a work which was not published until many years after, and had in press her "Poems, Dramatic and Miscellaneous," which appeared in a few weeks after Washington was in Boston. Her contributions to periodicals have never been collected, but she appears to have written much in this way. In the Massachusetts Magazine, for January, 1790, she has a criticism of Chesterfield, which some admiring contemporary bard describes as follows:

"The learnéd Hunter's classic sense
'Gainst Dormer proved a weak defence;
In vain his pen with zealous rage
Attacked my lord's insidious page;
The man meant well, but Stanhope's wit
His character before had hit:
Smart Philip drew a scientific bear—
Fops, fribbles, said, 't was Hunter, to a hair!
In vain did Melmoth, more refined,
In Sedley's vices paint the mind
Ignoble Chesterfield possessed:
False coloring gave it such a zest
That brainless witlings cried '*Pardi*,
C'est bien outrée—the blind may see.'
But soon as WARREN conned the book,
Her eagle eye, with piercing look,
At once unravelled simulation's maze,
And won the meed of universal praise."

In reply to some complimentary verses, addressed to her, in the same year, Mrs. Warren thus refers to her own history:

"Me 'fortune favors' not, though 'friends caress,'—
'With every wish' denied the 'power to bless.'
On 'pleasure's throne' my seat was never reared,
On 'life's gay theatre' I ne'er appeared:
In sorrow's vale were passed my earliest years—
There did I learn the luxury of tears;
And now, deprived of health, no power I boast—
Like a wrecked vessel on some desert coast,
Or a weak barque upon the ocean tossed,
Each cheering, social scene, to me is lost."

me the justice to believe that I am fond only of what comes from the heart. Under a conviction that the demonstrations of respect and affection to him originate in that source, I cannot deny that I have taken some interest and pleasure in them. The difficulties which presented themselves to view upon his first entering upon the Presidency seem thus to be, in some measure, surmounted. It is owing to the kindness of our numerous friends, in all quarters, that my new and unwished-for situation is not indeed a burden to me. When I was much younger, I should probably have enjoyed the innocent gayeties of life as much as most persons of my age; but I had long since placed all the prospects of my future worldly happiness in the still enjoyments of the fireside at Mount Vernon.

"I little thought when the war was finished, that any circumstances could possibly happen, which would call the General into public life again. I had anticipated that, from that moment, we should be suffered to grow old together, in solitude and tranquillity. That was the first and dearest wish of my heart. I will not, however, contemplate, with too much regret, disappointments that were inevitable; though his feelings and my own were in perfect unison with respect to our predilection for private life, yet I cannot blame him for having acted according to his ideas of duty in obeying the voice of his country. The consciousness of having attempted to do all the good in his power, and the pleasure of finding his fellow citizens so well satisfied with the disinterestedness of his conduct, will doubtless be some compensation for the great sacrifices which I know he has made. Indeed, on his journey from Mount Vernon to this place, in his late tour through the Eastern States, by every public and every private information which has come to him, I am persuaded he has experienced nothing to make him repent his having acted from what he conceives to be a sense of indispensable duty. On the contrary, all his sensibility has been

awakened in receiving such repeated and unequivocal proofs of sincere regard from his countrymen.

"With respect to myself, I sometimes think the arrangement is not quite as it ought to have been, that I, who had much rather be at home, should occupy a place with which a great many younger and gayer women would be extremely pleased. As my grand-children and domestic connections make up a great portion of the felicity which I looked for in this world, I shall hardly be able to find any substitute, that will indemnify me for the loss of such endearing society. I do not say this because I feel dissatisfied with my present station, for every body and every thing conspire to make me as content as possible in it, yet I have learned too much of the vanity of human affairs to expect felicity from the scenes of public life. I am still determined to be cheerful and happy in whatever situation I may be; for I have also learned, from experience, that the greater part of our happiness or misery depends on our dispositions, and not on our circumstances. We carry the seeds of the one or the other about with us in our minds, wherever we go.

"I have two of my grand-children with me, who enjoy advantages in point of education, and who, I trust, by the goodness of Providence, will be a great blessing to me. My other two grandchildren are with their mother in Virginia."

THE SEASON OF EIGHTY-NINE AND NINETY.

I.

There was a great deal of social elegance in New York at the close of the last century, though it must be confessed that in this respect the city could not be favorably compared with Philadelphia. Several families had held in the Province a sort of baronial supremacy, and they were now eminent in private life or public service; but there were no women here exercising that sway over manners and pleasures which was held in Philadelphia for many years by Mrs. Bingham. The Livingstons, Clintons, Van Rensselaers, Beekmans, Courtlandts, Philipses, Jays, De Lanceys, Osgoods, and other powerful families, many of whom were represented by manorial lords, possessed the solid distinctions of great wealth and good sense; but the piquant comparative criticisms of society in New York and Philadelphia, written by Miss Rebecca Franks, soon after the close of the war, had still a certain truth, which was easily recognized by persons familiar with the private life of both cities.

New York was the metropolis of the United States, under the Constitution, less than two years, and this period embraced but one winter. In the May and June following the inauguration there were a few public balls, and probably many private ones, but the ill health of the President, the death of his mother, and other cir-

cumstances, prevented him from attending any subsequent to that given by the Count de Moustier, which has already been described in these pages, until after his return from the tour through the Eastern States, about the middle of November. Mrs. Washington had little inclination for such amusements, and was never once present at any ball in New York after the close of the revolution, notwithstanding what Mr. Jefferson says on this subject.

II.

The adjournment of Congress, on the twenty-sixth of September, had been followed by a general dispersion of the families attracted to New York by the exigencies of the public business, and but few of them returned before the latter part of December. In the mean time, however, there were several accessions to official circles, and busy preparations for a gay winter season.

Of New England families perhaps not one had been more honored and trusted than that of Wolcott, and certainly no family in all the continent had preserved through its American generations a purer fame. Henry Wolcott emigrated from the mother country in 1630, to escape religious persecution, and after a short residence at Dorchester, in Massachusetts, settled in Windsor, Connecticut. His grandson, Roger Wolcott, was distinguished for military and civil services, and occupied in succession the most important offices in the colony, ending with that of governor. His son Oliver entered the army at twenty-one years of age, as a captain in the New York forces, and served on the northern frontier until the peace of Aix la Chapelle. He also became governor of Connecticut, and was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. His son, the second Oliver Wolcott, now between twenty-nine and thirty years of age, was in the autumn of 1789 appointed auditor of the Treasury, and we possess in his memoirs not only a mine of the

richest material for public history, but many very interesting glimpses of society and the circumstances of common life in the memorable period when the first President of the Republic was the centre of the court, or most eminent circle, about the seat of government. Among his classmates had been Joel Barlow, Zephaniah Swift, Uriah Tracy, and Noah Webster; and after his admission to the bar, and settlement in Hartford, he had been of that famous company of "Connecticut wits,"* including Trumbull, the author of

* On the ninth of December, Trumbull wrote to Wolcott, from Hartford, a characteristic letter, in which he says, "Our circle of friends wants new recruits. Humphreys, Barlow, and you are lost to us. Dr. Hopkins has an itch of running away to New York, but I trust his indolence will prevent him. However if you should catch him in your city I desire you to take him up and return him, or scare him so that we may have him again, for which you shall have sixpence reward and all charges. Webster has returned and brought with him a very pretty wife. I wish him success, but I doubt in the present decay of business in our profession, whether his profits will enable him to keep up the style he sets out with. I fear he will breakfast upon Institutes, dine upon Dissertations, and go to bed supperless. I cannot conceive what Barlow is doing. After being eighteen months abroad, you tell me he has got so far as to *see favorable prospects.* If he should not effect something soon, I would advise him to write 'The Vision of Barlow,' as a sequel to those of Columbus and McFingal. Pray congratulate Colonel Humphreys, in my name, on his late promotion in the diplomatic line. If I understand the matter rightly, he holds the same post which Crispe promised George in the Vicar of Wakefield. You remember Crispe told him there was an embassy talked of from the synod of Pennsylvania to the Chickasaw Indians, and he would use his interest to get him appointed Secretary. Tell him not to be discouraged too much at his want of success. The President has tried him on McGillivray first, and he did not suit the skull of the savage, but we cannot argue from that circumstance that he could not fit as easy as a full bottomed wig upon the fat-headed, sot-headed, and crazy-headed sovereigns of Europe. Tell him this story also, for his comfort, and to encourage his hopes of speedy employment: A king being angry with an ambassador, asked him whether his master had no wise men at Court, and was therefore obliged to send him a fool? 'Sire,' said the other, 'my master has many wise men about his court, but he conceived me the most proper ambassador to your majesty.' Upon this principle I am in daily expectation of hearing that he is appointed minister plenipo. to George, Louis, or the Stadtholder. For is not his name *Mumps?* You must know that at this present writing I am confined with this paltry influenza. I kept it for six weeks at the stave's end, as Shakspeare's Malvolio did Beelzebub, but it has driven me into close quarters at last. Indeed I could not expect to avoid it, for old Wronghead says it is a Federal disorder, bred out of the new Constitution at New York, and communicated by infection from Congress. I see the President has returned all fragrant with the odor of incense. It must have given him satisfaction to find that the hearts of the people are united in his favor; but the blunt and acknowledged adulation of our addresses must often have wounded his feelings. We have gone through all the popish grades of worship, at least up to the *Hyperdoulia.* This tour has answered a good political purpose, and in a great measure stilled those who were clamoring about the wages of Congress and the salaries of officers."—*Gibbs's History,* i. 25.

"McFingal," Dr. Lemuel Hopkins, author of "The Hypocrite's Hope" and numerous political satires, Richard Alsop, one of the writers of "The Echo" and "The Political Green House," Joel Barlow, who was already celebrated for his "Vision of Columbus," Noah Webster, Theodore Dwight, and others, whose intellectual displays had won for that city a reputation altogether unique in the annals of American intelligence.

Before Wolcott accepted the place to which he was invited he wrote to Oliver Ellsworth to ascertain something of the cost of living in New York, that he might decide whether the modest annuity of fifteen hundred dollars would enable him to sustain those outward appearances which he regarded as suitable for an officer of such rank in the administration. Ellsworth made the necessary inquiries and answered that a house with a stable would cost about two hundred dollars a year, the best wood four dollars a cord, oak wood two dollars and a half a cord, hay eight dollars a ton, and marketing twenty-five per centum more than in Hartford; concluding, that one thousand dollars a year would support him and his family very well. This was encouraging, and he came down to the city to complete his investigation, as to expenses, duties, and generalities, and consented to take the situation. "This," he wrote to his wife, "on consultation with my friends, I think will be best for us. If we are careful, we may save some property, more than I can expect to in Connecticut, and by observation of the people in public service, and other respectable families, I am confident that no change in our habits of living will in any degree be necessary. . . . *The example of the President and his family will render parade and expense improper and disreputable.*" That last sentence is very significant, and has all the force it could receive from considerations the most favorable for its honesty and justice, as an indication of the republican simplicity maintained by Washington in his

household, and in whatever was connected with his relations to society. New York appears to have been envied and slandered by nearly all the other cities, from the time when it was decided to make it even the temporary seat of government. Soon after the inauguration, the Boston Gazette congratulated with the country upon the discovery that "our beloved President stands unmoved in the vortex of folly and dissipation which New York presents." Wolcott, a keen observer, educated to puritanical ideas, thought better of it. After a residence of about three months he wrote to his mother, "There appears to be great regularity here; honesty is as much in fashion as in Connecticut; and I am persuaded that there is a much greater attention to good morals than has been supposed. So far as an attention to the Sabbath is a criterion of religion, a comparison between this city and many places in Connecticut would be in favor of New York."

Another person, now for the first time connected with the administration, was Edmund Randolph, the Attorney General, whose courtly manners and fine colloquial abilities had caused him to be described as the "first gentleman of Virginia." His father, who had held important situations in the colonial government, had proved a Tory when the difficulties with England came to a crisis, and left the country with Lord Dunmore. Edmund Randolph had applied himself to the law, and had risen to such popularity as to succeed Patrick Henry in the governorship of Virginia, in 1786. He was a large man, finely formed, and always dressed with care and elegance. His young kinsman, John Randolph* of Roanoke, had been

* Nothing could be more amusing than the correspondence which John Randolph maintained for some time about this period with Mrs. Morris. All the littleness, superciliousness, and puerile jealousy, of his nature, were displayed in it, as amply as if these qualities were already in their fullest development. Several years ago I read a copy of it, then in possession of my most loved and honored but since most unfortunate friend, Charles Fenno Hoffman. It has never been printed, but those who have read any of the manuscript copies of it will not easily forget the clever and dramatic management of Mrs. Morris, by which Randolph was exposed and outwitted

in the city ever since the preceding April; though but sixteen years of age, and lank, awkward, and ill-dressed, he was known to every body about town; and it required little observation and insight to perceive that he was a very extraordinary character. Thomas Tudor Tucker was a brother of his father-in-law, Theodore Bland was his uncle, Richard Bland Lee was his cousin, and he had several other relatives in the two houses of Congress.

Charles Carroll,* senator from Maryland, is described by Sullivan as "rather a small and thin person, of very gracious and pol-

* "Charles Carroll's family," says Lord Brougham, "was settled in Maryland ever since the reign of James II., and had during that period been possessed of the same ample property, the largest in the Union. It stood, therefore, at the head of the aristocracy of the country; was naturally in alliance with the government; could gain nothing while it risked every thing by a change of dynasty; and therefore, according to all the rules and the prejudices and the frailties which are commonly found guiding the conduct of men in a crisis of affairs, Charles Carroll might have been expected to take part against the revolt, certainly never to join in promoting it. Such, however, was not this patriotic person. He was among the foremost to sign the celebrated Declaration of Independence. All who did so were believed to have devoted themselves and their families to the furies. As he set his hand to the instrument, the whisper ran round the hall of Congress, 'There go some millions of property!' And there being many of the same name, when he heard it said, 'Nobody will know which Carroll it is,' as no one signed more than his name; and one at his elbow, addressing him, remarked, 'You'll get clear—there are several of the name—they will never know which to take,' he replied, 'Not so!' and instantly added his residence, 'of Carrollton.' He was not only a man of firm mind and steadily-fixed principles; he was also a person of great accomplishments and excellent abilities. Educated in the study of the civil law at one of the French colleges, he had resided long enough in Europe to perfect his learning in all the ordinary branches of knowledge. On his return to America, he sided with the people against the mother country, and was soon known and esteemed as among the ablest writers of the Independent party. The confidence reposed in him soon after was so great that he was joined with Franklin in the commission of three sent to obtain the concurrence of the Canadians in the revolt. He was a member of Congress for the first two trying years, when that body was only fourteen in number, and might rather be deemed a cabinet council for action than any thing like a deliberative senate. He then belonged, during the rest of the war, to the legislature of his native state, Maryland, until 1788, when he was elected one of the United States Senate, and continued for three years to act in this capacity. . . . . As no one had run so large a risk by joining the revolt, so no one had adhered to the standard of freedom more firmly, in all its fortunes, whether waving in triumph or over disaster and defeat. He never had despaired of the commonwealth, nor ever had lent his ear to factious councils; never had shrunk from any sacrifice, nor ever had pressed himself forward to the exclusion of men better fitted to serve the common cause. Thus it happened to him that no man was more universally respected and beloved; none had fewer enemies; and, notwithstanding the ample share in which the gifts of fortune were showered upon his house, no one grudged its prosperity. It would, however, be a

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ished manners." He was accompanied in New York during the second session of the first Congress by several members of his family, which was in a few years to be so largely represented among the most dignified circles of the British aristocracy. His daughter, Polly Carroll, had been married, in Baltimore, in November, 1786, to Mr. Richard Caton,* an English gentleman who came to this

very erroneous view of his merits and of the place which he filled in the eye of his country, which should represent him as only respected for his patriotism and his virtues. He had talents and acquirements which enabled him effectually to help the cause he espoused. His knowledge was various, and his eloquence was of a high order. It was, like his character, mild and pleasing: like his deportment, correct and faultless, flowing smoothly, and executing far more than it seemed to aim at; every one was charmed by it, and many were persuaded. His taste was peculiarly chaste, for he was a scholar of extraordinary accomplishments, and few, if any, of the speakers in the New World came nearer the models of the more refined oratory practised in the parent state. Nature and ease, want of effort, gentleness, united with sufficient strength, are noted as its enviable characteristics; and as it thus approached the tone of conversation, so, long after he ceased to appear in public, his private society is represented as displaying much of his rhetorical powers, and has been compared, not unhappily, by a late writer, to the words of Nestor, which fell like vernal snows as he spake to the people. In commotions, whether of the senate or the multitude, such a speaker, by his calmness and firmness joined, might well hope to have the weight, and to exert the control and mediatory authority of him, *pietate gravis et meritis*, who ——regit dictis animos et pectora mulcet."

* As early as 1809 two of the daughters of Mr. Caton were reigning belles of Baltimore and Washington. The memoirs of the eldest would constitute a narrative of singular and romantic interest. In the first flowering of womanly beauty she was married to Mr. Robert Patterson, an accomplished and wealthy merchant of Baltimore, with whom she travelled in Europe, where she attracted the attention of Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, who followed her over half the continent, and by his unguarded devotion incurred not a little scandal. Mrs. Patterson returned to Maryland, and her admirer for many months wrote a minute diary of what occurred in the gay world abroad, which he transmitted in letters by every packet for the United States. When she became a widow she revisited London; but the future hero of Waterloo was now himself married, and therefore unable to offer her his hand; he however introduced his elder brother, the Marquis of Wellesley, "that great statesman whose outset in life was marked by a cordial support of American independence," and who was now Viceroy of Ireland, and he soon after became her husband. Sir Arthur continued through all his splendid career to be one of the warmest of her friends. The Marchioness of Wellesley died at Hampton Court, on the seventeenth of December, 1853. One of her sisters was married to Colonel Hervey, an aid-de-camp to Lord Wellington in the battle of Waterloo, and, becoming a widow, was subsequently united to the Marquis of Caermarthen, afterwards Duke of Leeds. Another sister married Baron Stafford, and another Mr. McTavish, for many years British consul at Baltimore. Mrs. McTavish still survives, and is one of the most distinguished and respected women of her native city.

country in the previous year. Mrs. Caton's amiable and graceful manners made her a general favorite, and Washington, in particular, was extremely partial to her.

Of the loyalist families remaining in the city perhaps none was more conspicuous in society than that of Henry White.* His wife was a Van Courtlandt, and appears not to have accompanied him to England. There were two Misses White who were very much admired. They resided in Wall street, near Broadway.

In this period New York was without any foreign ministers of much personal or social distinction. The Count de Moustier had taken leave the day before the President started upon his tour through the eastern states; M. Otto and the Sieur de Crevecœur were also in France, with their families; and Don Diego Gardoqui was now in Spain. Mr. Van Berckel, had, however, returned from

* Sabine says Henry White went to England in 1783, and that his widow died in New York, at the age of ninety-nine, in 1836. One of her sons was Lieutenant General White, of the British army; another was Rear Admiral White, of the Royal Navy. One of her daughters was dowager Lady Hayes, and widow of Peter Jay Monroe. "Madam White was a lady of great wealth, and her recollections of New York society were curious." In 1787 we find that one "J. B." imitated an epigram of Martial, in an address to Miss M. White, as follows:

"My lovely maid, I 've often thought
Whether thy name be just or not;
Thy bosom is as cold as snow,
Which we for matchless *white* may show;
But when thy beauteous face is seen,
Thou 'rt of *brunettes* the charming queen.
Resolve our doubts: let it be known
Thou rather art inclined to *Brown*."

An ancient citizen, a few years ago, in a letter to General Morris, referring to the winter of 1789 and 1790, says: "You must remember the Misses White, so gay and fashionable, so charming in conversation, with such elegant figures. . . . . I remember going one night with Sir John Temple and Henry Remsen to a party at their house. I was dressed in a light French blue coat, with a high collar, broad lappels, and large gilt buttons, a double-breasted Marseilles vest, Nankeen-colored cassimere breeches, with white silk stockings, shining pumps, and full ruffles on my breast and at my wrists, together with a ponderous white cravat, with a pudding in it, as we then called it; and I was considered the best-dressed gentleman in the room. I remember to have walked a minuet with much grace, with my friend Mrs. Verplanck, who was dressed in hoop and petticoats; and, singularly enough, I caught cold that night from drinking hot Port wine negus, and riding home in a sedan chair, with one of the glasses broken."

a visit to Europe, and had been received by the President as the representative of their High Mightinesses, the States General of the United Netherlands.

III.

The President during the autumn labored with unfaltering assiduity, though frequently warned of the necessity of some relaxation of his devotion to affairs; "he does not look so well as I expected to see him," wrote Mr. Harrison, the celebrated advocate, to Mr. Powell, of Philadelphia, "and I have heard it said that he is disposed to be unsocial; but this, I apprehend, is owing to the excessive anxiety he has to discharge every duty in the very best manner, and I am persuaded that there is hardly another man connected with the government who performs as much really hard work." Though he himself in several letters refers to his health as much improved, it is evident that he never entirely recovered from the illness which had prostrated him in the earlier part of the summer.

He sometimes, however, gratified the people by participating in their public amusements; on one occasion it is mentioned that, with Mrs. Washington and other members of his family, he was "pleased to honor with his company Mr. Bowen's exhibition of wax-work, at number seventy-four Water street, and appeared well satisfied with the late improvements made by the proprietor." Soon after, with Governor Clinton, he attended a review and sham-fight, devised by Colonel Bauman and others, of which it is said that it "afforded the highest entertainment to a large concourse of respectable characters;" and he now and then went to see a play.

The theatre had of course met with decided opposition in nearly all the states. It is not probable that it will ever cease to be opposed, and it is quite certain that it will always exist, where there is even a shadow of real civilization. The corruption of the drama

and the profligacy of actors are constantly asserted, but who is so blind as not to see that the withdrawal of the religious and servilely formal and nominally virtuous, from an inevitable institution, will pervert it, and deprave it, and make it injurious to society, while a more kindly guardianship might render it a conservator of morality and refinement, as well as a most delightful and rational means of intellectual recreation? The parent of innumerable superstitions, and of all heresies ever in the churches the most injurious to true religion, is the belief that self-denial is in itself a virtue, — that Simeon Stylites, "from scalp to sole one slough and crust of sin," deserved canonization for withdrawing from the pleasant pathways of the world to "chatter with the cold," and "drown the whoopings of the owl with sound of pious hymns and psalms," upon his column. Undoubtedly we are never to consider our ease or the satisfaction of our natural desires a moment in comparison with the love and obedience we owe to God, or the affectionate justice due to our fellow-men, or any exhibition of the attractive beauty of holiness; but the Creator and all his works continually urge us to enjoy, all that is enjoyable in innocence, and denounce every avoidance or interdiction of reasonable happiness as crime. No means of pleasure has ever been devised more dignified and worthy of a fine intelligence, than that of the fit exhibition on the stage of the noblest and most universally appreciable productions of genius; and it is a valuable portion of the faultless example* of Washington, which displays his approval of such exercise of our

* The President not only attended the theatre in John street, but he had "private theatricals" in his own house. President Duer says, "I was not only frequently admitted to the presence of this most august of men, *in propria persona*, but once had the honor of appearing before him as one of the *dramatis personæ* in the tragedy of Julius Cæsar, enacted by a young 'American Company,' (the theatrical corps then performing in New York being called the 'Old American Company,') in the garret of the Presidential mansion, where, before the magnates of the land and the *élite* of the city, I performed the part of Brutus to the Cassius of my old schoolfellow, Washington Custis, who still survives in the enjoyment of health, wealth, and the fame of his family alliance, with any thing but the 'lean and hungry look' attributed to his fictitious character."

capacities for art. A certain bishop of Worcester, declaring that he had greater delight in Bacon than in Shakspeare, was complimented on his addiction to philosophy, but confessed that the bacon he referred to was of no abstruse sort, and was purchasable by the flitch rather than by the folio; and there were in the days of Washington not a few clergymen boastful of excellent cooks, or ever ready to dine with approved epicures, to whose diseased perceptions that high feeding of the mind provided by the histrions was a soul-destroying poison; nor is it impossible — so inconsistent is human nature — that there were bishops too, in the same period, whose distinction it was that they were more skilful than the best instructed laymen in the composition of punches, while they would not have wandered with Thalia or Melpomene by Helicon even to have secured a monopoly of its inspiring waters.

The subject of licensing theatres had been before the legislature of Pennsylvania in 1785, and Robert Morris and General Anthony Wayne had successfully advocated their toleration. A theatre was opened in Philadelphia, and another soon after in New York, at which, on the evening of the sixth of April, 1786, was performed Royal Tyler's comedy, in five acts, called "The Contrast" — the first American play ever brought out by a company of regular comedians. Henry,* Hallam, and Wignell, were the popular actors of that time, and they appear to have possessed decided and various abilities for their profession. On the seventh of September, 1789, the second native comedy, "The Father, or American Shan-

* Henry was the only actor in America who kept a carriage. It was in the form of a coach, but very small — large enough only to carry himself and his wife to the theatre. It was drawn by one horse, and driven by a black boy. Aware of the jealousy toward players, and that it would be said "He keeps a coach," he had caused to be painted on the doors, as coats of arms are painted, two crutches, in heraldic fashion, with the legend, "*This* or *these*." He suffered much from gout, and it is remembered that he said, "I put this marked motto and device on my carriage to prevent any impertinent observations on an actor keeping his coach: the wits would have taken care to forget that the actor could not walk."

dyism," was produced at the John street house with considerable success. It was written by William Dunlap, who for two or three years had painted portraits, for very moderate prices, at number thirteen Queen street. A contemporary critic observes that "sentiment, wit, and comic humor, are happily blended in this ingenious performance, nor is that due proportion of the pathetic, which interests the finest feelings of the human heart, omitted. The happy allusions to characters and events in which every friend of our country feels interested, and those traits of benevolence which are brought to view under the most favorable circumstances, conspired to engage, amuse, delight, and instruct, through five acts of alternate anticipations and agreeable surprises." The reception of this piece encouraged Dunlap to further efforts, and on the twenty-fourth of November his "Darby's Return" was acted, before a very crowded house, to its "fullest satisfaction." When Washington came in, on this, as on other occasions, the audience rose and received him with the warmest acclamations.

IV.

The winter of 1789-90 was warmer than any which the oldest inhabitants could remember. In the last week of December and the first of January gardeners and farmers on the island of Manhattan were ploughing, and women appeared in the streets of the city in their summer dresses. The pleasant custom of making New Year's calls had long obtained in most of the countries of continental Europe, and it was brought to New York by both the Dutch and the Huguenots, who had preserved it as one of their peculiar institutions, which never could be naturalized in towns of a more purely English origin and population. On Friday, the first of January, 1790, we are informed by the late venerable Mr. John Pintard, who was then a young man of fashion, and a close observer,

the President was waited upon by the principal gentlemen of the metropolis. The day was uncommonly mild and agreeable, even for that year of perpetual verdure, and the great festival of friendship was never kept more universally or with a livelier gratification. The visitors of the President, after an interchange of the usual salutations of the day, withdrew, delighted at his gracious manner. It is not known, though Mr. Pintard assures us that a majority of them were personally unacquainted with him, that there were any to complain of such a stately bearing as about this time alarmed a sagacious colonel from Virginia for the safety of the republic. This colonel had travelled, and after attending one of the receptions of the President, he declared, at the table of Governor Beverly Randolph, in Richmond, that "his bows were more distant and stiff" than any he had seen at St. James's! A correspondent informed Washington of the fearful apprehensions thus awakened, and he replied, "That I have not been able to make bows to the taste of poor Colonel B——, who, by the way, I believe never saw but one of them, is to be regretted; especially as, upon those occasions, they were indiscriminately bestowed, and the best I was master of. Would it not have been better to throw the veil of charity over them, ascribing their stiffness to the effects of age, or to the unskilfulness of my teacher, rather than to pride and dignity of office?"

Mrs. Washington held her levee, as on other Friday evenings, but on no previous occasion had one been graced with so much respectability and elegance. The air was almost as gentle as it should be in May, and the full moon shone so brightly that the streets to a late hour were filled with a delicious twilight. It was not the custom for visitors of the President to sit, but it appears from Mr. Pintard's diary that, on this night at least, there were chairs in the rooms where Mrs. Washington saw her guests, for "after they were seated," tea and coffee, and plum and plain cake,

were dispensed by the attending servants. She remarked, while speaking of the day's occurrences, that none of them had so pleased the General (by which title she always designated her husband) as the friendly greetings of the gentlemen who called upon him at noon. To an inquiry, by the President, whether such observances were casual or customary, it was answered, that New Year's visiting had always been maintained in the city. He paused a moment, and then observed, "The highly favored situation of New York will, in the process of years, attract numerous emigrants, who will gradually change its ancient customs and manners; but, whatever changes take place, never forget the cordial and cheerful observance of New Year's day." Mrs. Washington had stood by his side as the visitors arrived and were presented, and when the clock in the hall was heard striking nine, she advanced and with a complacent smile said, "The General always retires at nine, and I usually precede him;" upon which all arose, made their parting salutations, and withdrew.

V.

The members came together very slowly for the second session of Congress, which was to have been opened on the fourth of January, but a quorum not being then present, such senators and representatives as were in town met every day and adjourned, until the eighth, when, a sufficient number having arrived for the transaction of business, the President came to Federal Hall, in his chariot, with six horses, and, proceeding to the Senate chamber, was conducted by the Vice President to his chair, and delivered his speech, of which printed copies were immediately afterward laid upon the several desks in both Houses. It was the practice of Washington to communicate with Congress only by written messages, except at the commencement of each session, when he met in person both

branches in joint assembly. He was dressed on this occasion in a complete suit of fine cloth, manufactured in Hartford, "of that beautiful changeable hue called crow color, which is remarked in shades not quite black." After congratulating Congress on the auspicious appearance of public affairs, the recent acceptance of the Constitution by the state of North Carolina, and the general and increasing goodwill manifested toward the government, he proceeded to recommend such measures as he deemed most essential for the public interests, and dwelt with particular emphasis upon the consideration that nothing was more deserving of the patronage of a free people than literature and institutions of learning.

A large number of public dinners are mentioned as having been given in New York in the early part of the year 1790, and many of the discussions of politics and affairs which occurred out of Congress were at the tables of the leading public characters. The President continued his Wednesday dinner parties to members of Congress, ambassadors, and other eminent persons, and frequently invited the secretaries to debate cabinet questions "over a bottle of wine." On the sixth of February, the anniversary of the alliance between France and the United States, the *chargé d'affaires* of His Most Christian Majesty, entertained at his house the Vice President, the heads of departments, the Senate, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Chief Justice Jay, Governor Clinton, Chancellor Livingston, and the diplomatic body and other foreigners of distinction.

The birthday of the President was this year celebrated with enthusiasm in Boston, Salem, Charleston, Richmond, Alexandria, Philadelphia, Trenton, and most of the large towns throughout the United States. In New York, the Tammany Society or Columbian Order, then recently instituted "on the true principles of patriotsm, and having for its motives charity and brotherly love," held a

meeting at their wigwam, and resolved that for ever after it would "commemorate the birthday of the illustrious George Washington."

VI.

Mr. Jefferson, after a very pleasant passage, arrived at Norfolk from France on the twenty-third of November, and proceeded soon after to Monticello. His wife had been dead many years, but his two daughters, whom he had educated very carefully in their native country and in Europe, were now grown to womanhood, and the eldest* of them had been awaiting his return to be married to Mr.

* Martha Jefferson was born on the twenty-seventh of September, 1772, and was therefore now a little more than seventeen years of age. John Randolph said she was "the sweetest young creature in Virginia;" Mrs. Adams, to whose care she had been intrusted some time in Paris, refers to her with the most affectionate expressions; and Mrs. Smith, the daughter of Mrs. Adams, says, "delicacy and sensibility are read in her every feature, and her manners are in unison with all that is amiable and lovely." While Miss Jefferson, in 1783, was at school in Philadelphia, boarding with Mrs. Trist, (grandmother of Mr. Nicholas P. Trist, who is now the husband of the grand-daughter of Mr. Jefferson,) her father addressed to her the following letter, which has never hitherto been published, and is very interesting as an illustration of his domestic character and his views of the education of women: "*Annapolis, November* 28, 1783. My dear Patsy: After four days' journey, I arrived here without any accident, and in as good health as when I left Philadelphia. The conviction that you would be more improved in the situation where I have placed you than if still with me, has solaced me on my parting with you, which my love for you has rendered a difficult thing. The acquirements which I hope you will make under the tutors I have provided for you, will render you more worthy of my love; and if they cannot increase it, they will prevent its diminution. Consider the good lady who has taken you under her roof, who has undertaken to see that you perform all your exercises, and to admonish you in all those wanderings from what is right, or what is clever, to which your inexperience would expose you,—consider her, I say, as your mother, as the only person to whom, since the loss with which Heaven has been pleased to afflict you, you can now look up; and that her displeasure or disapprobation, on any occasion, will be an immense misfortune, which, should you be so unhappy as to incur by any unguarded act, think no concession too much to regain her good will. With respect to the distribution of your time, the following is what I should approve: From 8 to 10, practise music. From 10 to 1, dance one day and draw another. From 1 to 2, draw on the day you dance and write a letter next day. From 3 to 4, read French. From 4 to 5, exercise yourself in music. From 5 till bed-time read English, write, &c. Communicate this plan to Mrs. Hopkinson; and, if she approves of it, pursue it. As long as Mrs. Trist remains in Philadelphia, cultivate her affections. She has been a valuable friend to you, and her good sense and good heart make her valued by all who know her, and by nobody on earth more than me. I expect you will write to me by every post. Inform me what books you read, what tunes you learn, and inclose me your best copy of every lesson in drawing. Write also one letter every week, either to your Aunt



Thomas Mann Randolph, of Tuckahoe, whom he describes as "a young gentleman of genius, science, and honorable mind, who afterward filled a dignified station in the general government, and the most dignified in his own state." On the first of March, he left home for the seat of government, to asume his duties as Secretary of State. In Philadelphia, he writes to Madame la Comtesse d'Houdetot, "I found our friend Dr. Franklin in his bed — cheerful, and free from pain, but still, in his bed. He took a lively interest in the details I gave him of your revolution. I observed his face often flushed in the course of it. He is much emaciated." It was in this interview that Franklin confided to him the manuscript, now lost, of one of the most important portions of his personal memoirs.

The fine weather of December and January had been succeeded in the later winter by rains and blustery snows, and Mr. Jefferson had an extremely tedious and disagreeable passage to New York, which he described the week after its conclusion in a letter to his son-in-law. "I arrived here," he says, "on the twenty-first instant, after as laborious a journey, of a fortnight, from Richmond, as I ever went through — resting only one day at Alexandria, and another at Baltimore. I found my carriage and horses at Alexandria; but a snow of eighteen inches deep falling the same night, I saw the impossibility of getting on in my own carriage: so left it there, to be sent to me by water, and had my horses led on to this place,

Eppes, your Aunt Skipwith, your Aunt Carr, or the little lady from whom I now enclose a letter, and always put the letter you so write under cover to me. Take care that you never spell a word wrong. Always, before you write a word, consider how it is spelt, and, if you do not remember it, turn to a dictionary. It produces great praise to a lady to spell well. I have placed my happiness on seeing you good and accomplished; and no distress which this world can now bring on me would equal that of your disappointing my hopes. If you love me then, strive to be good under every situation, and to all living creatures, and to acquire those accomplishments which I have put in your power, and which will go far towards ensuring you the warmest love of your affectionate father. TH. JEFFERSON.

"P. S. Keep my letters and read them at times, that you may always have present in your mind those things which will endear you to me."

taking my passage in the stage, though relieving myself a little sometimes by mounting my horse. The roads, through the whole way, were so bad that we could never go more than three miles an hour, sometimes not more than two, and in the night but one. My first object was to look out a house, in the Broadway, if possible, as being in the centre of my business. Finding none there vacant, for the present, I have taken a small one in Maiden lane, which may give me time to look about me. Much business had been put by for my arrival, so that I found myself all at once involved under an accumulation of it. When this shall be got through I will be able to judge whether the ordinary business of my department will leave me any leisure. I fear there will be little."

Mr. Jefferson was not well pleased with the tone of political society; in his famous "Anas" he says, "I found a state of things which of all I had ever contemplated I then least expected. I had left France in the first year of her revolution, in the fervor of natural rights and zeal for reformation. My conscientious devotion to these rights could not be heightened, but it had been roused and excited by daily exercise. The President received me cordially, and my colleagues and the circle of principal citizens, apparently with welcome. The courtesies of dinner parties, given me as a stranger newly arrived among them, placed me at once in their familiar society. But I cannot describe the wonder with which their table conversations filled me. Politics were their chief topic, and a preference of kingly over republican government was evidently the favorite sentiment. An apostate I could not be, nor yet a hypocrite, and I found myself, for the most part, the only advocate on the republican side of the question, unless among the guests there chanced to be some member of that party from the legislative houses." He says much more in the same vein, and its value may be inferred from what has been shown respecting his account

of the inauguration ball. There is not the slightest evidence except Mr. Jefferson's assertions that there was a single person in the city at that period, except foreign residents, who were any less partial to republicanism than himself; certainly General Washington, General Knox, Colonel Hamilton, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Jay, with whom his official relations brought him into the most frequent intercourse, never, on any occasion whatever, breathed or wrote a syllable to authorize an imputation against them or any of them of a predilection for kingly or aristocratical institutions.

VII.

On the seventeenth of April Benjamin Franklin died in Philadelphia, and though the event had been expected for many months, it produced a profound sensation throughout the country.* This

* A contemporary journal thus announces the death of the philosopher and the circumstances of his funeral: "On the seventeenth of April departed this life, at Philadelphia, the venerable and celebrated philosopher and patriot, Benjamin Franklin, LL.D., aged eighty-five years. His final sickness lasted fifteen days. He was interred with every mark of esteem and veneration. The following was the order of procession:

All the Clergy of the City, before the Corpse.
The Corpse, carried by Citizens.
The Pall, supported by the President of the State, the Chief Justice, the President of the Bank, Samuel Powell, William Bingham, and David Rittenhouse, Esqs.
Mourners, consisting of the family of the deceased, with a number of particular friends.
The Secretary and Members of the Supreme Executive Council.
The Speaker and members of the General Assembly.
Judge of the Supreme Court, and other Officers of the Government.
The Gentlemen of the Bar.
The Mayor and Corporation of the City of Philadelphia.
The Printers of the City, with their Journeymen and Apprentices.
The Philosophical Society.
The College of Physicians.
The Cincinnati.
The College of Philadelphia, and sundry other Societies.

"The concourse of spectators was greater than ever was known on a like occasion. It is computed that not less than twenty thousand persons attended the funeral. The order and silence which prevailed during the procession deeply evinced the heartfelt sense entertained by all classes of citizens of the unparalleled virtues, talents, and services of the deceased."

illustrious man was admired and revered next to Washington, and only for the death of Washington could there have been a more pervading sorrow. A few days after the intelligence reached New York a resolution was moved by Mr. Madison, and unanimously adopted, that "being informed of the decease of Benjamin Franklin, a citizen whose native genius was not more an ornament to human nature than his various exertions of it have been precious to science, to freedom, and to his country.... as a mark of veneration due to his memory, the members wear the customary badge of mourning for one month." The Executive Council of Pennsylvania passed a similar resolution; the American Philosophical Society appointed one of their number, the Reverend Dr. William Smith, to pronounce a discourse commemorative of his character; an homage of the same kind was offered in a Latin oration by the Reverend Dr. Stiles, at Yale College; and the societies of the Cincinnati in the several states, the Tammany Society in New York, and other public bodies, also wore insignia of mourning.

In France the honors paid to his memory were not less remarkable. When the news reached Paris, Mirabeau ascended the tribune and before a silent and sympathetic audience said, "Franklin is dead! Returned into the bosom of the divinity is that genius which freed America, and rayed forth upon Europe torrents of light. The sage whom the two worlds alike claim — the man for whom the history of science and the history of empires are disputing — held, beyond doubt, an elevated rank in the human species. For long enough have political cabinets noticed the deaths of those who were only great in their funeral orations; for long enough has court-etiquette proclaimed hypocritical mourning. Nations should only wear mourning for their benefactors. The representatives of nations ought only to recommend to their homage the heroes of humanity. The Congress has ordained, in the thirteen

states of the confederation, a mourning of two months for the decease of Franklin; and America is acquitting, at this very moment, that tribute of veneration for one of the fathers of her constitution. Would it not be worthy of us, gentlemen, to join in that religious act; to participate in that homage, rendered, before the face of the universe, both to the rights of man and to the philosopher who has the most contributed to extend their acknowledgment over all the world? Antiquity would have raised altars to that vast and powerful genius, who, for the advantage of mortals, embracing in his aspirations heaven and the earth, knew how to tame tyrants and their thunderbolts. France, enlightened and free, owes at the least an expression of remembrance and regret for one of the greatest men who have ever aided philosophy and liberty. I propose that it be decreed that the National Assembly wear mourning during three days for Benjamin Franklin." Lafayette and Rochefoucauld seconded the motion; it was adopted by acclamation; and the Assembly afterwards decreed that they would go into mourning for three days. The Abbé Sièyes, as President of the Assembly, addressed a letter to the President of the United States on the loss which the human race had sustained in the death of this apostle of freedom and philosophy: the Abbe Fauchet pronounced an eulogy upon his life and genius in the presence of the Commune of Paris; Condorcet celebrated his virtues in an oration before the Academy of Sciences; and every where throughout the kingdom there were demonstrations of reverence for his character and regret for his death.

VIII.

The most famous and troublesome leaders of the Indians, during Washington's administration, were Brant, or Thayendanegea, chief of the six nations, and Alexander McGillivray, a compound of

Creek and Scotch, who became the head man of a powerful confederacy on the frontiers of Georgia. They were both persons of considerable education, and familiar with the habits and warlike customs of civilized society. McGillivray, after studying Latin at Charleston, had been placed in a counting-house, but though shrewd and not without a spirit of enterprise he had evinced a greater fondness for books than for mercantile affairs. His father, a successful Indian trader, had acquired large possessions in Georgia, but for his opposition to the revolution they had been confiscated and he himself banished, leaving the young Indian with little property and no attachment to the Anglo-Americans. Taking refuge with the Creeks, his abilities and knowledge soon enabled him to win influence and distinction, and for several years he carried on a formidable war against the Georgians, in which he was supported by the Spaniards of Florida. In the summer of 1789 Washington had appointed General Lincoln, Colonel Humphreys, and David Griffin, commissioners to treat for a settlement of the difficulties with the Creek confederacy, but they were unsuccessful, and Colonel Marinus Willett had been sent on a second mission, which resulted in his persuading McGillivray, with twenty-eight principal chiefs and warriors of his nation, to proceed to the seat of government, where negotiations might be carried on with less liability to interruption or influence from local interests. The party was cordially and ceremoniously received in Philadelphia, and in New York, where they arrived on the twenty-first of July, and remained several weeks, attracting even more attention than was given to Black Hawk nearly half a century afterward. Arrayed in their Indian dresses, the Tammany Society escorted them into the city, and on the second of August entertained them at a public dinner, at which the Tammany sachems sung songs, the Creek sachems danced, and toasts were drank, and the orators of both sides made

speeches. General Knox, Governor Clinton, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Jay, and many other public characters were among the guests. The Indians were present also at a grand review of uniformed militia, by the President and the Secretary of War, on the grounds of Colonel Rutgers. A treaty having been concluded, by the Secretary of War, it was ratified in Federal Hall on the thirteenth of August, in the presence of a large assembly, including the principal officers of the administration, members of Congress, and other distinguished citizens. The President, with his suite, met the Creek chiefs at twelve o'clock, and, the treaty having been read and interpreted, addressed them in a speech in which its several provisions were explained, and received from each an audible and emphatic assent to them. He then signed the treaty, and delivered a string of wampum, as a memorial of amity, and a paper of tobacco, to smoke in commemoration of it, to McGillivray, who made a short acknowledgment, after which there was a general shaking of hands, and in conclusion the chiefs and warriors sung a song of peace.

Colonel Trumbull, who had returned from Europe to obtain subscribers for the engravings from his celebrated series of pictures illustrative of the revolution, had just completed for the corporation the large full length portrait of the President which now graces the City Hall. Washington was curious to see the effect it would produce on the minds of the savages, and therefore directed Trumbull to place it in an advantageous light, facing the entrance of the painting room, and, having entertained several of the principal chiefs at dinner, he invited them to walk with him, and led them suddenly into the presence of his counterfeit. As the door was opened they were startled at seeing another "Great Father," standing within, and for a time were mute with astonishment. At length one of the chiefs advanced toward the picture, slowly reached out his hand and touched it, and was still more astounded to feel but

a cold flat surface instead of the warm round figure it had seemed. He exclaimed "Ugh!" and each of the party with a grave surprise not unmixed with fear carefully repeated his examination. Trumbull had been anxious to obtain portraits of some of these chiefs, whom he describes as possessed of a dignity of manner, form, countenance, and expression, worthy of Roman senators; but after this he found it impossible; they were suspicious that there was magic in an art which could impart to a piece of canvas the appearance of a great soldier, dressed for battle, and standing beside his war-horse.

Since the inauguration of the new government the business of New York had largely increased, and the erection of many handsome public and private edifices had added much to the attractive appearance of the city. Trinity Church, completed in 1737, had been destroyed in the great fire of September, 1776, and a new one — that which a few years ago gave place to the present beautiful structure — was now finished, and on the last Thursday in March was consecrated by Bishop Provoost, in the presence of Washington, the members of the cabinet and other eminent public men, the resident clergy of different denominations, and an unusually large assemblage of fashion and beauty. The vestry appropriated a richly-ornamented pew, with a canopy over it, to the President of the United States, and other pews were assigned to the Governor of the state and the members of Congress. A curious event occurred at this church a short time before the adjournment of Congress, in August. The Reverend Benjamin Blagrove, of St. Peter's Parish, New Kent, Virginia, was permitted to give a public concert there. He sung two long pieces of sacred music, accompanying himself on the organ, and his great reputation as a vocalist secured a full house.

An extraordinary absurdity was committed by the mayor and corporation, in the spring of 1790, which materially lessened the

beauty of the city, and gave rise to many indignant displays of feeling on the part of newspaper poets and public meetings; New York was liberally ornamented with trees, and great pains had been taken to plant them in a rich variety along the principal streets; but the authorities, doubtless for some supposed necessity connected with the public health — as Dr. Samuel Latham Mitchell, about this time described as "a buckish young oracle, half dandy and half philosopher," was accused at a dinner party at Fraunces's tavern of having too much to do with the business — ordered them all to be cut down before the first of June.

IX.

During his New England tour, in 1789, the President did not pass through Rhode Island, as that state had not yet accepted the Constitution; but on Saturday, the fourteenth of August, he sailed for Newport, accompanied by Mr. Jefferson, Governor Clinton, Judge Blair, Mr. Foster, Mr. Smith, of South Carolina, Mr. Gilman, of New Hampshire, Colonel Humphreys, Major Jackson, and Mr. Nelson. He arrived at Newport the following Tuesday morning, and was welcomed by a salute of thirteen guns when the packet passed Fort Washington, thirteen more from the same quarter on his landing, and a like number from the shipping in the harbor. The citizens received their distinguished guest with every suitable mark of respect, and in procession escorted him to his lodgings. At four o'clock a committee of the town authorities waited on him to the State House, where he partook of an elegant dinner, after which the federal complement of toasts was given, to the first of which he responded, "The state we are in, and prosperity to it!" On Wednesday morning he was addressed by the mayor, the clergy, and the society of Free Masons, and having visited the several parts of the town, he sailed for Providence, where his re-

ception was remarkably enthusiastic, and was followed by every conceivable demonstration of respectful attachment. He returned on the twenty-first, having been absent ten days, with his health improved by the voyage.

X.

The second session of the first Congress — the last ever held in New York — was closed on the twelfth of August, and on the thirtieth the President set out for Virginia, where he proposed to pass the remainder of the season. The excursion to Rhode Island had caused a partial and temporary restoration of his strength, but he was still suffering from disease, brought on by too constant application to business, and he contemplated with delight the repose and recreation he should find at Mount Vernon. "Within the last twelve months," he wrote, "I have undergone more and severer sickness than thirty preceding years afflicted me with. I have abundant reason, however, to be thankful, that I am so well recovered; though I still feel the remains of the violent affection of my lungs: the cough, pain in my breast, and shortness of breathing, not having entirely left me." The day before his departure he entertained the mayor and corporation, and Governor and Mrs. Clinton, at his last public dinner. He recalled the many interesting scenes with which he had been connected in the city and its vicinity, and spoke with much emotion of the kindness which he had received from the people during all his intercourse with them, especially since the establishment of the federal government. It was his intention to avoid all ceremony in leaving, but the executive officers of the United States, the governor and principal officers of the state, the mayor and corporation, the clergy, the members of the society of the Cincinnati, and many other respectable persons, attended and escorted him to the place where he was to

embark, on the beautiful barge which had been presented to him on his arrival in the previous year. He left his residence at half after ten o'clock, with Mrs. Washington and the other members of his family, and the moment they stepped from the wharf was announced by thirteen guns from the battery. The solemnity of this parting scene* was singularly different from the tumultuous joy with which the President had been received, a year and a half before. He again expressed the sense he entertained of the disposition of the citizens to render his residence among them agreeable; said that, although circumstances had made his removal necessary, he should never forget their generous attentions; and wished them, their state, and city, every prosperity. Governor Clinton, Chief Justice Jay, General Knox, Colonel Hamilton, and the mayor, accompanied him as far as Paulus Hook.

Having landed in New Jersey, the President had no further use for his barge, and he directed that it should be returned, with the following letter, written just before starting, to Captain Thomas

* "As the General left the house, he took my hand, and I thought I never saw him look so sad. We reached the appointed place of departure, I see the spot plainly before me: the crowd was immense.... the eyes of the multitude were steadily bent upon him, but not a whisper among the whole was audible. When arrived at the spot, he paused, and for a moment surveyed the scene. I saw that his heart was too full for utterance, and his eyes seemed bursting with suppressed tears; still he calmly looked on all around..... At length, when the last officer had been embraced, the General seemed for a moment to gain a self possession, and with a firm step turned towards the boat in waiting; he stepped on board, and almost sunk upon the seat; this was but for an instant, for as the boat shoved off, he stood upright, and quickly raising his hat with that grace and dignity which seemed peculiarly to belong to him, he surveyed once more his officers, and his friends, and after pausing a moment, he murmured with an emphasis I can never forget, so full of mingled sorrow and affliction, so deep and earnest, so soulfelt in its accents, the single word 'Farewell!' and waving his hat, the fresh gushing tears prevented his further action or utterance. At that moment a shout, such as I have never heard, before or since — one simultaneous shout — burst from the shore, and so loud, and deep, and full, was it, that it drowned the echo of the heavy guns, the large twenty-eight pounders, which at the same moment were fired from a short distance above. A dull heavy noise was all I could distinguish; and as the acclaim of the multitude was wafted over the parting waves, and the cannon's smoke rose upwards, the General once more waved his hand, and the boat shot rapidly from the shore. This was the last time he ever saw New York."— *George Washington Parke Cu[illegible]s's "Recollections."*

Randall, chairman of the committee of gentlemen through whom he had received it.

"*Sir:* On the second of May, 1789, I wrote you, requesting that my acknowledgments might be offered to the gentlemen who had presented an elegant barge to me, on my arrival in this city. As I am, at this moment, about commencing my journey to Virginia, and consequently shall have no farther occasion for the use of the barge, I must now desire that you will return it, in my name, and with my best thanks, to the original proprietors: at the same time I shall be much obliged if you will have the goodness to add, on my part, that in accepting their beautiful present, I considered it as a pledge of that real urbanity which, I am happy in declaring, I have experienced on every occasion during my residence among them; that I ardently wish every species of prosperity may be the constant portion of the respectable citizens of New York; and that I shall always retain a grateful remembrance of the polite attention of the citizens in general, and of those in particular to whom the contents of this note are addressed. I am, with sentiments of regard and esteem, sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

"G. WASHINGTON"

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
CALIFORNIA



REMOVAL OF THE GOVERNMENT.

I.

THERE was no subject before the first Congress which produced a deeper feeling or more warm debate than that of the permanent establishment of the seat of government. On the twenty-first of October, 1783, the old Congress, insulted at Philadelphia by a band of mutineers whom the state authorities were unable to put down, adjourned to Princeton, where it occupied the halls of the college, and finally to New York, where it assembled in the beginning of 1785. The question continued in debate, not only in Congress, but in the public journals and private correspondence of all parts of the country, and was brought before the convention for forming the Constitution, at Philadelphia, but by that body referred to the federal legislature. It was justly considered that extraordinary advantages would accrue to any city which might become the capital of the nation, and it is not surprising, therefore, that a sectional controversy arose which for a time threatened the most disastrous consequences. The eastern states would have been satisfied with the retention of the public business in New York, but Pennsylvania wished it to be conducted on the banks of the Delaware, and Maryland and Virginia, supported very generally by the more southern states, were not less anxious that the legislative centre of the republic should be on the Potomac.

Efforts were made to postpone the consideration of the subject another year, but against this all the southern parties protested, as New York in the mean time would be likely to strengthen her influence, and it was contended that the danger of selecting any large city was already apparent in the feeling manifested in favor of the present metropolis by persons whose constituents were unanimously opposed to it. Dr. Rush, in a letter to General Muhlenberg, after the passage of a bill in the House of Representatives for the establishment of the seat of government on the banks of the Susquehanna, wrote, "I rejoice in the prospect of Congress leaving New York; it is a sink of political vice;" and again, "Do as you please, but tear Congress away from New York in *any way;* do not rise without effecting this business." Other persons, whose means of judging were much better than those of Dr. Rush, believed with Wolcott, that "honesty was in fashion" here, and Mr. Page, a member from Virginia, sagacious, moral, and without local interests except in his own state, declared that New York was superior to any place he knew "for the orderly and decent behavior of its inhabitants." As to Philadelphia, the South Carolinians found an objection in her Quakers, who, they said, "were eternally dogging southern members with their schemes of emancipation."

There was another very exciting proposition at the same time before Congress, respecting which the supporting interests were in a different direction; the Carolinas, Georgia, and Virginia, were nearly as much opposed to the assumption of the state debts, as New England and New York were to establishing the seat of government in such a position that nine of the thirteen states should be north of it; and Mr. Hamilton, setting an example of compromises for the germinating statesman of Kentucky, then a pupil of the venerable Wythe, proposed an arrangement which resulted in the selection for federal purposes of Conogocheague, on the Potomac, now

known as the District of Columbia. Hamilton and Robert Morris, both strong advocates for the financial measure, agreed that if some of the southern members were gratified as to the location of the national capital, they might be willing to yield the other point, and two or three votes would be sufficient to change the majority in the House of Representatives. Mr. Jefferson had not been long in the city; he was ignorant of the secrets of its diplomacy; and complains that he was most innocently made to "hold the candle" to this intrigue, "being duped into it," as he says, "by the Secretary of the Treasury, and made a tool of for forwarding his schemes, not then sufficiently understood." Congress had met and adjourned, from day to day, without doing any thing. The members were too much out of humor to do business together. As Jefferson was on his way to the President's, one morning, he met in the street Hamilton, who walked him backwards and forwards in Broadway for half an hour, describing the temper of the legislature, the disgust of the creditor states, as they were called, and the danger of disunion, ending with an appeal for his aid and coöperation, as a member of the cabinet, in calming an excitement and settling a question which threatened the very existence of the government. Jefferson proposed that Hamilton should dine with him the next evening, and promised to invite another friend or two, thinking it "impossible that reasonable men, consulting together coolly, could fail, by some mutual sacrifices of opinion, to form a compromise which was to save the Union." The meeting and the discussion took place, and it was finally decided that two of the Virginia members who had opposed that measure should support the assumption bill, and that, to allay any excitement which might thus be produced, Hamilton and Morris should bring sufficient influence from the north to insure the permanent establishment of the government on the Potomac, after its continuance in Philadelphia for

ten years, during which period public buildings might be erected, and such other preparation made as should be necessary for the proper accommodation of persons engaged with public affairs. Morris had hitherto strongly advocated the claims of Philadelphia to be the permanent metropolis, and he now shrewdly concluded, President Duer observes, that if the public offices were once opened in that city they would continue there, as, but for the silent influence of the name of Washington, whose wishes on the subject were known, would have been the case. Dr. Green mentions that some person who was in company with the President during the discussion, remarked, "I know very well where the federal city ought to be." "Where, then, would you put it?" inquired Washington. The fellow mentioned a place, and was asked, "Why are you sure it should be there?" "For the most satisfactory of all reasons," he answered; "because nearly the whole of my property lies there and in the neighborhood." The insolent meaning was, of course, that Washington favored the location of the capital in its present site because it was near his estate. The people of New York were disappointed and vexed at the result, and they exhibited their spleen against Morris, to whom it was in a large degree attributed, in a caricature print, in which the stout senator from Pennsylvania was seen marching off with the Federal Hall upon his shoulders, its windows crowded with members of both Houses, encouraging or anathematizing this novel mode of deportation, while the devil, from the roof of the Paulus Hook ferry-house, beckoned to him, in a patronizing manner, crying, "This way, Bobby!"

II.

Captain Philip Freneau had remained in New York ever since the inauguration, and for the greater part of the time had been employed by Childs and Swaine, printers of the Daily Ad-

vertiser, as their writing editor. Through Mr. Madison, with whom he had been intimate while an undergraduate at Princeton college, he became acquainted with Mr. Jefferson, who soon discovered his useful qualities. During the agitation of the question of the removal of the seat of government the papers abounded with various articles for or against the several places proposed, and Freneau wrote some pungent paragraphs in favor of New York; but he was always most successful in a certain kind of familiar satirical verse, and among the effusions of his muse on this subject was the following correspondence:

THE PHILADELPHIA HOUSE-MAID TO HER FRIEND IN NEW YORK.

Six weeks my dear mistress has been in a fret,
And nothing but Congress will do for her yet—
She says they must come, or her senses she 'll lose;
From morning till night she is reading the news,
And loves the dear fellows that vote for our town
(Since no one can relish New York but a clown)....
She tells us as how she has read in her books
That God gives them meat, but the devil sends cooks;
And Grumbleton told us (who often shoots flying)
That fish you have plenty — but spoil them in frying;
That your streets are as crooked, as crooked can be,
Right forward, three perches, he never could see,
But his view was cut short with a house or a shop
That stood in his way — and obliged him to stop.
Those speakers that wish for New York to decide —
'T is a pity that talents are so misapplied!
My mistress declares she is vext to the heart
That genius should take such a pitiful part;
For the question, indeed, she is daily distrest,
And Gerry, I think, she will ever detest,
Who did all he could, with his tongue and his pen,
To keep the dear Congress shut up in your den.
She insists, the expense of removing is small,
And that two or three thousands will answer it all;
If that is too much, and we 're so very poor,
The passage by water is cheaper, be sure:
If people object the expense of a team,
Here 's Fitch, with his wherry, will bring them by steam;

And, Nabby!—if once he should take them on board,
The *honor* will be a sufficient reward.
But, as to myself, I vow and declare
I wish it would suit them to stay where they are;
I plainly foresee, that if once they remove,
Throughout the long day, we shall drive, and be drove....
Such scouring will be as has never been seen,
We shall always be cleaning, and never be clean,
And threats in abundance will work on my fears,
Of blows on the back, and of cuffs on the ears.
Two trifles, at present, discourage her paw,
The fear of the Lord, and the fear of the law;
But if Congress arrive, she will have such a sway
That gospel and law will be both done away.
For the sake of a place I must bear all her din,
And if ever so angry, do nothing but grin;
So Congress, I hope, in your town will remain,
And Nanny will thank them again and again.

THE NEW YORK HOUSE-MAID TO HER FRIEND IN PHILADELPHIA.

Well, Nanny, I am sorry to find, since you writ us,
The Congress at last has determined to quit us;
You now may begin, with your dishcloths and brooms,
To be scouring your knockers and scrubbing your rooms;
As for us, my dear Nanny, we're much in a pet,
And hundreds of houses will be to be let;
Our streets, that were just in a way to look clever,
Will now be neglected and nasty as ever;
Again we must fret at the Dutchified gutters
And pebble-stone pavements, that wear out our trotters.
My master looks dull, and his spirits are sinking,
From morning till night he is smoking and thinking,
Laments the expense of destroying the fort,
And says, your great people are all of a sort;
He hopes and he prays they may die in a stall,
If they leave us in debt—for the Federal Hall;
Miss Letty, poor lady, is so in the pouts,
She values no longer our dances and routs,
And sits in a corner, dejected and pale,
As dull as a cat, and as lean as a rail!—
Poor thing, I am certain she's in a decay,
And all, because Congress resolve—not to stay!
This Congress unsettled is, sure, a sad thing—
Seven years, my dear Nanny, they 've been on the wing;

My master would rather saw timber, or dig,
Than see them removing to Conogocheague —
Where the houses and kitchens are yet to be framed,
The trees to be felled, and the streets to be named.

In a letter from Philadelphia, dated the tenth of August, it is said, "Some of the blessings anticipated from the removal of Congress to this city are already beginning to be apparent; rents of houses have risen, and I fear will continue to rise, shamefully; even in the outskirts they have lately been increased from fourteen, sixteen, and eighteen pounds, to twenty-five, twenty-eight, and thirty. This is oppressive. Our markets, it is expected, will also be dearer than heretofore. Whether the advantages we shall enjoy from the removal will be equivalent to these disadvantages, time alone will determine. I am convinced, however, if things go on in this manner, a very great majority of our citizens will have good reason to wish the government settled at Conogocheague long before the ten years are expired." On the seventh of September Oliver Wolcott referred to this rise of rents, in a letter to his wife. "I have at length been to Philadelphia," he says, "and with much difficulty have procured a house, in Third street, which is a respectable part of the city. The rent is one hundred pounds, which is excessive, being nearly double what would have been exacted before the matter of residence was determined."

The appearance of Philadelphia was quite as monotonous then as it is now; but the city contained many fine private residences, and Christ's church had for that time a cathedral air, and the Dutch church was described as magnificent. The several edifices appropriated for the use of the federal government were inferior to those in New York, but Independence Hall was endeared to the memories of many of the senators and representatives, who had been members of the Continental Congress, and ample if not elegant accommodations were promised for all departments of the public service.

"Philadelphia is a large and elegant city," writes Wolcott, "but it did not strike me with the astonishment which the citizens predicted; like the rest of mankind they judge favorably of their own place of residence, and of themselves, and their representations are to be admitted with some deduction." One attraction of Philadelphia, however, could not well be overpraised; her markets were perhaps the best in the world; and we have the testimony of numerous travellers to their extraordinary neatness, their order, and the general moderation of their prices.

III.

The private life of Washington was scarcely less remarkable than his great career as founder of the republic; indeed it is questionable whether such qualities as have made men eminent in public affairs were ever before or since illustrated to an equal extent by their possessors in a domestic and household administration. It has been said of Wellington that he would have made but an indifferent drill sergeant, but Washington would have been as excellent in the lowest as he was in the highest offices, as exact in the performance of humble duties as he was in the execution of great designs upon which hung so much of the well-being of the human race.

Some interesting exhibitions of his judgment, justice, and extreme particularity, as the head of his family, are contained in the letters which he addressed to Mr. Lear, one of his private secretaries, respecting the removal of his personal effects from New York to Philadelphia, and the preparation of a new residence for his occupation. Four days after he left New York he wrote him from Philadelphia, "After a pleasant journey we arrived in this city on Thursday last, and to-morrow we proceed (if Mrs. Washington's health will permit, for she has been much indisposed

since we came here) toward Mount Vernon. The house of Mr. Robert Morris had, previous to my arrival, been taken by the corporation for my residence. It is the best they could get. It is, I believe, the best single house in the city. Yet without additions it is inadequate to the commodious accommodation of my family. These additions I believe will be made. The first floor contains only two public rooms (except one for the upper servants). The second floor will have two public (drawing) rooms, and with the aid of one room, with a partition in it, in the back building, will be sufficient for the use of Mrs. Washington and the children, and their maids, besides affording her a small place for a private study and dressing room. The third story will furnish you and Mrs. Lear with a good lodging room, a public office (for there is no room below for one), and two rooms for the gentlemen of the family. The garret has four good rooms, which must serve Mr. and Mrs. Hyde,* unless they should prefer the room over the work-house, William, and such servants as it may not be better to place in the proposed additions to the back building. There is a room over the stable which may serve the coachman and postillions, and there is a smoke house, which may possibly be more valuable for the use of servants than for the smoking of meats. The intention of the addition to the back building is to provide a servant's hall, and one or two lodging rooms for the servants. There are good stables, but for twelve horses only, and a coach house, which will hold all my carriages. Speaking of carriages, I have left my coach to receive a thorough repair, by the time I return, which I expect will be before the first of December."

The legislature about the same time appropriated for his occupation a fine building in South Ninth street, on the grounds now covered by the University. The industrious antiquary, Mr John

* Mr. Hyde was butler, or intendent of the kitchen, in New York.

F. Watson, is entirely wrong in supposing that the President declined to accept this house because of "the great expense of furnishing it on his own account." A principal cause of his refusal of the offer of the state government was that he would on no consideration live in a house which should not be hired and furnished exclusively with his own means. The commonwealth and the municipality were both but too willing to relieve him of any drain upon his private fortune for the support of his personal establishment, still cherishing hopes that Philadelphia, notwithstanding the act of Congress for the purchase of Conogocheague, might remain permanently the seat of government; and Washington could not fail of regarding their generous offers for his domestic accommodation as intended in some degree to influence his own judgment or action on this subject. Another reason may be found in the determination of the President to live in a style of the utmost simplicity and modesty that should seem compatible with the dignity of his official position. Mr. Morris's house was on the south side of High street, near Fifth street. It was three stories high, and about thirty-two feet wide, with a front displaying four windows in the second as well as in the third story, and three in the first—two on one side of the hall and one on the other—and a single door, approached by three heavy steps of gray stone. On each side of the house were vacant lots, used as a garden, and containing trees and shrubbery.

Washington directed Mr. Lear, repeatedly, to ascertain what would be the rent, but to the middle of November the secretary had been unsuccessful. He then wrote to him, "I am, I must confess, exceedingly unwilling to go into any house without first knowing on what terms I do it, and wish this sentiment could be again hinted in delicate terms to the parties concerned with me. I cannot, if there are no latent motives which govern this case, see any difficulty in the business. Mr. Morris has most assuredly formed an idea of

what ought in equity to be the rent of the tenement in the condition he left it; and with this aid the committee ought, I conceive, to be as little at a loss in determining what it should rent for, with the additions and alterations which are about to be made, and which ought to be done in a plain and neat and not by any means in an extravagant style; because the latter is not only contrary to my wish, but would really be detrimental to my interest and convenience, principally because it would be the means of keeping me out of the use and comforts of the house to a late period, and because the furniture and every thing else would require to be accordant therewith; besides making me pay an extravagant price, perhaps, to accommodate the alterations to the taste of another, or the exorbitant rates of the workman. I do not know nor do I believe that any thing unfair is intended by either Mr. Morris or the committee; but let us for a moment suppose that the rooms (the new ones I mean) were to be hung with tapestry, or a very rich and costly paper, neither of which would suit my present furniture; that costly ornaments for the bow windows, extravagant chimney-pieces, and the like, were to be provided; that workmen, from extravagance of the times, for every twenty shillings' worth of work would charge forty shillings; and that advantage would be taken of the occasion to newly paint every part of the house and buildings: would there be any propriety in adding ten or twelve-and-a-half per cent. for all this to the rent of the house in its original state, for the two years that I am to hold it? If the solution of these questions is in the negative, wherein lies the difficulty of determining that the houses and lots when finished according to the proposed plan ought to rent for so much? When all is done that can be done, the residence will not be so commodious as that I left in New York, for there (and the want of it will be found a real inconvenience at Mr. Morris's) my office was in the front room, be-

low, where persons on business immediately entered; whereas, in the present case, they will have to ascend two pairs of stairs, and to pass by the public rooms as well as the private chambers, to get to it. Notwithstanding which I am willing to allow as much as was paid to Mr. McComb, and shall say nothing if more is demanded, unless there is apparent extortion, or the policy of delay is to see to what height rents will rise before mine is fixed. In either of these cases I shall not be pleased; and to occupy the premises at the expense of any public body, I will not." The rent was ultimately settled at three thousand dollars a year, and at this rate the house was occupied until Washington ceased to be President.*

* In "A Sketch, in Part from Memory," embracing interesting reminiscences of Philadelphia in the concluding years of the last century, and attributed to that accomplished statesman, Mr. Richard Rush, I find the following sentences respecting this house: "Walking lately down Market street, from the western part of the city," says the author, "I looked about, after passing Sixth street, for the former residence of General Washington. I thought I had discovered it, though greatly metamorphosed, in a house some half dozen doors below Sixth street, on the south side, which still retained a little of the old fashion in front, with dentels pendant from the cornice; but, on inquiry, I found that it was not. The mansion of Washington stood by itself. It was a large double house; few, if any, equal to it, are at present in Philadelphia, the house built by Mr. Bingham in Third street, near Spruce street, excepted, though that is much cut down from its original size and appearance. The brick of the house in which Washington lived was, even in his time, dark with age; and two ancient lamp posts, furnished with large lamps, which stood in front on the pavement near the street, marked it, in conjunction with the whole external aspect, as the abode of opulence and respectability before he became its august tenant. No market-house then stood in the street. To the east, a brick wall six or seven feet high ran well on towards Fifth street, until it met other houses. The wall inclosed a garden which was shaded by lofty old trees, and ran back to what is now Minor street, where the stables stood. All is now gone. Not a trace is left of that once venerable and stately residence, for it had intrinsically something of the latter characteristic by its detached situation, and the space left around it for accommodation on all sides. To the west no building adjoined it, the nearest house in that direction standing at a fair distance from it, at the corner of Sixth and Market streets, where lived Robert Morris, one of the great men of the revolution, and the well known friend of Washington. What hallowed recollections did not that neighborhood awaken! The career of Washington, his consummate wisdom, his transcendant services, his full-orbed glory, his spotless, matchless fame! Let no future Plutarch, said one of his biographers, attempt a parallel; let none among the dead or living appear in the same picture with him. He stands alone. In the annals of time, it is recorded as the single glory of republican America, to have given to the world such an example of human perfection. History has consecrated it to the instruction of mankind; and happy if republican America shall cleave to the maxims which he bequeathed to her in a paper pronounced, by an eminent English historian, to be unequalled by any composition of uninspired wisdom.

In regard to servants, he had already written to Mr. Lear. "The pressure of business under which I labored for several days before I left New York allowed me no time to inquire who of the female servants it was proposed or thought advisable to remove here, besides the wives of the footmen, James and Fidas.... With respect to Mr. Hyde and his wife, if it is not stated on some paper handed in by Mr. Hyde, it is nevertheless strong on my recollection, that his wife's services were put down at one and his own services at two hundred dollars per annum. I have no wish to part with Mr. or Mrs. Hyde, first, because I do not like to be changing, and second, because I do not know where or with whom to supply their places. On the score of accounts, I can say nothing, having never taken a comparative view of his and Fraunces's; but I am exceedingly mistaken if the expenses of the second table, at which Mr. Hyde presides, have not greatly exceeded those of the tables kept by Fraunces, for I strongly suspect (but in this I may be mistaken) that nothing is brought to my table, of liquors, fruits, or other luxuries, that is not used as profusely at his. If my suspicions are unfounded I shall be sorry for having entertained them, and if they are not, it is at least questionable whether under his successor the same things might not be done; in which case, (if Hyde is honest and careful, of which you are better able to judge than I am,) a change without a benefit might take place, which is not desirable if they are to be retained on proper terms. I say they, for if Mrs. Hyde is necessary for the purposes enumerated in your letter, and the cook is not competent to prepare the dessert, make cake, &c., I do not see of what use Hyde will be, more than William, without

Thrice favored Virginia, to have formed the early life of such a man — to have rocked his cradle, and to contain his ashes! In Holland there is still to be seen the building, small and shed like as it is, carefully kept in its original state, in which Peter the Great, of Russia, lived whilst working in the naval dock-yard at Sardam, in 1697; but I could find no vestige of the Philadelphia domicil of Washington, relatively recent as was the day when his living presence sanctified it."

her.... Fraunces, besides being an excellent cook, knowing how to provide genteel dinners, and giving aid in dressing them, prepared the dessert, made the cake, and did every thing that is done by Hyde and his wife together; consequently the services of Hyde alone are not to be compared with those of Fraunces; and if his accounts exceed those of Fraunces, in the same seasons, four or five pounds a week, and at the same time appear fair, I shall have no scruple to acknowledge that I have entertained much harder thoughts of him than I ought to have done; although it is unaccountable to me how other families, on twenty-five hundred or three thousand dollars a year, should be enabled to entertain more company, or at least entertain more frequently, than I could do for twenty-five thousand dollars."

Of the style in which the presidential residence was furnished an impression may be derived from some further extracts from the same series of letters. The President writes soon after: "Mr. and Mrs. Morris have insisted upon leaving the two large looking-glasses which are in their best rooms because they have no place, they say, proper to remove them to, and because they are unwilling to hazard the taking of them down. You will, therefore, let them have instead the choice of mine: the large ones I purchased of the French minister they do not incline to take, but will be glad of some of the others. They will also leave a large glass lamp in the entry or hall, and will take one or more of my glass lamps in lieu of it..... Mrs. Morris has a mangle (I think it is called) for ironing clothes, which, as it is fixed in the place where it is commonly used, she proposes to leave, and take mine. To this I have no objection, provided mine is equally good and convenient; but if I should obtain any advantages, besides that of its being up and ready for use, I am not inclined to receive it.

"I have no particular direction to give respecting the appropria-

tion of the furniture. By means of the bow windows the back rooms will become the largest, and of course will receive the furniture of the largest dining and drawing rooms, and in that case, though there are no closets in them, there are some in the steward's room, directly opposite, which are not inconvenient. There is a small room adjoining the kitchen, that might, if it is not essential for other purposes, be appropriated for the Sevres china, and other things of that sort, which are not in common use. Mrs. Morris, who is a notable lady in family arrangements, can give you much information on all the conveniences about the house and buildings, and I dare say would rather consider it as a compliment to be consulted in those matters, as she is so near, than a trouble to give her opinion of them.

"I approve, at least till inconvenience or danger shall appear, of the large table ornaments remaining on the sideboard, and of the pagodas standing in the smallest drawing-room. Had I delivered my sentiments from here respecting this fixture, that is the apartment I should have named for it. Whether the green, which you have, or a new yellow curtain, should be appropriated to the staircase above the hall, may depend on your getting an exact match, in color and so forth, of the latter. For the sake of appearances one would not, in instances of this kind, regard a small additional expense."

In other letters we have the same minuteness of detail as to the proper modes of packing porcelain, glass, and other articles, and such indications of taste as show that Washington perfectly understood the proprieties of an effective arrangement of furniture, and was careful that his own home should, in this respect at least, appear to the best advantage.

Washington has never been presented as an inventor, and his name probably is not to be found in the Patent Office; but in the

following extract he appears as the author of the wine-coaster, an article which for more than a quarter of a century was a necessity on every dinner-table. "Enclosed," he writes to Mr. Lear, "I send you a letter from Mr. Gouverneur Morris, with a bill of the cost of the articles he was to send me. The prices of the plated ware exceed — far exceed — the utmost bounds of my calculation; but as I am persuaded he has done what he conceives right, I am satisfied, and request you to make immediate payment to Mr. Constable, if you can raise the means.... As these *coolers* are designed for warm weather, and will be, I presume, useless in cold, or in that in which the liquors do not require cooling, *quere*, would not a stand like that for castors, with four apertures for so many different kinds of liquors, each aperture just sufficient to hold one of the cut decanters sent by Mr. Morris, be more convenient, for passing the bottles from one to another, than the handing each bottle separately, by which it often happens that *one* bottle moves, *another* stops, and *all* are in confusion? Two of them — one for each end of the table, with a flat bottom, with or without feet, open at the side, but with a raised rim, as castor stands have, and an upright, by way of handle, in the middle — could not cost a great deal even if made wholly of silver. Talk to a silversmith and ascertain the cost, and whether they could be immediately made, if required, in a handsome fashion. Perhaps the coolers sent by Mr. Morris may afford ideas of taste; perhaps, too, (if they prove not too heavy, when examined,) they may supersede the necessity of such as I have described, by answering the purpose themselves. Four double flint bottles (such as I suspect Mr. Morris has sent) will weigh, I conjecture, four pounds; the wine in them when they are filled will be eight pounds more, which, added to the weight of the coolers, will, I fear, make these latter too unwieldy to pass, especially by ladies, which induces me to think of a frame in the form of castors."

Though Mrs. Washington is said by some people who have written descriptions or memoirs of her, to have been a very notable housewife, it does not appear from any correspondence or other documents which have fallen under my observation that she ever did much to relieve the General of the trouble of household affairs. They evidently lived together on very excellent terms, though she sometimes was disposed to quarrel with him about her grandchildren, who, he insisted, (and he always carried his point,) should be under thorough disciplinarians as well as competent teachers, when they were sent from home to be educated. On one occasion, however, he writes to Mr. Lear in a manner that evinces his wish to yield to her as much as possible: "As to a coachman," he says, "Mrs. Washington's predilection for Jacob is as strong as my prejudice and fears are great; yet in your inquiries after one, *ask something concerning Jacob*, who wanted much, it seems, to return to us, while we were at Philadelphia." In the matter of coachmen and postillions he does not appear to have been very fortunate. He had written back to New York from Spurrier's, in Maryland, when on his way to Mount Vernon: "With some difficulty (from the most infamous roads that ever were seen) we have got to this place, and are awaiting dinner, but have no expectation of reaching Baltimore to-night. Dunn has given such proof of his want of skill in driving, that I find myself under the necessity of looking out for some one to take his place. Before we reached Elizabethtown we were obliged to take him from the coach and put him on the wagon. This he turned over twice, and this morning he was found much intoxicated. He has also got the horses into a habit of stopping." And his attention to equipage is illustrated in a communication as to the clothes of his footmen. "Upon examining the caps of Giles and Paris," he says, "I find they (especially that of Paris) are much worn, and will be unfit to appear in with de-

cency, after the journey from here is performed. I therefore request that you will have two new ones made, with fuller and richer tassels at the top than the old ones have. That the maker of them may have some guide, as to the size, the inclosed dimensions of their heads will, I presume, be sufficient."

Mrs. Washington is frequently referred to in his letters, when absent, in a manner which evinces a constant thoughtfulness of her happiness. On one occasion he writes to Mr. Lear, "Furnish Mrs. Washington with what money she may want, and from time to time ask her if she *does* want, as she is not fond of applying." Again, "I send, with my best remembrances, a sermon for her. I presume it is good, coming all the way from New Hampshire; but do not vouch for it, not having read a word of it."

No one can read these very curious and characteristic letters and not recall with a feeling of indignation those charges of inordinate and anti-republican state and splendor, which the impossibility of detecting any fault in the administration of weightier affairs caused the "democrats" of that time to bruit every where against the great founder and chief of the federal party. No wisdom or discretion, though these qualities had been imparted in a superhuman prodigality, nor any conduct, even if under the most absolute control of the divine intelligence, could, however, have averted those rabble assaults upon the stainless fame of Washington, which distracted his councils, and occasioned him so much unhappiness. He himself says, in a letter to Catherine Macaulay, "Our wishes were limited, and I think that our plan of living will now be deemed reasonable, by the considerate part of our species. Mrs. Washington's ideas coincide with my own, as to simplicity of dress, and every thing which can tend to support propriety of character, without partaking of the follies of luxury and ostentation." Byron, contemplating this spectacle, erred as greatly as the

simple-hearted hero, in estimating the malignant daring of the yet feeble but rapidly growing opposition to the government. The noble bard exclaims:

"Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes — one, — the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom Envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but ONE!"

VI.

THE removal of the household of the Vice President appears to have been conducted under the immediate superintendence of Mrs. Adams, who describes her new residence, called Bush Hill, in a letter to her daughter. "Though there remains neither bush nor shrub upon it, and very few trees, except the pine grove behind it, yet Bush Hill," she says, "is a very beautiful place; but the grand and the sublime I left at Richmond Hill. The cultivation in sight, and the prospect, are superior; but the Schuylkill is no more like the Hudson than I to Hercules. The house is better furnished within; but when you come to compare the conveniences for store-room, kitchen, closets, and so forth, it has nothing like them. As chance governs many actions of my life, when we arrived in the city we came directly here. By accident, the vessel with our furniture had arrived the day before, and Briesler was taking the first load into a house all green-painted, the workmen being there with brushes in hand. This was a cold comfort, where, I suppose, no fire had been kindled in several years, except in a back kitchen; but as I expected many things of this kind I was not disappointed nor discomfited. As no wood or fodder had been provided, we could

only turn about and go to the City Tavern for the night. The next morning was pleasant, and I ventured to come up and take possession; but what confusion! boxes, barrels, chairs, tables, trunks, every thing, to be arranged, and few hands to accomplish it—for Briesler was obliged to be at the vessel. The first object was to get fires; the next to get up beds; but the cold damp rooms, and the new paint, proved almost too much for me. On Friday we arrived here, and late on Saturday evening we got our furniture in. On Sunday, Thomas was laid up with the rheumatism; on Monday, I was obliged to give Louisa an emetic; on Tuesday, Mrs. Briesler was taken with her old pain; and, to complete the whole, on Thursday, Polly was seized with a violent pleuritic fever. She has been twice bled, had a blister on her side, and has not been out of bed since, only as she is taken up to have her bed made. And every day, the stormy ones excepted, from eleven until three, the house is filled with ladies and gentlemen. As all this is no more nor worse than I expected, I bear it without repining, and feel thankful that I have weathered it out without a relapse, though some days I have not been able to sit up. Mrs. Bingham has been twice to see me. I think she is more amiable and beautiful than ever. I have seen many very fine women since I have been here. Our Nancy Hamilton is the same unaffected and affable girl we formerly knew her. She made many kind inquiries after you; so did Mrs. Bingham. I have not yet begun to return visits, as the ladies expect to find me at home, and I have not been in a state of health to do it; nor am I yet in a very eligible state to receive their visits. I however endeavored to have one room decent, to receive them, which, with my own chamber, is as much as I can at present boast of having in tolerable order. The difficulty of getting workmen, Mr. Hamilton pleads as an excuse for the house not being ready. Mrs. Lear was in to see me yesterday, and assures me that I am

much better off than Mrs. Washington will be when she arrives, for that their house is not likely to be completed this year. And, when all is done, it will not be Broadway! If New York wanted any revenge for the removal, the citizens might be glutted if they would come here, where every article has risen to almost double its price, and where it is not possible for Congress and their appendages for a long time to be half as well accommodated. One would suppose that the people thought Mexico was before them, and that the Congress were its possessors.

"We have had two severe storms; the last was snow. Poor Mrs. Knox is in great tribulation about her furniture. The vessel sailed the day before the first storm, and had not been heard of on Friday last. I had a great misfortune happen to my best trunk of clothes. The vessel sprung a leak, and my trunk got wet, a foot high, by which means I have several gowns spoiled; the one you worked is the most damaged, and a black satin—the blessed effects of tumbling about the world."

During all the autumn the roads through New Jersey looked like a street in New York on the first of May; but the removal was finally accomplished, and the furniture of the public offices and private houses was transferred to the new metropolis. Among women Philadelphia become popular, but the men, especially those of the eastern states, were generally ill pleased with the change, and perhaps little disposed to look upon it in an amiable way. Wolcott wrote: "The people of this state are very proud of their city, their wealth, and their supposed knowledge. I have seen many of their principal men, and discover nothing that tempts me to idolatry; I must see and examine before I say much, but I do not expect that a more intimate acquaintance will furnish me with any self-humiliating sensations." Mr. James Monroe, whose "good feeling" was so proverbial, could not refrain from saying, "The city seems at

present to be mostly inhabited by sharpers;" and Mr. Jeremiah Smith, of New Hampshire, remarked in a letter to his brother, "The accounts you have always had of this great and beautiful city will blind the eyes of your understanding, as they did mine. The Philadelphians are, from the highest to the lowest, from the parson in his black gown to the *fille de joie*, or girl of pleasure, a set of beggars. You cannot turn round without paying a dollar." But regrets for New York, and uncivil accusations against Philadelphians for making as much as they could, in an honest way, of their victory over that now deserted city, gradually subsided and were lost in the more agreeable excitement of preparing for the season in the gay world.


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SOCIETY IN PHILADELPHIA.

I.

No just exhibition can be given of American society in the days of Washington, which does not present in considerable fulness a view of society in Philadelphia. The early career of Washington was connected with this city. Here was assembled the Congress of 1776, and around it, as around a centre, are clustered many memories of the revolution. From Philadelphia the constitution was given to the world. "Here, most of all," to use the language of Mr. Everett, "was the home of Washington; here he resided for a longer term than he did in any other place, his own Virginia alone excepted. Six most important years of his life were spent in Philadelphia; the house in which he lived is known; his seat in church is still pointed out; persons yet survive who have felt the touch of his hands upon their childish heads; and this spot, we may well believe, will be among the last where his memory will cease to be revered, and the last where the love of that union and that constitution which was so near to his great heart, will ever be forgotten." In the present chapter I shall therefore describe with some particularity this former metropolis of our country, its territorial extent and progress, its families who were most distinguished, its religious sects, its professions of divinity, law,

and medicine, and, so far as I can, "sitting," as Lord Bacon says, "so far off," and with such lights as I have, whatever made up its social system.

The families whose names appear on the twelfth and thirteenth pages of this volume, where, with other records, I have transcribed the lists of the old "City Dancing Assembly," still remained the principal people of Philadelphia when the revolution broke out. A few adhered to the British cause, such as the Galloways, some of the Allens, the Penns, and, I think, several of the Lawrences and Bonds, who returned to England. Others, apparently of Scottish origin, whose allegiance to the house of Hanover was never very strong, retired to their seats in the country. This, I presume, was the case with the Græmes, who resided during the early part of the war at Græme Park. I am not able to state from any records to which I have had access, to what extent the respectable family of McCall supported the revolutionary cause. Mr. Wallace retired to a seat of his called Ellerslie, in New Jersey, at which place, or at Burlington, his family remained until his grandsons, in 1797, went back to their residence in Philadelphia. There were other families, such as that of Lardner, connected with the Proprietaries, whose movements I have not been able to trace. The return of peace brought some change, of course, in the social structure. A successful revolution had been accomplished. Men who before were but little known in the public or social sphere had now become leaders in one, and aspired to be equals in the other. An eccentric loyalist who had left the city in 1776, laments pathetically on his return in 1791, that on looking over the Directory he "scarce knew above three or four names in a hundred," that his "native country appeared almost a desert," and that "the *upstarts* made him feel too sensibly the difference between his present and former condition." That portion of the

provincial aristocracy which derived its importance from a connection with the crown, and had not supported the cause of the colonies, had now, of course, lost all its political authority, and in the great field which the acknowledgment of independence opened for ambition and ability, men were "looking into the seeds of time" to see "which grain would grow and which would not." With all this, however, any one acquainted with the state of society in Philadelphia after the revolution, will perceive that its distinctions rested essentially on the old foundations. The old names had still, as they have to-day, though associated with very little merit of any kind in some who bear them, a prestige which was socially of dominant influence. And on the whole it was well deserved. On the conclusion of the peace the city was characterized by a style of life quite as elegant as any which has since prevailed, and much more elegant and liberal than any which prevails now. It was the elegance of dignity, moral worth, and the consciousness of gentility. Its wealth, indeed, was chiefly commercial, but its commerce was of a different kind from that of the present age. The "infamous practice of stock jobbing," as it is justly called in the statutes of England, had not diffused itself through the ramifications of trade, or been generally and shamelessly indulged. Commerce, originating in its true spirit, and pursued according to the rules of a high moral integrity, was the vocation of the Willings, the Francises, and the McCalls. It brought not less generous nor less sure returns than that of modern dealers; but its wealth, less suddenly acquired and less generally diffused, had that honorable source, that repose of character, and that stability of endurance, which renders wealth more valuable for the respectability it imparts than as a means of material luxury.

It is true that the limits of the city, even as late as the period

of Washington's administration, were very narrow in comparison with those which now bound its compactly built area. Front, Second, Third, and Fourth streets, on the Delaware side, were its principal avenues, and it did not from any point extend much west of Sixth street.

The city began near where the navy yard is now, and gradually extended north along the river. It is customary to speak of its immense growth toward the north-west as modern. In the main it is so. But Callowhill street, which was named by Penn after his second wife, was one of its earliest thoroughfares, and some of the oldest houses in the city are in this very northern district. The extension towards the Schuylkill has been more recent. At the close of the last century society and fashion were still upon the Delaware. Just before the revolution, Chief Justice Allen's residence was on the east side of Water street, below Market. Mr. Joseph Sims, a merchant of extensive business, who built at a later date the noble residence now occupied by his niece, Mrs. E. S. Burd, on the corner of Ninth and Chestnut, was living between sixty and seventy years ago in Third below Pine. Mr. Alexander J. Dallas, a dashing young lawyer who, without any property, had come hither from the West Indies to try his fortune, was in Front above Pine. The Stockers, Philipses, Barclays, and other merchants of great respectability, though not of high fashion, were in Front not far from Pine; Mr. Swanwick, for some years the partner of Thomas Willing and of Robert Morris, lived, I think, in Penn street; Colonel Thomas Lloyd Moore, a military gentleman well known in the gay world of that day, — a son of William Moore, President of Pennsylvania — in Pine above Second; some of the older Binghams, I believe, not far from the same now busy region; the Reverend Doctor Blackwell, in the large house in Pine below Third, still standing; Chief Justice McKean nearly opposite, at

the northeast corner of Pine and Third; Mr. Ross, a merchant of eminence whom I mention elsewhere as proprietor of a beautiful country seat called the Grange, had erected for his residence the very large house at the corner of Second and Pine; Mr. John Beale Bordley, with his accomplished daughter, afterwards Mrs. James Gibson, in Union, near Third; the McCalls, in Second, near Pine; Mr. Phillips, an English gentleman, of social distinction, at the southwest corner of Spruce and Third; General Walter Stewart, at one time, in the aristocratic mansion afterwards occupied by Mr. Camac, and more recently by Mr. Peter, the British consul, in Third, below Spruce; Mrs. Bingham, Mrs. Powell, Chief Justice Chew, and Mr. Thomas Willing, in Third above Spruce; Mrs. Harrison (then lately Miss Sophia Francis), opposite; Bell's British Book Shop, the fashionable literary mart of the day, was in Third near Pear; Judge Wilson lived in "Wilson's House," or "Fort Wilson," at the southwest corner of Third and Walnut, — the grounds extending far down Third; Andrew Hamilton, who had married Miss Franks, a Jewess of some celebrity, at the northwest corner, opposite; Doctor Rush was in Walnut, near Third; Chief Justice Shippen in Fourth below Walnut; Doctor William Shippen at the southwest corner of Fourth and Prime; and Mr. Charles Biddle, vice president of the state, and father of the late accomplished Mr. Nicholas Biddle, in Chestnut above Fourth. Louis Philippe d'Orleans lodged, at one period, at the northeast corner of Front and Callowhill; Talleyrand, for a short time, in the same neighborhood, and, with the Duke de Liancourt, Volney, and Moreau de St. Mery, was taught English by William Cobbett, at the house of a French merchant in Front below Market. Cobbett himself resided in Callowhill above Second. The post office, kept by Mr. Patten, was in Front near Chestnut, and the Treasury of the United States, during Mr. Wolcot's time, in Chestnut above

Third. General Hamilton lived, I think, in Market above Third. Doctor Franklin, as is well-known, owned nearly a square, in this vicinity; the entrance to his house being by a court, from Market street, and his gardens running back all the way to Chestnut. Indeed until 1793 Market street, from Third to Fourth, was yet open ground. The University of Pennsylvania, from which Charles Thompson, then a teacher there, had been summoned by the Congress of 1776 to be the Secretary of that body, was in Fourth above Market; and here, about this time, in an upper room, Noah Webster, as a tutor of the college, was teaching with humble fidelity the elements of English.

Quite in the lower part of the city, too, were all the places of worship, and the courts of justice. Christ Church and St. Peter's, now a Sabbath day's journey from the homes of those who still cling to the places where their fathers worshipped, were then in the centre of fashion. The church of the Presbyterian aristocracy of that day, "Old Buttonwood," as it was commonly called, from a range of ancient sycamores which grew along its front, was in Market street near Second. The great German Lutheran church, afterwards destroyed by fire, to which Mr. Muhlenberg, Speaker of the House of Representatives, had given a noble organ, (as the best means, it was alleged, of securing the votes of his musical countrymen,) was in Fourth near Cherry. Of the Friends' meeting houses I need say but little. Quite in the eastern part of the town sixty years ago, they remain there still, or have disappeared altogether. They have never at any time gone with fashion. The first Baptist church, a secession from which gave to the architecture of Philadelphia the circular edifice in which Doctor Stoughton preached, in George street, still stands in a recess from the southwest corner of Arch and Second, surrounded now by lofty warehouses, and invisible from the streets: an enduring

though deserted monument of the liberality of the denomination. The sect of Socinus, notwithstanding the eminence of Doctor Priestley, had not in the days of Washington any considerable distinction in Philadelphia.* The court house in which William Bradford, Ingersoll, and the elder Sargeant, laid the foundations of their professional fame, was over the market place at the crossing of Market and Second streets. At the Third street extremity of this square stood the pillory, in which, until the humane efforts of the first named of these eminent persons had procured that beneficent change in the criminal code of America which commends his name to enduring gratitude, convicts stood to be pelted by the populace with eggs, or whipped, with lashes on their naked backs, every Wednesday and Saturday.

Mr. Stillé, for many years the only considerable tailor of the city, had been in Front street near Chestnut; and although with the arrival of Congress, and the influx of foreigners from the revolutions in France and St. Domingo, style and fashion, which then first made a strong invasion on the quaker cuts and colors of Philadelphia costume, introduced the well-known Charles C. Watson, an artist of higher style, even he did not venture to advance further west than Chestnut below Third. When he died there, a few

* The late Bishop White used, by way of showing the impolicy of religious persecution, to tell this anecdote in regard to the rise and progress of Unitarianism in Philadelphia: The sect was *founded* in Philadelphia so far back as the time of Dr. Priestley, but never made much progress beyond holding meetings in a small room in Cherry Alley. But Dr. Priestley being a man of mark, one of the Trinitarian divines opened a long continued and severe attack upon the new association. Many years after this the Unitarian body applied to the legislature for a charter. When the bill came up in committee some member asked,

"Who are these Unitarians?"

"They *were* an obscure sect," replied one of the persons interested in the passage of the bill, "who used to hold forth in Cherry Alley; and we should have been there yet but for the Reverend Doctor ———."

"Indeed," said the member, "is Dr. ——— inclined that way? I am surprised."

"He is not at all so," was the response, "but we were very poor, — utterly unknown, and making no converts, till he began to fulminate at us, when several members of his own parish hunted us out, and, being pleased with us, never went back to him."

years ago, he had long been left "high and dry" by the receding tides of fashion, which had swept entirely past him toward the Schuylkill. Oellers, who had converted the college of Philadelphia, in Chestnut just above Sixth, into the City Hotel, had gone much further in the same direction for 1795, than the proprietors of the La Pierre have since done in going nearly a mile beyond him into Broad street.

In 1792 Mr. George Clymer had built the small but tasteful residence in Chestnut street below Seventh, afterwards occupied by Mrs. Sophia Harrison. The President and Mr. Robert Morris had led the line of fashion into Market or High street; and Mr. Boudinot, recently appointed by Washington Director of the Mint, (the office of which he had established in Seventh street below Arch,) with his son-in-law, Mr. William Bradford, then a judge of the Supreme Court, had gone so far in advance of every thing as to begin the erection of his residence (afterwards occupied by Mr. T. Cadwalader,) at the southeast corner of Arch and Ninth. This however was the extreme west, and on his appointment to the Attorney Generalship, Mr. Bradford, I have understood, found himself so remote from the daily walk of the public that he was obliged to come back to Market below Sixth. Mr. J. D. Sergeant, a lawyer of eminence, resided in a fine house which he had built in Arch above Sixth, near the site of the present Arch Street Theatre.

In 1793, and long after, Washington Square was the Potters' Field; Independence Square was scarcely enclosed, and had at least one wooden structure on the Walnut street side of it; Chestnut street was not paved above Sixth, and from Sixth to Eighth, and from Walnut to Chestnut, the lots were almost entirely vacant. Mr. Breck, in building about this time his house on the north side of Market, near Eighth, had the whole square to

Chestnut street open before him. And except a large structure on the south side of Market, above Ninth, built by a Santa Cruz merchant named Markoe, then so distant and lonely as to be known only as "Markoe's house," the *ultima thule* of a fashionable promenade, with another house, perhaps, built by Dunlap the printer, on the southeast corner of Twelfth and Market streets, this last-named street, which was then in advance of every street running westward, had not a residence of any note whatever upon it. In June, 1795, Mr. Bradford, the attorney general, who, with his brother-in-law, Mr. Wallace, then residing at Burlington, in New Jersey, were the owners of large lots about Arch and Ninth streets, writes to him in a letter which is among the papers of the Historical Society, "I should be glad if you would leave your classics and your greenhouse long enough to look after your interests in this city. I am anxious to confer with you. The city begins to make its way in this direction, but we own so much vacant ground hereabouts that we fairly arrest its progress, to our own injury. We must not hold too long, or we shall turn the tide of improvement elsewhere." An ancient house still standing on the east side of Eighth above Locust street, built in 1787, I think by a son of the eccentric Mrs. Duncan, known as the foundress of a votive church, and a yet finer structure which has long since given way to the residence of Mr. Henry D. Gilpin, at the southwest corner of Eleventh and Spruce, were in the city's presidential era regarded almost as country places.

It is obvious from these details that Philadelphia, now grown to such vast dimensions, covered in that period but a small surface. With a few exceptions, its whole business, society and fashion was east of Sixth street, and much or most of it east of Fourth street. At the same time the style of the better houses was often more elegant than that now prevailing. They were in better taste.

Their fronts were generally plain, and not made like so many of the ornamented, overcharged and heavy façades of the present day, only to show "how many tastes" their owners — "wanted." Their ground surface was generally much wider, the passage and stairways far more imposing, the grounds behind and around them more spacious, free and airy, and the subject of much greater attention than is possible with the style of domestic architecture now prevalent; with which, upon narrow lots, houses with ranges of rear buildings exclude at once the vital elements of light and air, and an enjoyment which, whenever attained, to a person of delicate sense seems hardly less vital, the fragrance and beauty of foliage and flowers. Any one who will look at the fine structures in Front below Pine street, now converted into seamen's lodging houses; at those in Third from Spruce to Arch; or at those in Chestnut below Fifth, now occupied by the fashionable shopkeepers, Bailey, Levy, Caldwell, and others, will see that in point of size, solidity, comfort, and effect, the better houses of that day were quite equal and in some cases much superior to the better houses of this. And these ancient houses, it must be remembered, we see in a decayed and disfigured condition, mutilated of much of their embellishment, and, most of all, deprived by more recent structures of the grounds, both on the sides and in the rear, which once gave them peculiar dignity and elegance. These houses looked less like the rows of tall, slight, narrow and uniform warehouses, in which commercial economy has attempted to unite the greatest product of brick with the least outlay of money and the exhibition of the most vicious taste. They told their own story to every one who saw them, and appeared to be, as they were, the homes of well-bred and unostentatious gentlemen, who planted and built for themselves and their posterity.

II.

In that day there were no locomotives, and the whole world did not in summer move in masses to the sea or mountain, there in masses to remain, till in masses they returned. Rural or suburban residences belonged to almost every man of any importance in Philadelphia. Mr. Burke considered that much of the misgovernment of France arose from the too hard work of the legislators. "In England," he said, "we cannot work so hard as Frenchmen. They who always labor can have no true judgment. You never give yourselves time to cool. You can never plan the future by the past. *You never go into the country.*" Who that looks at the mercantile life of Philadelphia or New York, doubts that the constant "stoppages," by which mild name failures and bankruptcies have come to be styled in the vocabulary which has usurped the language of drawing-rooms, are because men "work too hard" — never give themselves "time to cool," never "go into the country."

Philadelphia was a centre round which, on every side but that of the Delaware, the rural seats of her merchants and gentry were studded. And they were matters of the greatest pride with them. On the north was the country house of one of the ancient judges of the Common Pleas. It seems to have been among his dearest earthly possessions. Hear how he speaks of it in his last will: "Whereas the said place has been some employment to me, in contriving, building and improvement thereon, and as the situation seems to carry prospect of advancement, although as the circumstances of my family and estate stand at present, I cannot think it convenient and proper to give it to any one of my sons, — yet as it would be a pleasure to me while living to think that any sober, religious, and careful descendant of mine might enjoy it, I do

hereby direct my executors to give to any such, my descendant, the preference, who may be desirous and able to purchase it."

The comfortable seat of Mr. Roberts, a quaker, on the Point road, with its avenues of pine trees, the admiration of every one; Rose Hill, the country residence of Mr. Boudinot, and the scene of the country hospitality of his distinguished daughter, Mrs. William Bradford; Commodore Barry's, not far off, made interesting and memorable as the summer house of General Hamilton, who rented and occupied it during a part of his administrative life in Philadelphia; Cliveden, further west, the rural home of Chief Justice Chew, still in possession of his descendants; and Laurel Hill, since converted by speculators into a cemetery, which continues to bear this name, but, at the time I am speaking of, the hospitable retreat during the warmer months of Mr. Joseph Sims, whose city life was illustrated with an elegance* never equalled in Philadelphia except by that of Mrs. Bingham, were all known for various charms to the more refined and distinguished society of the town.

The beautiful place of Mr. Robert Morris was called The Hills. Part of it remains known to this generation as Lemon Hill, and part as Fairmount. It was laid out by Mr. Morris, who built a very large house upon it, with approaches from the rear, the principal front looking down upon the Schuylkill. It was ornamented with extensive greenhouses, and a fish pond, stocked with gold fish. It was from the breaking of the bank of this pond, and the escape into the Schuylkill of the finny tribe who inhabited it, that gold fish have since been so frequently found in this river, and that we often hear it announced by their captors that the gold fish is a native of Pennsylvania waters. It is a denizen, but not a

* I have understood from good authority that the value of Mr. Sims's silver plate exceeded twenty thousand dollars. Is there any one in Philadelphia who now owns as much ?

native. The Hills became, in the conclusion of their public history, interesting as the scene of Mr. Morris's confinement, when the barbarous laws which then allowed arrest and imprisonment for debt drove him, on the termination of his affairs, to seek shelter from ultimate proceedings in the privilege of the law which declares that "every man's house is his castle." Mr. Morris never spent much time here in his prosperous days. His town house was the scene of constant hospitalities. He withdrew to this country resort in March, 1797, to avoid the final process from the preceding judicial terms of September and December, 1796. The sheriff of Philadelphia, Mr. Baker, was supposed to have committed himself, and to have made his bail responsible, in allowing the defendant to go at large when it would have been easy to arrest him; and some of those who had suffered most by Mr. Morris's transactions, or who bore their losses with least equanimity, determined to press their suit against this officer and his sureties. It therefore became very important for him to confer with Mr. Morris as to the means of his defence, and Mr. Morris, who with the feelings of an honorable man was desirous of relieving him from a responsibility which humanity alone had imposed upon him, received Mr. Baker at The Hills on condition that he would bring no process with him. Here, on a stormy day in March, the sheriff of Philadelphia and the great financier of the revolution were closeted together. Mr. Baker was faithful to his engagement and attempted no arrest. It is painful to add that Mr. Morris was finally apprehended by his own bail, upon a "bail-piece," the privilege of a man's house not being held to extend against bail.

On the other side of the Schuylkill, about seven miles from town, was The Grange, the noble seat of Mr. Ross, an opulent merchant. Belmont, still known as Belmont Farm, and now a principal dairy of Philadelphia, was the ancient and aristocratic

residence of Judge Peters, and the best representative of an old fashioned English seat that ever existed near the city. Its noble trees had been planted by an earlier generation of the family, and even before the revolution were venerable for their age. This was a frequent and favorite resort of Washington, who in its pleasing shades and in the easy disposition and sprightly parts of its owner, and especially in that gentleman's agricultural tastes, enjoyed with a peculiar relish the little leisure which the affairs of state allowed him. Lower down the river, and nearly opposite to Fairmount, was Solitude, the quiet home of one of the John Penns. It was a sweetly sequestered spot, the property of a very modest and retiring bachelor, whose literary tastes were here indulged in effusions which at a later period were given to the public, in London, in two volumes from the press of Bulmer. Their elegance of paper, typography, and engraving, have not, however, saved them from the fate which attends mediocrity of poetic genius. One of these volumes contains an engraving of Solitude.

On the same side, further south, was Lansdowne, originally owned by another John Penn, much better known to the society of that day, and who, wiser than his celibitary kinsman, had honored one of the Misses Allen with the proprietary name. Lansdowne was a fine estate in the time of Mr. Penn, who built upon it a noble mansion; but its pre-eminence belonged to the epoch of Washington's administration, when, on Mr. Penn's retirement to England, the entire property passed into the ownership of Mr. Bingham. Extensive improvements of every kind were then made, as well in the principal edifice as in the greenhouses, stables, and other accessories. Lansdowne, while Philadelphia was the metropolis, was owned by Mrs. Bingham, and in extent and variety approached more nearly to the seats of some of the English nobility than any other place perhaps in the country.

The Woodlands, now, like Laurel Hill, converted into a resting place for the dead, was a very charming spot. It extended down to the edge of the river, and the landscape has been frequently represented by artists. It belonged to the Hamiltons, who styled themselves, somewhat pretentiously, though very appropriately, if I am correct in supposing that their earlier history was obscure, "The Hamilton family of the Woodlands and Bush Hill." Mr. William Hamilton, who built the house and decorated the grounds, was a man of great taste in such matters, and embellished his beautiful mansion with such paintings and other works of art as were attainable in that day. His table was the frequent resort of artists and *bon vivants* of different kinds, of whom he entertained a good many at dinner, usually selecting Sunday as his day of indulgence.

Of Græme Park, frequented by the educated gentry, a few miles southwest of the city, I have written elsewhere,* in a memoir of its proprietress, Mrs. Ferguson. Willington, the country residence of Mr. Thomas Willing, was upon what is now upper Broad street. A part of it is still covered with the trees planted there by its honored proprietor, and is the same property which, under the name of the Gratz estate, it was proposed in 1854 to convert into a public park. When, having named these places, we refer to the comfortable domicil of the ancient and excellent quaker family, the Pembertons, on the grounds now occupied by the Marine Hospital of the United States; to Andalusia, about fourteen miles up the Delaware, thus named, in recognition of his large and honorable success in Spanish commerce, by Mr. Craig, its owner, from whom it passed to Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, I have mentioned the chief suburban residences of the time, though not at all the numerous small and plainer places, like Mr. Lard-

* In my "Female Poets of America."

ner's, further down the river, Mr. Ball's, at Richmond, and many others, of no historical importance. They all, however, contributed to give a peculiar character to the society of that time.

III.

Some account should be given of the learned professions. At the head of the clergy stood Dr. White, as he was commonly called, the well known first bishop of the Episcopal church in Pennsylvania. His ecclesiastical character has in recent times been greatly mistaken by both the extreme high and the extreme low divisions of his own denomination. He was what in England would be called a low churchman, as distinguished from the ultra school of Laud and Philpotts, but was very far removed from what have been called low churchmen in this country. Even in his day, when the Episcopal church was extremely feeble, and concessions, and compromises with other denominations, were matters to which the temptations were extreme, Bishop White defined what he regarded as the just limits of both, with a distinctness and precision which have made them their safest limits since. To him, and to his moderate views and conciliatory temper, we must ascribe the fact that while the ecclesiastical establishment of England, and the very name of bishop, had become odious in this country, the Protestant Episcopal Church in America departed so very little in form, while departing not at all in doctrine, from the established church in England. As a preacher, he was earnest and persuasive, but he seldom fulminated threats or judgments, and had very decided views of the limits of clerical duty. He shrunk from no proper responsibility, but he had too high a sense of courtesy, and too just a regard for even the most delicate of rights, to invade with freedom the atmosphere which every gentleman feels and acknowledges as a proper circle for himself and others. He was the

man of his time for his position. His prudence saved what the zeal of others would have lost, and in the midst of political and ecclesiastical difficulties of the most discouraging kind, he founded that establishment which has grown to be one of the most majestic structures of the religion of the republic. His character will grow larger as the perspective becomes more truly fixed by time, and if it were separated from religious parties, posterity would probably place his name after only the names of Washington, Marshall, and Hamilton. He belonged to the same order of men, differing but in the sphere of his action from either.

The chief associate of Bishop White in the ministry was Dr. Robert Blackwell, a scholarly and sensible preacher of the English university cast. His sermons, of the homiletical kind, were like those of the higher class of the English clergy in the last century, calculated for educated and thoughtful hearers more than to arouse an indifferent or slumbering congregation. Possessing family rank, most agreeable manners, and a very large fortune, and being withal a man of unquestioned piety, and great propriety of life, he maintained a dignified position, and was extensively deferred to by an opulent and worldly class who would probably have deferred to no one else, less blessed with adventitious influence.

Dr. James Abercrombie of a somewhat later date — from 1794 — made a conspicuous figure, and by many is still well remembered. Educated for the liberal professions, he had been engaged in commerce in Philadelphia; and though in relinquishing a lucrative business for "the order of poverty," as well as by the general course of his life, he had given unquestionable proofs of his earnestness, a certain fondness for convivial pleasure, and a high tone both of ecclesiastical and political sentiment, caused his sincerity to be sometimes doubted by persons who looked no deeper than

the surface of things. Following the occasional practice of the English clergy of the last century — an example which Bishop White himself apparently did not disapprove — he had once or twice visited the theatre, on "the author's night," which caused scandal among many who every day of their lives may have done something much worse. Then his aversion to the infidel sentiments suspected to be held by Mr. Jefferson, made him at a later period very reluctant to read the prayers for the President of the United States, prescribed in the Episcopal ritual; and when informed by his diocesan that it was not a matter in the least discretionary with him, he comforted his federal friends with the assurance that he had not "prayed," but only "read" them. Not content with provoking the democrats, he had, on more than one occasion, involved himself in trouble with the aristocracy of his parish, by his strict and manly adherence to what he deemed his duty, prescribed by the canons and rubrics of his church. His celebration of the marriage of William Penn, an eccentric great-grandson of the founder of Pennsylvania, attracted a great deal of attention. This gentleman deemed it proper to address a woman celebrated for her beauty, but whose course of life, not less than her origin and associations, rendered it impossible for his friends of either sex to recognize her as his wife. Almost any other of the clergy would have refused, on grounds of prudential regard to their own interests, to perform the marriage office, under circumstances so peculiar; but Dr. Abercrombie, having used in vain all suitable endeavors to persuade Mr. Penn from so fatal a connection, and finding that there was no legal or canonical impediment, married them, considering himself bound as a Christian minister to do so. The excitement however became so great, and his popularity was so much in danger of being affected by it, that he was obliged to defend himself in a pamphlet — "Documents

relative to the Celebration of a late Marriage" — to the principles of which Bishop White gave his entire approval. There can be no doubt, I think, that Dr. Abercrombie was right, and evinced that a sense of duty was the controlling influence of his conduct; and the approval of what he had done, by Bishop White, is a fact worth recording, as the clergy are often called on to act in cases like that here referred to, though not often in quite as strong ones.

The three divines I have named were ministers of the united parishes of Christ church and St. Peter's, which were the aristocratic churches and congregations of the time. At the former the President with his aids attended with regularity on every Sunday morning.*

At Christ church were the Allens, Harrisons, Whites, McCalls, Swifts, Cadwalladers, Cunninghams, Tilghmans, and others of similar consideration. St. Peter's, perhaps, as the newest parish, had the most fashionable congregation of the time. Here the vestry provided pews for two of the secretaries of departments, and here the Binghams, Franceses, Blackwells, Willings, Powells, Chews, and Peterses, were to be seen on fine Sunday mornings when the time came to illustrate the newest fashions of the fall or spring.†

* The history of the pew occupied here by Washington has not been always correctly given. It was larger than any which has since been in the church. Colonel White, the father of the bishop, owned a pew here, which on his death went to the bishop, and Mrs. Robert Morris, his sister. When the President came, the bishop and Mrs. Morris surrendered it, and went themselves to one which belonged to Mrs. Harrison, the bishop's wife's mother, and one behind Colonel White's original pew was included by the vestrymen, who placed the other pewholders each one pew lower down. This was occupied by the president during Washington's time. After his retirement the pews were restored to their former condition, and Bishop White resumed the one well known as his up to the alteration of the church in 1836.

† I hope I am not uncharitable in my historic record. Bishop White used to recount a pleasant anecdote about Judge Peters. The judge had an excellent pew in the middle aisle, nearly under the organ, as that instrument had been originally placed, but he seldom occupied it, or went to church at all. Being a next door neighbor of the bishop's, and on terms of social familiarity with him, he deemed it proper to explain to the head of the church the cause of this unbecoming omission of his religious duties. "I should like, indeed," said the judge, "to go regularly to church, but that confounded organ over my head gives me such a headache, that I can go only occasionally."

Among the other Episcopal clergy were Dr. William Smith, provost of the University of Pennsylvania, a man of habits a little open to observation, but of very fine literary and elocutionary powers, who was generally called upon when any occasion not particularly religious required a sermon. His residence was at the southwest corner of Fourth and Arch streets, a fine house, still standing, of which the grounds ran southward to the college over which he presided. Dr. Robert Andrews, a man of the purest piety and reputation, was also at a later date provost of the Uni-

"Organ?" said the bishop, "I don't think it will disturb you now: it was removed about three years since, to the other end of the church." The Rev. Dr. Abercrombie was not quite so passive as the bishop. A curious letter to him from the Rev. Henry Vandyke, dated the twenty-third of February, 1796, presents but a melancholy picture of the piety of fashionable people in those times: and as well on its historical account, as for its honorable record of Dr. Abercrombie's fearless and faithful discharge of his clerical duty, I copy it nearly entire. It appears that Dr. Abercrombie had given offence to one of his parishioners, Mrs. Blackwell, a sister of Mr. Bingham, and closely related to other influential persons in the parish, by some remarks he had made to Mrs. Blackwell on the subject of Mr. Bingham's attendance at church; and he now appeals to Mr. Vandyke, who had been present, for his recollection of what was said: "The appeal you make to my recollection, respecting the conversation that passed at Dr. Blackwell's between Mrs. Blackwell and yourself," says Mr. Vandyke, in reply, "I remember well, and as deeply lament. You will, I dare say, remember the conversation that occurred between us upon our return from Dr. Blackwell's, when you so kindly accompanied me on my way home to my lodgings, and that I was strongly apprehensive you had gone too far with Mrs. Blackwell. You will remember that you justified the whole as being a point of duty, in your clerical character. I will, however, give you my best recollection on that unhappy subject. I call it unhappy, because, in its issue, I see it has given you pain. In the course of the evening, you know, the conversation turned upon a sermon you had delivered a little before, in the church, which was said to be *pointed* at certain characters. You replied that your intention was to be pointed, that you designed it for the great; that there were certain persons among them who belonged to the Episcopal church, and who seldom or never attended there, for whom you had, for several weeks before the delivery of the sermon, carried it in your pocket; that whenever a proper number should appear you had determined to preach it; that the sermon was not altogether so proper for the Sunday on which it was preached, as the one you had intended for the day, but finding a group of them, you could not pass it over, having so fair a shot. I do not by any means remember to have heard the assertion you mention respecting your having "*got all the Willing family together like a covey of partridges and determined to have a shot at them,*" in these very words recited; but you certainly named Mr. Bingham, General Knox, Mr. Willing and Mrs. Powell, as being those who composed the group, and said that by their being at church on that day you had a fair shot at them; at least I really understood you so. Mrs. Blackwell, I confess, appeared very much hurt and affected at her brother's being mentioned, and said they would all be offended, and that she should not be surprised if they all left the two churches in which you officiated and went to St. Paul's; that she was sure Mrs. Powell, in particular, would feel herself injured. You replied, that what you had

versity. Dr. Samuel Pilmore was an evangelical churchman, of some sort, who, with Dr. Samuel Magaw, vice provost of the university, officiated at St. Paul's, of which the congregation appears to have begun in a schism from Christ Church and St. Peter's, in which I believe it still continues.

Dr. Ashbel Green, who, associated with Bishop White, was for eight years, from 1792, one of the chaplains of Congress, was deservedly regarded as the head of the Presbyterian church in the metropolis. He was a man of commanding appearance, and, in his best days, was an effective and splendid orator. His church, the second Presbyterian, was at the northwest corner of Arch and Second streets. Here the vice president, Mr. Adams, though a Unitarian, regularly worshipped, occupying a seat in the pew of Mr. Boudinot, a large square enclosure at the head of the central aisle. Dr. Green's eminence and authority in the Presbyterian church were almost as great as Bishop White's in the Episcopal. In common with the whole Presbyterian body throughout the country, he had been a staunch whig during the revolution, and had himself borne arms in the ranks, in one of the darkest periods of the war. Subsequently he became very intimately acquainted with some of

done you considered to be no more than what duty required of you; that so far from Mrs. Blackwell's brother, Mr. Bingham, being offended, you had understood that he approbated the sermon; and as to Mrs. Powell, you had said full as much to her upon another occasion at her own house. You then proceeded with firmness to say, that in consequence of open neglect by the great of our church (including the persons you had before named), of the chief duties of our religion, the churches were generally ill attended; that they held pews which were seldom or ever occupied by them, by which means many serious Christians, who could get no pews at all, were prevented from filling the churches; that therefore it was that you had been so pointed; and, to show that you really designed it in this way, when you came to that part of the sermon which was most particularly applied to that purpose, you had made a pause, and bowed towards them in their seats, so as that they might the more readily take the force of your observations. But you hoped it would not finally produce the effect Mrs. Blackwell suggested. If, however, even that should be the case, you did not doubt that others would gladly take their pews, and that the Episcopal churches, like those of other denominations, would more generally be filled. You forcibly observed that the churches of other denominations were well attended by the great who belonged to their communions, whereas, to the reproach of the Episcopal churches, those persons seldom or never attended at all."

the leading characters in the state, and in his church had at one period almost a pontifical supremacy. His voice was heard in its first General Assembly, in his old age he was conspicuous in what is known as the New School controversy, and his name is honorably identified with the leading measures which illustrated and shaped the policy of the Presbyterians for more than half a century. While he was chaplain, he noticed the thin attendance of members of Congress at prayers. Not more than one third were commonly present. On one occasion he expressed to a member, who was a professor of religion, his regret at this humiliating inattention, which he was inclined to attribute to the prevalence of free thinking; but he was confounded by his friend's reply: "Will you," said that gentleman, "tell me, on your veracity, whether our attendance is not as good as that of the delegates to your synod or General Assembly at the constituting prayer in the morning?" He was compelled to admit the justice of the inquiry. Dr. Green resided in Chestnut street, in the house previously occupied by Charles Thompson, secretary of the Congress of 1776.

When he first removed to Philadelphia it was to become the colleague of Dr. James Sproat, a preacher highly esteemed in his prime, but at this period affected by the infirmities of age. During Washington's administration Dr. Green had successively two assistants, one of whom was Dr. John N. Abeel, afterward distinguished in the Dutch church in New York, and the other, Dr. Jacob J. Janeway.

At the "Old Buttonwood," or First Presbyterian church, Dr. Ewing, a divine of eminence, and provost of the University of Pennsylvania, was the minister of his day. Until he had some personal difficulty respecting his seminary, when he abandoned the Presbyterian, and attached himself to the Episcopal church, Dr. Benjamin Rush was the most celebrated member of his congrega-

tion, which included however Mr. J. D. Sargeant, Colonel Williams (the first superintendent of the West Point Academy), and other most respectable persons. There was a third Presbyterian church under the charge of Dr. Duffield.

Of the great German Lutheran church, in Cherry street, Dr. Helmuth, professor of the German language and literature in the university, was long the admired and popular minister.

Besides these, the most noted church associations of the metropolis in that time, there was the Baptist church, of which I have already spoken, and one German Calvinist, one Methodist, one Moravian, and one Roman Catholic. In the Southern Liberties was the Swedes' church, probably the oldest place of public worship in Pennsylvania. The Jews had a synagogue, and the ancient Society of Friends was then perhaps stronger than it has been since. The African church, now so prominent among the ecclesiastical bodies of the city, was of a somewhat later date.*

* Dr. Robert Blackwell, who has already been referred to, was originally of Blackwell's Island, New York, which his great-grandfather had purchased, and had been a chaplain in the army. Being a man of very large fortune, fine personal appearance, and singularly pleasant temper and manners, he was a conspicuous character in society. Uniting to his other advantages, great dignity, he was much sought for on the occurrence of fashionable weddings. Slavery then existed in Pennsylvania, and the blacks, who have always been observed to be extremely "aristocratic," hardly considered that they were married at all, unless the Doctor or Bishop White celebrated their nuptials. Dr. Blackwell's registry of marriages and baptisms, which I have seen, beside the marriage of Miss Margaret Allen to William Tilghman, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, and among the alliances of the Willings, Francises, Chews, and others, records the marriages of Sylvia to Cæsar, Venus to Pompey, Dinah to Cuffe, and others, the humblest in the world, to whom as to the greatest, the kingdom of heaven is promised. From the wide hall of his elegant house in Pine street below Third, with its rich chairs and sofas, in which he would array them, the black company would adjourn to his kitchen, where they were sure of some good wine and other hospitable cheer. In due time, too, Sylvia, Dinah, and Venus, were blessed with increase, who would of course be brought to be baptized at his house, and by nobody, of course, but the Doctor who had married their papas and mammas. Notwithstanding his inexhaustible fund both of benignity and good-humor, this "black" business grew a little onerous; and as he began to observe, it had no relief from the increasing numbers of the white clergy. The old gentleman bethought himself at last of a remedy, and having a very respectable negro family servant, who had been brought up from a child in his house, and was always piously disposed, he inquired of him how he would like to take "holy orders."

IV.

The administration of justice — the great standing interest of society — may generally be taken as an exponent of society itself. In no country, at any time when the courts have been great, and the bar great, has the nation been other than great also. D'Aguesseau marks a splendid era in France, Eldon in England, and Marshall in America.

The Declaration of Independence found just admitted at the Philadelphia bar, or preparing for it, several young men of fine parts and accomplishments. The older class, of the second "stratification" of the colonial bar, John Ross, Mr. Francis, Mr. Wilcocks, Mr. Galloway, and Andrew Allen, had either passed away or was doing so, and Mr. Bradford, Mr. Shippen, Edward Tilghman, Jared Ingersoll, and William Rawle, were rising or about rising above the horizon. The last names, with those of William Lewis and Mr. Sitgreaves, of Easton, are those which adorned most brilliantly the bar of the capital during the first presidency. Mr. Joseph Reed had died in 1785, and though his powers as an advocate were very considerable, his passion was for political life,

Having considered the matter, the man felt convinced that as Dr. Blackwell had suggested it, he must be "truly called;" and, putting on a white cravat and green spectacles, he entered in due form upon his divinity studies, for the uninterrupted pursuit of which he was allowed a very comfortable room over the coach-house. Bishop White, whose offices were a great deal invoked in the same way, highly approved of Dr. Blackwell's ingenuity, and the Reverend Absalom Jones was in good time ordained by the bishop a regular member of the Apostolic ministry. Jones had so constantly been present and assisting in a humbler capacity at his master's celebrations of marriage, that he was found, on the first experiment, quite *au fait;* and those who witnessed his performance of the ceremony, found it, in every respect, so "exactly like" Dr. Blackwell's own, that it was sometimes appealed to as conclusive evidence of the equality of the races. From this time, whenever invited to this duty by the blacks, Dr. Blackwell declined on the ground of professional etiquette. Jones, I ought to add, gave fuller proof of his ministry than many of his white brethren have since done. He was very useful among his people in Philadelphia, and is yet well remembered, as his memory also is yet greatly respected, by both whites and blacks, as the first rector of St. Thomas's African Episcopal church, in Fifth street below Walnut.

and his interests were drawn in the unprofitable direction of Pennsylvania local politics. Mr. Bradford undoubtedly occupied the first position in his profession. I have referred to him in several places in this book. I cannot mention him too often. In mere law learning, he was probably surpassed by Mr. Edward Tilghman, who was one of the most thorough "common lawyers" that England or America ever produced; and in what may be styled sledge hammer force of logic, he may have been inferior to Mr. Lewis; but in Mr. Bradford there was a combination of powers, virtues and accomplishments, seldom found in perfect proportion, even when found in combination generally. There was an unusual "completeness of man." On the professional side, full attainments, fine intelligence, high natural eloquence, ready and patient capacities for business, with excellent business habits, made him distinguished. Great prudential qualities, liberal civic and social dispositions, happy relations in domestic life, with delightful manners, and an engaging figure, made a beautiful portrait, merely personal. Expanded political views and sympathies, and the known devotion of his father, his father-in-law, and himself, to the cause of the people, from the beginning of the revolution, stopped the lips which would otherwise have reproached his federal politics, and in the political sphere made him acceptable to all; while the known purity and fidelity which pervaded his whole nature, and were conspicuous in all its elements, whether professional, personal, or of the state, made him as perfect a character as the history of any country presents. He seems never to have "made a mistake" in any act, great or small, of his life; and the poets would have said that he "lived in the presence of all the gods." In addition to every personal and professional distinction, Washington's appointment of him to the first law office of the government gave him, of course, the highest confidence of the public.

Mr. Edward Tilghman has been so well described by another pen that I will not attempt to describe him with my own. His family was an ancient English one and came to Pennsylvania from Maryland. Mr. Tilghman's own education in the law was chiefly in the Temple, and in the years 1772 and 1773 we find him an assiduous attendant in the courts of Westminster Hall, taking notes of the arguments in chancery before Lord Apsley, and of such men as Wallace, Dunning, and Davenport, before Lord Mansfield and the judges of the King's Bench.

"There are," says the writer of the memoir from which I get most of these facts, "two very different methods of acquiring a knowledge of the law of England, and by each of them men have succeeded in public estimation to an almost equal extent. One of them, which may be called the old way, is a methodical study of the general system of law, and of its grounds and reasons, beginning with the fundamental law of estates and tenures, and pursuing the derivative branches in logical succession, and the collateral subjects in due order, by which the student acquires a knowledge of principles that rule in all departments of science, and learns to feel, as much as to know, what is in harmony with the system, and what is not. The other is to get an outline of the system by the aid of commentaries, and to fill it up by desultory reading of treatises and reports, according to the bent of the student, without much shape or certainty in the knowledge so acquired, until it is given by investigations in the course of practice. A good deal of law may be put together by a facile or flexible man in the second of these modes, and the public are often satisfied with it; but the profession itself knows the first, by its fruits, to be the most effectual way of making a great lawyer. Edward Tilghman took the old way, and acquired in it not only great learning, but the most accurate legal judgment of any man of his

day, at the bar of which he was a member. . . . . Upon questions which to most men are perplexing at first, and continue to be so until they have worked their way to a conclusion by elaborate reasoning, he seemed to possess an instinct, which seized the true result before he had taken time to prove it. This was no doubt the fruit of severe and regular training, by which his mind became so imbued with legal principles, that they unconsciously governed his first impressions.

"In that branch of the law which demands the greatest subtlety of intellect as well as familiarity with principles, the chapter of contingent remainders and executory devises, he had probably no superior any where. An eminent judge has said of him, 'that he never knew any man who had this branch of the law so much at his finger ends. With all others with whom he had had professional intercourse, it was the work of time and consideration to comprehend; but *he* took in with one glance all the beauties of the most obscure and difficult limitations. With him it was intuitive; and he could untie the knots of a contingent remainder or executory devise as familiarly as he could his garter.' When this can be justly said of a lawyer—and it was most justly of Edward Tilghman—nothing is wanting to convey to professional readers an adequate notion of the extent of his learning, and the grasp of his understanding; for the doctrines upon these subjects are the higher mathematics of the law, and the attainment of them by any one implies that the whole domain lies at his feet. Mr. Tilghman was also an advocate of great powers — a master of every question in his causes — a wary tactician in the management of them — highly accomplished in language — a faultless logician — a man of the purest integrity and of the brightest honor — fluent without the least volubility — concise to a degree that left every one's patience and attention unimpaired — and per-

spicuous to almost the lowest order of understandings, while he was dealing with almost the highest topics, — how could such qualities as these fail to give him a ready acceptance with both courts and juries, and to make him the bulwark of any cause which his judgment approved? — An invincible aversion to authorship and to public office, prevented this great lawyer from being known as he ought to have been, beyond the limits of his own country. He has probably left nothing professional behind him but his opinions upon cases, now in various hands, and difficult to collect, but which, if collected and published, would place him upon the same elevation with Dulaney of Maryland, or Fearne, the author of the work in which he most delighted. The Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania was offered to him by Governor McKean, upon the death of Chief Justice Shippen, but he declined it, and recommended for the appointment his kinsman, William Tilghman, who so much adorned that station by his learning and virtues. — It is instructive to record, that the stern acquirements and labors of this eminent man never displaced the smiles of benevolence from his countenance, nor put the least weight upon his ever-buoyant spirit. His wit was as playful and harmless, and almost as bright as heat lightning upon a summer's evening. It always lit up the edges of the clouds of controversy that surround the bar, and sometimes dispersed the darkest and angriest. A more frank, honorable, and gentlemanly practitioner of the law, and one more kind, communicative and condescending to the young students and members of the bar, never lived." Horace Binney, thirty years his junior, was willing to record of himself, that he "regarded it as his greatest good fortune to have been admitted to the familiar intimacy of Edward Tilghman, and to have enjoyed not only instruction from his learning and wisdom, but an example of life in his cheerfulness and serenity, dur-

ring the vicissitudes of health and fortune which chequered his declining years."

From the same pen we have a sketch of Mr. Ingersoll, who, like Mr. Tilghman, had been, in part at least, educated in London, and who after his return home enjoyed for many years an extensive practice. "It may not be known to the present age," says the eulogist of Mr. Ingersoll, "but it is an indisputable fact, he had almost two distinct natures, of different qualities, though both of them excellent: his nature in reflection, and his nature in action. In reflection he was, or appeared to be, rather slow, uncertain, deliberate — poising and balancing thought against thought, and authority against authority, as if he did not wish to approach the conclusion; and the consequence of it, I believe, was, that while he was generally and for the most part right, if he ever was otherwise, it was because the truth of the conclusion was hurt by the slowness of the process. This was one nature. But when he came into action, he was the most clear, decided, bold, acute, far-sighted man, whom I have ever seen in my life, as it regarded all the purposes of his cause; and he sprang to his conclusion instantly and fearlessly, as if he came to it by inspiration. In both of these natures, however different in their character, he was a fine example to the students in his office, whom he permitted to know him, and to trace, as it were, the steps of his mind even in its coldest operations; and often did we hear him, through the glass door of his office on the other side of the way, treading his regular steps across the floor, and soliloquizing the points of an opinion or a cause, for the purpose of giving himself the stimulus which he felt that he required. When he got before a jury, he was the most dangerous adversary that any gentleman could meet. In my perhaps partial opinion, he was the ablest advocate of the bar before a jury, when he was in his prime and vigor, whether

his cause was good or bad; and before the court also, if his cause was good, or probably so."

Mr. John Dickenson Sergeant deserves notice for merits which were all his own, and still more so as the father of a son who added new and much greater honor to his name, the late Mr. John Sergeant. The elder Mr. Sergeant did not belong to the Washington school of politicians; he was what was known as an anti-federalist, or democrat. The party was then as respectable as it is now, but it had not the advantage which it has had almost ever since, of controlling all the offices of the country. It was then a proscribed party. Few who had the manners and associations of gentlemen belonged to it. Mr. Sergeant however was an honorable man, and he was held in deserved esteem both for his abilities and his integrity. He had been attorney general of the state. His death, in 1793, was regarded as a loss to the city and to his profession.

Of Mr. Rawle we have no sufficient record, and as he well deserved the best, it is to be regretted that we have not. In the vigor of his powers and the height of his fame he approached, I have often supposed, more nearly to Mr. Bradford than he did to either of the other eminent lawyers I have described. He had less genius than Mr. Bradford, and their characters were marked by such important differences as would naturally be found in men, one of whom had been largely bred in the camp, and the other in the quietism of the community of Friends. But in the purity and gentleness of their natures, in their instinctive delicacy and goodness, as well as in their habits of business, some resemblance might perhaps be traced. Mr. Rawle's family was one of the best, in most of its lines, in Pennsylvania, and was an ancient one in England. His own legal education had been chiefly in the Temple, and on his return home in 1783 he rose by very fair degrees to

extensive engagements in the best description of commercial and other practice. In July, 1791, he received from President Washington the office of District Attorney of Pennsylvania, and he prosecuted in behalf of the country the offenders against the authority of the federal government in 1794 and 1798. Though having little taste for political life, he belonged to the party of which Washington was the head, and was always a faithful adherent to its principles. He survived most or all of his professional contemporaries, and near the close of his career, when he had withdrawn almost entirely from connection with the courts, his excellent legal judgment, his thorough acquaintance with both the statutory and common law of England and Pennsylvania, is proved by what is known in Pennsylvania as the Revised Code, a work for which, without disparagement of his coadjutors, it may probably be said that the state is chiefly indebted to his pen.

I have not mentioned Mr. Alexander James Dallas, although in connection with his Reports his name belongs to the bar of this period. His practice, I presume, was considerable, but he did not belong to the school of Washington, nor to that of Washington's friends. His life was so much engrossed with politics that his character and position might be regarded more appropriately in the exhibition of another class of persons.

Mr. Samuel Sitgreaves was of Easton, but practised at the bar of Philadelphia, in which city he was compelled to pass much of his time as a senator. I have not the means of estimating his professional abilities, but they must have been of a high order. His practice was considerable, and he enjoyed unequaled reputation in the district in which he resided, the northeast of the state. He was a man of elegant appearance and manners, and of very lofty pretension and carriage. He had been much in foreign countries, where he was admired for his presence and address. A few letters

of his which I have seen prove that his literary accomplishments were highly respectable. He was, with Mr. James Ross, a leader of the federal party, and the regard in which he was held by that party, unequaled by any which has ever existed in any country for the intelligence and purity of its principal characters is a sufficient memorial of his name.

Of Mr. William Lewis I am unable to give many particulars. He began the study of law late in life, and was probably never learned in books. He was of that class of men who need but little such education. He came, I think, from the country, and retained throughout his life many habits and distinctions which, though common at the bars of the cities in our own day, did not then belong to the bar of Philadelphia. He had however great abilities as a lawyer, and as a legal dialectician, I infer, was second to none of his contemporaries.

In these short notices I have confined myself strictly to the bar of the metropolis. But the finest legal intelligence of the country was also displayed here. Hamilton, while residing in Philadelphia, argued some of his greatest cases here. The world knows and admires him as a soldier, a financier, and a statesman, but those best able to speak of him as a lawyer have declared that his fame in this capacity was not less splendid than that to which he rose in other spheres. "That accomplished lawyer," says Chancellor Kent, "showed by his precepts and practice the value to be placed on the decisions of Lord Mansfield. He was well acquainted with the productions of Valin and Emerigon; and if he was not truly one of the founders of this state, he may at least be considered as among the earliest of those who recommended these authors to the notice of the profession, and rendered the study and citation of them popular and familiar. His arguments on commercial, as well as on other questions were remarkable for

freedom and energy, and he was eminently distinguished for exhausting every subject which he discussed and leaving no argument or objection on the adverse side unnoticed and unanswered. He traced doctrines to their source, or probed them to their foundations, and at the same time paid the highest deference and respect to sound authority. The reported cases do no kind of justice to his close and accurate logic; to his powerful and comprehensive intellect; to the extent of his knowledge, or the eloquence of his illustrations. We may truly apply to the efforts of his mind, the remark of Mr. Justice Buller, in reference to the judicial opinions of another kindred genius, that 'principles were stated, reasoned upon, enlarged and explained, until those who heard him were lost in admiration at the strength and stretch of the human understanding.'"

V.

Of the prominent representatives of the medical profession in the capital during the presidency of Washington, it is probable that Dr. Rush will be expected to be first presented. His name undoubtedly will have a historic and popular distinction when others will have no fame beyond the halls of science, and in them be confined, in part, to the region where they themselves were known. Medical history also will revert to this era as the one in which the principal evidences of Dr. Rush's zeal and abilities are found: the eras of those terrible fevers which appeared, in intervals, at the seat of government, near the close of the last century. And his literary qualities were so excellent, his powers of narration and description so great, that his own records of those scenes will long continue to give him fame, and to excite an interest in whatever concerns his memory.

Although the chief medical theory — that of the unity of hu-

man disease — to which his capacities were devoted, was, no doubt, but a specious one, and is now exploded, and though his writings, voluminous as they are, have little authority in medical science, it is almost impossible to believe that his practice, in at least the middle years of his professional life, could have been essentially bad. His manners were insinuating and delightful, his ingenuity unusually great, his devotion to his classes and to all whom he could enlist as the advocates of his fame, constant, polite, and adroit. But no power of making the worse appear the better side, no efforts for controlling those whose voices and whose activity are used to create public opinion, could, I think, of themselves have given to Dr. Rush the success in his profession which he unquestionably at one period enjoyed. His methods of treating the great fevers of his time, as much as they were condemned by some practitioners then, and as bad as they have been found by many practitioners since, must have had a wide basis of truth and application. That his favorite remedies were applied even then indiscriminately and with too much reliance on their efficacy, that his "heroic practice" may have sometimes killed when another's "ars expectandi" might have saved, may be admitted without affecting our main position. But, uninfluenced by the dogmas of the schools, I cannot question that for his day, or for that part of his day of which he bore the heat and burden, his practice was in the main judicious. That he himself was fond of applying it too long, and of over applying it, and so discredited it; that he maintained it too inflexibly wherein it was right, and too long wherein it was erroneous, should not perhaps bring reproach of his views. Those minds are rare in which, with deeply settled convictions, such as become principles, much capacity exists for receiving new impressions, or for applying doctrines to new conditions. This was eminently true of Dr. Rush, from an origi-

nal love of theory, and from the strongest personal zeal and affection for every thing which originated with or concerned himself.

Much of Dr. Rush's fame which the world supposes to be professional, arises from his connection with our great political actors and actions. Though not a member of Congress on the fourth of July, 1776, his name is found attached to the charter of our independence, and he felt a profound interest in the conduct of the revolution. He was conspicuous, also, in most other public affairs which were agitated in Philadelphia, whether religious, literary, or social; and as a lecturer or popular writer he possessed a charm of style rarely equaled. This, with his extensive relations with men of learning, his great medical practice, his remarkable powers of address and conversation, and the devotion he inspired from nearly every one who was his friend at all, made him what he must be confessed to have been, a marked character while Philadelphia was the seat of government; but it would be a violation of truth, and an injustice to those men who were the friends of Washington, and of whom Washington was the friend, to include Dr. Rush in the number. In war and peace he was one of the chief's enemies, and after the twentieth of March, 1778, Washington had no confidence whatever in his friendly professions. The fact of the President's disregard of a man whose talents were so considerable was noted by some observers in that day; the reasons of it are better understood in this.

William Shippen was now in the height of his professional distinction. He had been for several years Director General of the Medical Department of the army, and was endeared to the President not only by trials which in the war they had shared together, but was especially so, it may be believed, by the fact that in the darkest hour of the revolutionary struggle, that of Conway's cabal, he defended with success his professional reputation

against what Washington calls "charges of a very heinous nature," by the same individual who almost on the same day spoke of the commander-in-chief as "no general," and quoted with admiration the declaration of Conway that "a great and good God hath decreed America to be free, or the general, and weak counsellors, would have ruined her long ago." Shippen's reputation was higher as a surgeon than as a therapeutist. While in Europe, where he spent five years, he had been a pupil of Sir John Hunter, and a resident in his family, and almost an inhabitant of the theatre of William Hunter, and his affinities therefore were naturally more intimate with surgery than with medicine. Unlike Dr. Rush, he wrote but little, and we have not much in the way of papers to prove his abilities; but we have ample traditionary evidence, and the direct testimony of his associate, Dr. Wistar, the best of judges and the best of witnesses, that they were very high. Shippen was a man of fine appearance and fine manners; his elocution was admired by every body, when Duché and Whitfield had left the impressions of models never since surpassed. His social connections were all influential, and he was regarded in the period of Washington's administration with all the interest which could belong to one who had done a special honor to his country; for Dr. Morgan had died in 1789, and Shippen now remained the only surviving founder of the medical school of Pennsylvania, the first established medical college in America, of which he had been not only a father, from 1765, the year of its creation, but one of the most interested and efficient professors; and by his fine powers as a demonstrator, and his happy style as a lecturer, had led it from a humble beginning, with ten pupils, to the eminence it occupied in the closing ten years of the last century, when its benches were crowded by students whose names were counted by hundreds.

Dr. Wistar was a character whom it is delightful to remember

It is praise enough to say of him that he received the eulogies of William Tilghman. The harmony of his parts, the placid and benignant cast of his tempers, might lead us to suppose that Dr Wistar's reputation was chiefly a moral one, and to doubt whether his scientific abilities and attainments had been of the best order We know however by most convincing proofs that they were so He had been a thorough student in the foreign universities, where he passed more than three years, and on his return to America had filled with unusual credit the chair of the professorship of chemistry in the college of Philadelphia. He was a mineralogist also. But it was as an anatomist that his fame was supreme. His treatise on anatomy has been considered so complete and accurate a work that it is still extensively used as a text book in the colleges, and it has quite recently received new distinction in the editorial labors of so fine an anatomist as Dr. Pancoast. Dr. Wistar was not actively engaged in the revolution, but he had been on the field of Germantown, and his humanity and skill were alike conspicuous in the hospitals there. He belonged by his connections to the Society of Friends, though he never conformed strictly to their discipline. This would have kept him from celebrity in the fashionable world of that day; but his reputation as a man of science carried him into every sphere.

Dr. Wistar's social powers were eminent. On the Saturday evening of each week his house was the resort, not of those mixed crowds of men of every kind of rank, with all sorts and no sorts of education, — traders, physicians, lawyers, litterateurs, and bon vivants — who, at "Wistar Parties," originally established in his honor, are now called together, to eat, drink, and go home; but of gentlemen of all the liberal professions, scholars, and such strangers of distinction as happened at the time to be visitors or temporary residents in the city. It was of meetings like these

that Chief Justice Tilghman says: "Without intending it, our lamented friend would take the lead, and so interesting were his anecdotes, and so just his remarks, that, drawing close to the dying embers we often forgot the lapse of time until warned by the unwelcome clock that we had entered on another day."

Of Kuhn, Griffitts, Hutchinson, Dunlap, and other practitioners of the time we are describing, I need not speak at large; but of Philip Syng Physic, who filled the most illustrious career in medicine that this country has ever known, I may remark, that while his full fame belongs to a later date, he had even in the time of Washington begun to attract the attention of society, by displays of the promise which was afterwards so splendidly fulfilled.

Such was the medical distinction of our epoch. The college of Philadelphia was in 1789 in the height of its renown. Dr. Shippen was its professor of anatomy and surgery; Rush was in the chair of the theory and practice of medicine; Wistar was filling its professorship of chemistry and the institutes of medicine; and Dr. Griffitts that of materia medica and pharmacy. Indeed the course of instruction in that day was more complete than it has been in ours, for it had a separate chair of botany and natural history, of which the accomplished occupant was Dr. Barton, the first American who gave his country an elementary work on the science of vegetable nature.

"This," says Professor Wood, the historian of that college, "may be regarded as one of the most interesting eras in the history of the medical school. It was now that Dr. Rush took that station which his genius and eloquence afterwards rendered so illustrious. It was now that Barton found a field for the display of acquirements unrivalled among his contemporary countrymen; it was now moreover that Wistar entered within these walls, which the fame of his talents as a teacher crowded with pupils, and

about which his warm benevolence of heart and delightful urbanity of manners combined to throw a charm which, amidst all subsequent changes, retained a strong influence over all who had the good fortune to listen to his instructions."

Distinguished as Philadelphia has been for a hundred years as the principal seat of medical science on this continent, was it ever so distinguished, so justly honored, for illustrious men in this department, as it was in the era of the administration of Washington?

VI.

The women of Philadelphia were already distinguished for those attractions which have been celebrated so much and so justly in more recent times. For beauty, grace, and intelligence, the witty Duke de Lauzun confessed that he knew not where they were surpassed; and the gay Marquis de Chastellux became enthusiastic when describing the dames and demoiselles who gave its life to society there at the close of the war. At the end of seven years, when Philadelphia was made again the centre of affairs, it was found that her coteries had lost in the advance of material interests none of their refinement or spirit, and that whatever rivalry was threatened in commercial and industrial prosperity, none could be apprehended in social elegance.

Preëminent at this period in rank and in whatever adds an embellishment to the highest station, was Mrs. Anne Bingham, daughter of Mr. Thomas Willing and wife of Mr. William Bingham, who soon after was created one of the representatives of Pennsylvania in the national senate. Distinguished among the women of the presidential court, Mrs. Bingham was elevated in some respects above them all, in being the centre of a court which was all her own. Her style, her beauty, her influence, the elegance of her house, the taste and aristocratic distinction of the assemblages which

frequently adorned it, have become as household words in the city which was the scene of them, and indeed are historical in the annals of the higher social life of America. Considering that she died before she was thirty-seven years of age, that she had passed much of her married life abroad, and that the close of it was away from home, and after illness had withdrawn her for some time from the sphere in which she shone, we should under ordinary circumstances find it difficult to account for the great traditionary reputation of her distinction and influence, which is found in Philadelphia as fresh almost at the end of half a century as it was at its beginning. Her reputation was, in truth, the combined result of several causes. Her beauty was splendid. Her figure, which was somewhat above the middle size, was well made. Her carriage was light and elegant, while ever marked by dignity and air. Her manners were a gift. Sprightly, easy, winning, are terms which describe the manners of many women, but while truly describing hers, they would describe them imperfectly, unless they gave the idea that they won from all who knew her a special measure of personal interest and relation. Receiving neither service nor the promise of it, every one who left her yet felt personally flattered and obliged; really exclusive in her associates, she gave to none the slightest offence; with great social ambition at the basis of her character, no aspirant for the eminence of fashion felt that she was thwarting her aims; and with advantages, personal, social, and external, such as hardly ever fail to excite envy from her sex, such was her easy and happy turn of feeling, and such the fortunate cast of her natural manners, that she seemed never to excite the sting of unkindness nor so much as awaken its slumber or repose. Her entertainments were distinguished not more for their superior style and frequency than for the happy and discreet selection of her

guests, and her own costume abroad was always marked by that propriety and grace which, while uniting costliness, rarity and an exquisite refinement, subordinates the effect of them in a way which never invites comparisons. In all this she had had the advantage of a wise and courtly and affectionate education. She owed much, however, to the command of great wealth, and to a combination of friendly and family advantages which her wealth enabled her to illustrate and profit by.

In her father's house we may believe that Mrs. Bingham received the best instruction which the time and country afforded. Mr. Willing had himself been carefully educated at Bath, in England, and although contemplating probably the career of a merchant, had been liberally trained in classical studies, and had pursued for some time a regular course of legal reading as a student in the Temple. From girlhood the beauty of this daughter had been conspicuous, and on the twenty-sixth of October, 1780, being then just sixteen years old, she was married by the Reverend William White, one of the chaplains to the Congress, and afterwards the first bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Pennsylvania, to Mr. William Bingham, of Philadelphia, who possessed larger estates than any other person in the colony. As a child she had been much at home in the family of Washington. Mr. Willing and his associate in commerce, Robert Morris, as well as his brother-in-law, Mr. Clymer, were all members of the Congress of 1776. To the great credit and well known patriotism of the house of Willing and Morris the country owed its extrication from those trying pecuniary embarrassments so familiar to the readers of our revolutionary history. The character of Mr. Willing was in many respects not unlike that of Washington, and in the discretion of his conduct, the fidelity of his professions, and the great influence, both private and public, which

belonged to him, the destined leader was certain to find the elements of an affinity by which they would be united in the closest manner During a part of the war the head-quarters of the General were in a house built on Mr. Willing's estate for his son-in-law, Colonel Byrd, of Westover, in Virginia, and only separated from his own by the intervening grounds of his garden. In this way, as well as from her domestic relations and immediate connections with the families of Clymer, Francis, Powell, McCall, Shippen, and others, forming in that day, with the Chews, Allens, and two or three more, a large portion of the only society with which the Chief was intimate, Miss Willing, even as a young girl, was very frequently an object of Washington's notice and regard. Another intimate friend of the family, from abroad, was John Jay, who at the time of Miss Willing's marriage was in Spain, and who soon after wrote to Mr. Bingham, to congratulate him on his happiness, "from the most delicate of all connections, with one of the most lovely of her sex. As I am always pleased to find those happy whom I think deserve to be so," he says, "it gave me very sensible satisfaction to hear that you had both made so judicious a choice, notwithstanding the veil which that sweet fascinating passion often draws over our eyes and understanding."

Soon after the conclusion of the war, that is, in 1784, Mrs. Bingham with her husband went to Europe. She spent some time in France, and was presented at the court of Louis XVI., where she attracted particular attention The eyes of cavaliers might well be turned to such a representative of a nation whose successful contest for independence had won the admiration of the world. Mr. Adams and his family were then residing in Paris, and in the diary of Miss Adams, for the twenty-sixth of October, 1784, it is recorded that the Adamses that day dined with the Binghams at the Hotel Muscovy. "Mrs. Bingham," says the young lady, "gains my love



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and admiration more and more every time I see her; she is possessed of greater ease and politeness in her behavior than any person I have met." Two or three months afterward, describing a dinner of Lafyette's, Mrs. Bingham was again encountered: "She was, as ever, engaging; her dress was of black velvet, with pink satin sleeves and stomacher, a pink satin petticoat, and over it a skirt of white crape, spotted all over with gray fur — the sides of the gown open in front, and the bottom of the coat trimmed with paste. It was superb, and the gracefulness of the person made it appear to pecu liar advantage"

Her next sojourn was at the Hague, which was still an important seat of diplomacy. From the Hague she passed into England, where her elegance and beauty attracted more admiration than perhaps was willingly expressed by the old court of George III.

That the American women surpass those of any other country in beauty has long been conceded. Nothing struck the gallant French noblemen, who came here during the war, so much as the charms of the fairer sex, in almost every class of society. Young John Quincy Adams, soon after his return from Russia, in 1785, wrote to his sister, "Since I came home I am grown more indifferent to beauty than I ever was; it is so common here that it loses half its value." His mother very nearly agreed with him on this subject. "Notwithstanding the English boast so much of their beauties," she says, "I do not think they have really so much of it as you will find amongst the same proportion of people in America. It is true that their complexions are undoubtedly fairer than the French, and in general their figures are good. Of this they make the best; but I have not seen a lady in England who can bear a comparison with Mrs. Bingham, Mrs. Platt, or a Miss Hamilton, who is a Philadelphia young lady. Among the most celebrated of their beauties stands the Duchess of Devonshire, who is mascu-

line in her appearance. Lady Salisbury is small and genteel, but her complexion is bad; and Lady Talbot is not a Mrs. Bingham, who, taken altogether, is the finest woman I ever saw. The intelligence of her countenance, or rather, I ought to say, its animation, the elegance of her form, and the affability of her manners, convert you into admiration; and one has only to lament too much dissipation and frivolity of amusement, which have weaned her from her native country, and given her a passion and thirst after all the luxuries of Europe. The finest English woman I have seen is the eldest daughter of Mr. Dana, brother to our Mr. Dana. He resides in the country, but was in London, with two of his daughters, when I first came here. I saw her first at Ranelagh. I was struck with her appearance, and endeavored to find who she was; for she appeared like Calypso amongst her nymphs, delicate and modest. She was easily known from the crowd, as a stranger. I had not long admired her before she was brought by her father and introduced to me, after which she made me a visit, with her sister, who was much out of health. At the same time that she has the best title of any English woman I have seen to the rank of a divinity, I would not have it forgotten that her father is an American, and, as he was remarkably handsome, no doubt she owes a large share of her beauty to him."

In London the Adams family renewed their intimacy with the Binghams, and Miss Adams frequently alludes to her Philadelphia friend: "She is coming quite into fashion here, and is very much admired," she says. "The hairdresser who dresses us on court days inquired of mama whether she knew the lady 'so much talked of here from America, Mrs. Bingham.' He had heard of her from a lady who had seen her at Lord Duncan's. At last, speaking of Miss Hamilton, he said, with a twirl of his comb, "Well, it does not signify, but the American ladies do beat the English all to nothing!"

On the twenty-fourth of June, 1787, Miss Adams, now Mrs. William S. Smith, writes in her journal: "Mrs. Stewart is an agreeable woman. I think from the observation I have made upon those ladies from Philadelphia whom I have been acquainted with, that they are more easy in their manners, and discover a greater desire to render themselves acceptable, than the women of Boston, where education appears to be better, and they seem to be sensible of their consequence in society. I have seen some good specimens of their brilliancy, first in Mrs. Bingham, and now in Mrs. Stewart."

Mrs. Bingham remained abroad about five years. She was every where caressed, and the immense wealth at her command enabled her to maintain a style of life without which beauty, elegance, or worth, stands every where in Europe, but in England* especially, only a slight chance of recognition. With her husband she had contemplated, before leaving home, the building of a residence, on their return, which might illustrate their taste, wealth and hospitality. The domestic architecture of London and Paris was a subject of special study, and the mansion of the Duke of Manchester, in Manchester Square, London, was selected as the model of the contemplated structure in Philadelphia—the dimensions of the original being somewhat enlarged in the copy. Soon after they came back to America they built their palatial edifice, so well remembered by the present generation as "The Mansion House," in Third street above Spruce, which was unhappily destroyed a few years ago by fire. We have since had in New York and Philadelphia a few larger houses, but in neither city, it may be safely asserted, has there yet been any establishment distinguished every way by taste so truly elegant, and by so marked an

* The English sometimes refer in an unamiable way to the influence of the "almighty dollar" over our countrymen, as if not aware of the fact that in no other country is money so "almighty" as in England itself.

air of rank and opulence. Its width was spacious, its height not extended above a third story, and it stood perhaps forty feet from the ordinary line of the street, being approached by a circular carriage way of gravel, the access upon both ends of which opened by swinging gates of iron open tracery. A low wall, with an elegant course of baluster upon it, defended the immediate front, and connected the gates which gave admission. The grounds about the house, beautifully diversified with walks, statuary, shade, and parterres, covered not less than three acres. They extended the whole distance, three hundred and ninety-six feet, from Third to Fourth street, and along Fourth street two hundred and ninety-two feet from Spruce, to the lot subsequently bought, built upon, and occupied by the late Mr. John Sergeant. On Third street the line extended north toward the house of her father, as far as that of her uncle, Mr. Powell, afterwards of the late Mr. William Rawle; so that the whole square, from Willing's alley to Spruce street, along Fourth — filled now by fifty-four fine houses — was occupied only by the houses of her father, Mr. Thomas Willing, her aunt, Mrs. William Byrd, of Westover, another aunt, Mrs. Powell, and her own princely abode.*

* Among Mrs. Bingham's admirers, in her girlhood, while she remained abroad, and to the end of her career, was Mr. Jefferson, who in one of his letters to her, written from Paris about a year after her return to Philadelphia, gives in his peculiarly lively and agreeable style a contrast of foreign and American fashionable life. "I know, madam," he says, "that the twelvemonth is not yet expired; but it will be, nearly, before this will have the honor of being put into your hands. You are then engaged to tell me, truly and honestly, whether you do not find the tranquil pleasures of America preferable to the empty bustle of Paris. For to what does that bustle tend? At eleven o'clock it is day, *chez madame.* The curtains are drawn. Propped on bolsters and pillows, and her head scratched into a little order, the bulletins of the sick are read, and the billets of the well. She writes to some of her acquaintance, and receives the visits of others. If the morning is not very thronged, she is able to get out and hobble round the cage of the Palais Royal; but she must hobble quickly, for the *coiffeur's* turn is come; and a tremendous turn it is! Happy, if he does not make her arrive when dinner is half over! The torpitude of digestion a little passed, she flutters half an hour through the streets, by way of paying visits, and then to the spectacles. These finished, another half hour is devoted to dodging in and out of the doors of her very sincere friends, and away to supper. After supper, cards; and

I have said that Mrs. Bingham in some sort maintained a court of her own. Her family connection was numerous, of great influence, and located generally about her, the south-eastern part being then the fashionable end of the town. The venerable abode of her cousin, Chief Justice Shippen, was on Fourth street, opposite to Willing's alley; the house of another cousin, Mrs. Harrison, was also in Fourth street, opposite the Bingham mansion; the sequestered and stately home of her more remote kinsman, Mr. Archibald McCall, was at the north-east corner of Pine and Third streets; Mrs. Blackwell, her sister-in-law (the sister of her husband and the wife of the Reverend Dr. Robert Blackwell, whose only daughter her brother George had married), lived in Pine street, below Third; her connection, Colonel Thomas Lloyd Moore, a very elegant military man of that time, whose only daughter another brother had married, was not far below, and M. Barbe Marbois,* who had mar-

after cards, bed; to rise at noon the next day, and to tread, like a mill-horse, the same trodden circle over again. Thus the days of life are consumed, one by one, without an object beyond the present moment; ever flying from the ennui of that, yet carrying it with us; eternally in pursuit of happiness, which keeps eternally before us. If death or bankruptcy happen to trip us out of the circle, it is matter for the buzz of the evening, and is completely forgotten by the next morning. In America, on the other hand, the society of your husband, the fond cares for the children, the arrangements of the house, the improvements of the grounds, fill every moment with a healthy and an useful activity. Every exertion is encouraging, because to present amusement it joins the promise of some future good. The intervals of leisure are filled by the society of real friends, whose affections are not thinned to cobweb by being spread over a thousand objects. This is the picture, in the light it is presented to my mind; now let me have it in yours. If we do not concur this year, we shall the next; or if not then, in a year or two more. You see I am determined not to suppose myself mistaken.... The workmen of Paris are making rapid strides towards English perfection. Would you believe, that in the course of the last two years, they have learned even to surpass their London rivals in some articles? Commission me to have you a phaeton made, and if it is not as much handsomer than a London one as that is than a fiacre, send it back to me. Shall I fill the box with caps, bonnets, &c.? Not of my own choosing, but — I was going to say, of Mademoiselle Bertin's, forgetting for the moment that she too is bankrupt. They shall be chosen then by whom you please; or, if you are altogether nonplussed by her eclipse, we will call an Assemblée des Notables, to help you out of the difficulty, as is now the fashion. In short, honor me with your commands of any kind, and they shall be faithfully executed."

* *Ante*, page 81; note.

ried a sister of Colonel Moore, was in the immediate vicinity; so that Mrs. Bingham had only to issue her commands to her own circle of connections to have her halls filled with an assemblage every way fit to grace them. I have already mentioned the access to the house; its entrance was not raised at all, as is the modern style, to a kind of second story, but it brought the visitor by a single step upon the wide pave of tesselated marble, which will be remembered even in the more recent history of "The Mansion House." Its self-supporting broad stairway of fine white marble — the first of that description, probably, ever known in America — leading to the second story, gave a truly Roman elegance to the passage. On the left hand, as the visitor entered, were parlors; on the right, a room designed for a study; and opposite, separated by a lateral hall, a library. In the second story, on the south, were a drawing-room and card-rooms, the windows of which, looking down on an extensive conservatory, adjacent to the lower parlors on the same side, revealed a delicious prospect. Various and extensive domestic offices adjoined the house upon the west. Much of the furniture, including the carpets, which were remarkable for their elegant richness, had been made in France. The halls were hung with pictures, of which the greater number had been selected in Italy;* and the library was well filled with the best authors of the day. Many remnants of this beautiful furniture are still preserved by Mrs. Bingham's relatives, and are sometimes displayed as illustrations of the truth that the taste of Philadelphia has not increased in proportion to her wealth and population.

In addition to this town establishment Mrs. Bingham possessed the elegant retreat of Lansdowne, on the west bank of the Schuylkill, formerly belonging to the Penns—a place which she laid out

* A fine Magdalen, after Corregio, is now at Mayfield, near Philadelphia, the seat of Mr. G. H. Thomson, whose amiable and accomplished wife I believe is a niece of Mrs. Bingham's.

with great taste, and at which she passed her summers. At both places, particularly at Lansdowne, Washington was a frequent visitor. In both she lived with an elegant hospitality. Her youth, beauty, rank, and wealth, with the frequency, variety, and tasteful richness of her entertainments, made her acquaintance highly desirable; and her husband's public character, as a member of the national Senate, her father's long and honorable career in the service of the country, her connexion, Major Jackson's, intimate associations as one of the private and confidential secretaries of the President, and her own residence in France, England, and other parts of Europe, conspired to draw around her a circle of men and women of the very first class, in rank, elegance, and accomplishment. Philadelphia was now the metropolis; all that the United States contained, illustrious in statesmanship, was assembled there, and as the capital of the country it was the residence as well of the several diplomatic representatives of Europe as of numerous truly eminent persons whom choice or vicissitudes had brought together in the new empire, which was becoming a mystery and a wonder and was shattering by its noble example of liberty all the traditional despotisms of the world. I have dwelt thus long and with such particularity upon the fame and circumstances of Mrs. Bingham, because she was unquestionably at the head of American society, because the style in which she lived illustrated the highest refinement and splendor known in the country, and because its striking contrast from the simple manner in which the President lived showed the utter profligacy of those political agitators who made the cry of an "anglo-monarchic aristocracy," composed of "the executive, the judiciary, and the officers of the government," a senseless, ridiculous and wicked means of organizing the elements of vulgar baseness throughout the republic against the faultless administration of Washington.

For wealth Mrs. Bingham was the most distinguished of her family; but her mother, Mrs. Thomas Willing, was hardly less remarkable for beauty than herself, and indeed so much resembled her as to make it a question and almost a dispute among their friends whether the mother or the daughter was the most beautiful. A fine picture by Peale, yet in the possession of one of her descendants, renders this very easy to believe. Other members of the Willing family, in different generations, then all living, were Mrs. Tench Francis, Mrs. Stirling, wife of Admiral Stirling, of Scotland, Mrs. Powell, a lady of large fortune and some literary pretensions, Mrs. Jackson, wife of Major William Jackson, Washington's secretary, Mrs. Dolly Willing Francis, Mrs. Richard Peters, whom as Miss Abby Willing Louis Philippe is said very greatly to have admired, and Mrs. Clymer.

Among these, as more especially connected with the court of Washington, it is proper to mention particularly Mrs. William Jackson. This elegant woman, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Willing, was the second daughter of Mr. Thomas Willing, and a sister, therefore, of Mrs. Bingham. Though less beautiful than her elder sister, her person and countenance were highly engaging, and she was remarkable from girlhood for the sprightliness and grace of both her mind and manners. In her earlier years she had of course seen much of Washington at her father's house, and she had sometimes been a familiar guest at the table of Mrs. Bingham, where, it is recorded in his diary, he sometimes dined "in great splendor." But it is perhaps more in virtue of her husband's history and position, than of her own, that she here deserves especial attention. Major William Jackson for many years held an intimate personal relation to Washington, and was at all times regarded by him with the utmost kindness and esteem. He was born of a good family in Cumberland, England, and had entered the southern



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department of the continental army in the very beginning of the revolutionary struggle, that is, in June, 1775, when he was not yet seventeen years of age. He served with honor in different engagements, and in several commissions of important trust, and for several years, under General Lincoln, filled the office of Assistant Secretary of War, which he resigned, greatly to General Lincoln's regret, only when the peace of 1789 rendered it practicable for him to retire from his post without injury to the public service. After the organization of the federal government he was invited by Washington to join him as aid-de-camp and private secretary, and in this situation he remained until the year 1793, when he sailed for Europe upon private business. He appears to have given great satisfaction to Washington, who stated that "his deportment had been regulated by principles of integrity and honor," and "the duties of his station executed with ability," and with expressions of "sincere esteem and regard" embraced the opportunity to thank him for all his attentions, and for the services he had rendered him ever since he had been a member of the presidential family.

It was this near personal relation of Major Jackson to the president which afterwards gave to the lady I am writing of her marked distinction in the circle of the Republican Court. Washington was present at her marriage, in the venerable mansion of Mr. Willing, which, having stood for one hundred and eleven years, has just given way to the so called improvements of modern times.* That whole region of a great city has long since changed

* While in Philadelphia last summer (1856), pursuing researches respecting the social history of that city, with a view to render this edition of "The Republican Court" as complete and accurate as possible in its delineation of the higher life of our first metropolis, during the administration of our first president, the following paragraphs arrested my attention in *The Evening Bulletin*. I have not been able to ascertain by whom they were written, but they are so pertinent to my present subject that the reader will approve my transcribing them.

"One of the few survivors of the original first class buildings of Philadelphia is soon to be de-

its aspects. Elegance no longer reigns there, and the abodes of rank and fashion are passing — have passed indeed — into the money-getting uses of "men of enterprise." It was on a beautiful afternoon in September, in the hours towards evening, which business had left to repose and quiet, that, wending through some of the ancient parts of the city, always interesting to me, my steps were arrested by the venerable aspect of this house. It had just

molished, and a successor more in accordance with the progress of the city and the demands of the age will be erected upon its site. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company have purchased the 'Willing Mansion,' at the southwest corner of Third street and Willing's alley, and this relic of the substantial architecture of the Philadelphia of more than a century ago, will soon be torn down to make way for a handsome building for the use of the company as an office. The old structure, although so far behind the age, is still a fine specimen of a commodious and substantial dwelling. Its wide front, and the spacious hall that runs through the middle of the building, are in striking contrast with too many of the fashionable residences of the present day. The Willing Mansion was begun in 1745, and was finished the following year. It was built by Mr. John Palmer, who was well known in his day as a bricklayer. It was he who built St. Peter's church and many others of the best structures that were put up in Philadelphia about the middle of the last century. Mr. Palmer, the builder, was the father of the late Mr. John B. Palmer, who was for many years the Secretary and Treasurer of the Mutual Assurance Company. The old mansion was occupied for many years by the Willing family, but for a considerable period, more recently, it has been used for a boarding house. The building itself has been extensively modernized, but its vicinity has undergone still greater changes. Half a century ago there were but four or five buildings upon the west side of Third street, between Willing's alley and Spruce street. Bingham's splendid mansion and grounds occupied a large share of the southern portion of this space, while spacious gardens intervened between the Chew Mansion and the Willing Mansion at the corner of the alley. The Willing property extended westward to Fourth street. At the mansion of Chief Justice Chew, just referred to, Washington had his head quarters at one time.

"We are informed by Mr. John F. Watson, the annalist, that the Willing Mansion was built after the form and model of the homestead building of the family at Bristol, England. The door posts and pediments which still occupy their original position in the front of the building are of Bath stone; they were imported from England all ready for putting up. Mr. Watson informs us that when the mansion was built it was a kind of a country retirement, being beyond Dock creek, and consequently at that period out of town! To reach the house you went up hill along Walnut street, from the creek, to Third street, and thence again by a narrow, deep-cut road up a greater hill to the mansion. This neighborhood was called 'The Hill,' in old times, but the high ground that gave it this distinction has long since been almost levelled down, while the line of the creek has been filled up. Among the ancient landmarks of the neighborhood is the old buttonwood tree that still stands in front of the Willing Mansion. The writer of this article remembers when a boy, thirty years ago, gathering 'buttonballs' from beneath the wide-spread branches of this tree, and he remembers, too, marvelling much at how the hitching post at the door had grown into the spreading base of the tree, and how it was held there as firmly as though it was part and parcel of the living

been abandoned to the invader; every inhabitant had departed; but the stroke of demolition had not yet fallen upon its walls. Its fine doorway stood open, and I entered. It was a noble mansion, and I could not but regret that the opulent proprietors of such places as these in Philadelphia and New York do not approve the spirit which prevails in older lands, by defying trade and improvement, in building up façades like that of Northumberland House, which shuts off the whole world of London and its Charing Cross from one "home of the Percies," leaving all behind at least to an ancient and honorable possession. As I passed through its extensive halls and numerous apartments I could not refrain from calling up many a spectacle of which this domus antiqua had been the scene, in the course of that century and more, in which it had been occupied by a family eminently social and long distinguished in the ranks of gentility and fashion. It was in the very room,

timber. The base of the old tree had a habit of absorbing and growing around every object that came in its way, and at some future day the bricks grown up into the heart of the trunk may do damage to the saws or axes of those who attempt to convert it into plank or fire-wood. This venerable tree, and the one that stood to the south of it, were planted in 1749 by Messrs. Thomas Willing and John Palmer. The southern one became much decayed, and was cut down several years since; but the other tree still stands green and erect, although it has been shorn of most of its branches. We presume the sturdy old trunk will soon have to share the fate of its fellow, and the mansion they both shaded so long and so faithfully.

"The Willing family has for a century and a quarter stood in the front rank of Philadelphia society. We find the name among the early merchants of the city, and it is conspicuous in the ancient records of the city government. In 1747 the name of Mr. Charles Willing first appears as an alderman in the records of the City Council. A year later he was elected Mayor of the city, and on his retirement from that office, after a term of one year, we find him presenting to the treasury the *one hundred pounds salary* just voted him. This he returned to the treasury in lieu of the entertainment usually given to the corporation by the retiring mayors. In 1754 Mr. Charles Willing was again elected mayor, and in 1763 Mr. Thomas Willing held the same office. Mr. Thomas Willing, who died in 1821, aged 89 years, was probably better known in Philadelphia than any other person of his name. This gentleman, from 1754 to 1807 successively held the offices of Secretary to the Congress of Delegates at Albany, Mayor of the City of Philadelphia, her representative in the General Assembly, President of the Provincial Congress, delegate to the Congress of the Confederation, President of the first chartered Bank in America, and President of the first Bank of the United States. In addition to all these public duties, Mr. Thomas Willing was an active merchant for a period of sixty years."

now deserted and dismantled, in which I was standing, that, surrounded by as many "fair women and brave men" as ever graced such an occasion, William Jackson, some sixty years before, had given his hand to Elizabeth Willing. It was a November evening, and that fine old house had been decorated and lighted for a festive display. The venerable gentleman whom I have so often referred to, its proprietor, and the partner of his honorable life, were moved by all the feeling which attends the surrender of a lovely child to the vicissitudes of a new condition. Washington was there; Robert Morris also; and Hamilton, Lincoln, and Knox, in full military dress, gratified with the opportunity to manifest their interest in an event so important to one who had long been their companion in arms. The elegant Count de Noailles was also present. Mrs. Bingham never looked so magnificently beautiful as on this occasion, when, endeavoring, with the confidence of one more used to such circumstances, to lend support to her younger sister, her own suffused cheeks bore witness of the gentle agitation which moved her bosom. There too stood a circle of lovely girls, sisters yet younger than she on whom all eyes were now turned. President Chew, long an eminent representative of his country's justice, looked on with pleased attention. The venerable White and his friend Blackwell, associated pastors, sanctified the scene.

It required some effort to dissipate the reverie. In that ancient house are no more brilliant or joyous assemblies; "its lights are fled, its garlands dead." One only of that bright assembly now survives; but that survivor is the bride. At the age of eighty-eight the Elizabeth Willing of that evening still looks out upon the city so dear to her for its marvellous and sweet associations, but changed, even more than she herself is changed. Long known as the widow of Major Jackson — her eye as beaming, her form as light, her step as quick, those who see her only now would say,

as they would ever have been in the bloom and grace of youthful maturity — her house the abode of order, taste, and elegant competence, herself the object of affectionate interest and service from her children and her friends. Mrs. Jackson is not only the sole survivor of the occasion I have recalled, but the only living representative of the especial *entourage* of Washington: of those ladies, I mean, whose husbands held positions near the person of the President. Mrs. Bradford, who survived Mrs. Hamilton, was the last of those whose husbands were in his cabinet; she was living when the earlier editions of this work appeared, but has since been united to those who went before her.*

* Mrs. Bradford died at her seat in Burlington, New Jersey, on the thirtieth of November, 1854, at the age of ninety years. The rector of St. Mary's, in his address to the graduating class of March, 1855, thus refers to her: "There are two new graves in sweet St. Mary's Churchyard, to which my heart must ever turn. I have stood at both of them within four months. And there were tears of mine mixed with the earth, in both. Pastoral tears. Love's tears. Tears of sorrow. But not of one who 'sorrows as others, who have no hope.' Come with me, darlings, for a moment to their graves. In the grave that we shall go to first, sleeps one who had seen ninety winters. Think of that, my children! Ninety winters! She was twelve years older than our nation. She was of patriot blood. And was, herself, a patriot. Scarcely an earthly blessing, that was not mixed in her full cup. Position; influence; wealth; domestic happiness; troops of friends; good health, for more than eighty years: what the world calls a prosperous fortune, was never more completely realized. And, yet, they did not spoil her. They did not touch the substance of her soul. She only seemed to know them, as the motives for habitual thankfulness. She was the simplest, the humblest, the gentlest, the least selfish, of women. She was the 'little child, of Jesus Christ. *In* the world, she was not *of* the world. Or, only, *of* it, to be a blessing *to* it. The freest from faults, of any one I ever knew; she was the most penitential. With a hand that scattered bounties, like the spring; with a tongue that dropped blessings, like the dew; with a heart which realized, as far as human nature may, the apostolic portraiture of love; kind, envying not, thinking no evil, believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things: she, yet, could find no word of David, strong enough to bear the impression of her own unworthiness. In the habitual, lifelong, practice of 'whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are venerable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise:' the prayer which seemed to her the most expressive of her case and character, was, 'God be merciful to me, the sinner!' Thus moulded, and sustained by grace, the purchase of the cross, through her long life; her daily effort, to adorn the doctrine of God, her Saviour, in all things; the posture, which Mrs. Bradford chose, to die in, was that of His own little, trusting, child: and, 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus,' were the words, which bore her parting spirit, to its resting-place, in Paradise."

VII.

Next, probably, in social importance and exhibition, to Mrs. Bingham and the Willings, was the establishment of Mrs. Robert Morris. Her husband's partnership, through thirty-nine years, in the commercial house of the Willings, had been the source of a steady, honorable and liberal income, and when he retired from it in 1793 it was with solid opulence, and only to engage in plans of greater, but, as many supposed, not less certain wealth than he had drawn from the India connections in which he had been so long and prosperously engaged with Mr. Willing. Of his public reputation I have spoken elsewhere. It belongs to the history of America; and the elegant Botta has not in the least exaggerated his services in saying that the country "owes as much to the financial operations of Robert Morris as to the negotiations of Benjamin Franklin." His patriotic services were well known and justly estimated in his lifetime. He was high in the grateful regard of Washington,* and of all those warriors and statesmen who had participated in the private councils of the chief, and knew from what impending ruin the fiscal achievements of Mr. Morris had at times saved our armies. Undoubtedly he was a character of the

* The following incident of President Washington's last levée, on his retiring from the presidency, was mentioned by the late Mr. John B. Wallace, who, as a youth, was present, with his father, then a resident of Burlington in New Jersey, on that occasion, and a witness of it. Washington received his guests, standing between the windows in his back drawing-room. The company, entering a front room, and passing through an unfolding door, made their salutations to the President, and, turning off, stood on one side. His manner was courteous, of course, but always on these occasions somewhat reserved. He did not give his hand, but merely bowed, which was the mode for that day. Mr. Morris came in, and when the President saw him, entering the room, he advanced to meet him, and shook him heartily by the hand: Mr. Morris, in allusion partly, perhaps, to the day, which may have been cloudy, but more to the event, repeating as he came forward the lines —

"The day is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day—
The great the important day."



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first class, and being eminently insinuating and attractive in his manners, and having a taste for social display, his public position and his liberal fortune enabled him to indulge this disposition with splendor, dignity, and effect. "An introduction to Mr. Morris," says a writer, in giving his reminiscences of the time, "was a matter in course with all strangers who visited Philadelphia, either on commercial, public, or private business. It largely depended on him to do the honors of the city, and certainly no one was better qualified or more willing to support them. His house was a seat of elegant but unostentatious hospitality, and his domestic affairs were managed with the same admirable order which had so long and so proverbially distinguished his counting house, the office of the secret committee of Congress, and that of finance."

His wife, Mary White, a daughter of Colonel Thomas White, originally of England, and afterwards of Harford county, Maryland, was a sister of the well known and venerable Dr. White, the first Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Pennsylvania. Though not, like Mrs. Bingham, distinguished at this time for youth and splendid beauty, Mrs. Morris was remarkable for her striking and dignified appearance, as may be inferred from the accompanying portrait of her, which has been copied from one by the elder Peale, now adorning the Hall of Independence. So impressive was her air and demeanor, that those who saw her once seldom forgot her; and it was an incident of General Lafayette's visit to this country in 1824 that, when arriving in Philadelphia, where he was publicly escorted through crowds of admiring and grateful citizens who thronged every place to behold him, he instantly, in passing before her door, recognized from his barouche — among the thousands who lined the streets and casements and housetops, to see and to cheer him — the tall and venerable person of Mrs. Morris, then standing at her own window. At this time he had not seen

her for nearly forty years,* and, rising to salute her, as he turned his manly and erected figure towards her house and bowed, with the military grace of France, the plaudits of the people, who understood the incident, seemed as if they would never cease.

A proper respect for the sacred character and office of her brother, Bishop White, and not less the dignity of her husband's fame, would naturally have restrained Mrs. Morris from any unbecoming or excessive devotion to mere fashion, even if she had been inclined to it. But she had a fine taste for the worldly dignity of life, and in her house was found a steady exhibition of its most solid forms. Mr. Morris had given up to the President a fine mansion in which he had lived before Philadelphia became the seat of government, and had taken for himself another, a little above it, known to later times as the Schuylkill Bank, at the southeast corner of Sixth and Market streets. Though it had not a very striking appearance, it was a fine substantial structure, from its angular position commanding abundance of light, and relieved by extensive edifices in the rear. It was not comparable with Mrs. Bingham's, in elegance of building, grounds, or furniture, but its domestic appointments and the course of life within it were proba bly not much less expensive. The convenient and democratic system of overcrowded balls and receptions by which ladies and gentlemen are now entertained by hundreds at a time, and a thousand imperfect social obligations discharged as imperfectly about once in a year, was unknown to the gentry of our early metropolis. The "visiting list" enrolled a very much more extensive and a

* Among the public honors given by the citizens of Philadelphia to Lafayette on this visit to America, was a public ball. Mrs. Morris was one of the few still surviving who belonged to the colonial and revolutionary era. To grace and dignify the festival a committee of the citizens specially invited her presence, but she declined the civility on account of her advanced years and long formed habits of retirement. Repeated solicitations, however, induced a compliance, and she went in the costume of her day. Being seated on a bench of eminence beside the Marquis, her venerable figure and ancient style of dress made a feature of this brilliant spectacle.

very different class of names from the list for entertainments. Neighborhood — a near acquaintance from any cause — a special or even a general service of some casual kind — with many other causes easily conceived, might constitute a good title to a place in the former, but to be included in the latter was a different thing. The social rights and dispositions of the entertainer were justly considered not to be the only ones concerned. It was rightly supposed that those who were entertained had some rights also; not legal ones, indeed, but very delicate and important ones notwithstanding; social enjoyment had not become a "business matter;" and to invite gentlemen and ladies only to meet all the clients of the host, if a lawyer, or all his patients, if a physician, or to give something like gentility to a *grande democrate-socialiste melee*, where, once a year, people of every sort, without regard to class, connection, or character — to education, breeding, or social suitability — are herded promiscuously, merely to gratify a love the hostess may happen to have for common notoriety, would have been considered high treason against society, and destructive alike of its interests, aims, and enjoyments. Dinner company, well chosen, frequent, and elegant, was the style of the time. It was in this style that the home of Mrs. Morris was distinguished. Besides its essential household of table-servants, coachmen, footmen, &c., her establishment had its housekeeper, butler, (a fine old Frenchman named Constance,) its confectioner, and all the retinue of a mansion in which dinner company is frequently and elegantly entertained. Unlike most of the menial servants of that day, in Philadelphia, Mrs. Morris's were all white, and they all wore the Morris livery. As a fitting appendage to this town residence, Mr. Morris had his well known country seat, The Hills, which I describe more particularly in another part of this chapter.

Though not a man distinguished by birth, nor, I believe, of early liberal education, Mr. Morris possessed considerable taste for the arts, and exerted himself to introduce them into our infant republic. It was by his encouragement that Jardella, an Italian sculptor very well known in Philadelphia, established himself in America; and under his orders were made, among other things by that artist, those two fine mezzo relievos which so long adorned the window arches of the Chestnut street theatre — one representing Comedy and Tragedy, and the other the Genius of Music. Some of the most beautiful Gobelin tapestry ever brought from France was imported by him during the revolution of 1792. He was, however, unable to appropriate it, as he intended, to the decoration of the great mansion he commenced on Chestnut street, and after his death it passed, about the year 1834, into the possession of Mrs. Richard Alsop, in whose tasteful and elegant parlors it was afterwards exceedingly admired. The reverses of fortune which overtook Mr. Morris's large speculations in landed estates reached their crisis, I think, in the winter of 1796, and after that date his style of social life of course was changed. He retired to The Hills in the beginning of 1797, and at this delightful place remained with his family in entire seclusion. His house in the city passed to the occupancy of Mr. Penn.

The home of Mr. Morris was west of the presidential mansion, on the corner of Market and Sixth streets. East of it, near the corner of Fifth street, resided General Walter Stewart, with whom and Mrs. Stewart the family of Washington were very intimate. General Stewart came to this country from Ireland, and at an early period entered the revolutionary army, in which, on several occasions, he very honorably distinguished himself. By a resolution of Congress medals were ordered to be struck for General Wayne, Lieutenant Colonel Fleury, and Major Walter Stewart,

for their gallant conduct in the storming of Stony Point. As a colonel, Stewart is a prominent figure in Trumbull's picture of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. He was high in Washington's esteem and confidence, or his wife, splendid as was her beauty, brilliant as was her conversation, and amiable and fascinating as were her manners, would scarcely have become one of the most conspicuous ladies of the republican court, from which her connections were so widely separated. She was the eldest daughter of Blair McClenachan, a retired naturalized Irish merchant, of great wealth, who once owned quite a celebrated place at Germantown, whence, as his temper prompted, or his friends, Jefferson, Rush, Dallas, and other democrats, deemed it expedient, he would ride into town to assist in burning Jay's treaty, in giving a triumphal reception to Genet, or any other act of hostility to the Washington party. General Stewart however remained faithful in feeling and conduct to the chief, and was always proud of the consideration in which he was held by him.

"Walter Stewart," writes Mr. Charles Jared Ingersoll, "was one of the handsomest men of his day;" and Deborah McClenachan was already famous for those personal attractions which afterwards commanded so much homage, at home and abroad, when they were married, by Dr. White, on the eleventh of April, 1781 Washington was unable to be present, but he sent from his headquarters, at New Windsor, a graceful letter of congratulation on the occasion, and the next year became godfather to their son. When they went to Europe, in 1785, he gave General Stewart letters of introduction, and concluded the communication in which they were enclosed, by saying, "Mrs. Washington joins me in wishing you a good and prosperous voyage, and in compliments to Mrs. Stewart. Tell her if she do n't think of me often, I shall not easily forgive her, and will scold at, and beat her — soundly too —

at piquet, the next time I see her." This is one of the few examples we have of the hero's playful humor; it is as neatly delivered as his celebrated letter inviting Mrs. Cochran to a camp dinner. He presents his friend as "a gallant and deserving officer who served through all the war with distinguished reputation;" and Robert Morris writes of him at the same time, that "his private character is as amiable as his public one has been glorious."

From 1785 to 1787 General Stewart and Mrs. Stewart were in London, Paris, and the resorts of fashion in Germany and Italy. Returning to Philadelphia, they lived in a style of liberality and elegance suitable to their large income and cultivated taste. Their house, during Washington's administration, was much frequented by that portion of official and private society which was most distinguished for its attachment to his person and policy.

About the time of his retirement from public life, the president sent portraits* of himself — of a size somewhat larger than common miniatures — to three of the ladies with whom his intercourse in Philadelphia had been the most unreserved and affectionate: Mrs. Bingham, Mrs. Robert Morris, and Mrs. Walter Stewart. In a note accompanying that to Mrs. Stewart, he begs her to regard it "not so much for any merit of the original as for its excellence as a work of art;" and declares it "the production of a young lady." The name of the fair artist is not given, but it is evident that he does not refer to Madame de Brehan, whose pictures of him I have mentioned elsewhere, as that distinguished personage was by no means young, when in America, six or seven years before.

* These three portraits are probably by the same hand, and are to be reckoned among the originals known to exist of Washington. One of Stuart's finest pictures of the president was painted for Mrs. Bingham. The one now sent to her was accompanied by the following note:

"In presenting the inclosed, with compliments, to Mrs. Bingham, the President fulfils a promise. Not for the representation, not for the value, but as the production of a fair hand, the offering is made, and the acceptance of it requested.

"Wednesday, 16th March."

VIII.

The family of Chief Justice Chew, being a numerous and very amiable one, filled a considerable space in society. Mr. Chew had been attorney general of the province, and also recorder of the city, and he was the last chief justice of the crown. Belonging to the old provincial party, it was hardly to be expected that he would support the cause of the revolution, which deprived him of the highest judicial office, and he was accordingly arrested as a person, if not positively disaffected, at least but lukewarm in the cause of American freedom, and sent during the war among the exiles in Virginia. But his prudence was so considerable, his mildness of disposition so pleasing, and his amenity and courtesy so universally acceptable, that he was extremely popular with all parties, and a personal friend and favorite with Washington himself. After the peace he maintained a dignified social rank, and, as president of the High Court of Errors and Appeals, was also a distinguished public character. Having been twice married, in the first place to Miss Galloway, and in the second to Miss Oswald, he had a numerous family connection, and most of his immediate descendants being daughters, who were eminent for the same beauty which has graced the family in our own times, (Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Carroll, wife of Charles Carroll the younger, Mrs. Alexander Wilcocks, Mrs. John Eagar Howard, Mrs. Nicklin, and others,) his town house, a fine old structure in Third street — built by Mr. Charles Willing for his son-in-law, Colonel Byrd of Westover, and afterwards the head-quarters of General Washington — not less than Cliveden, his country seat at Germantown, now historic as "Chew's House," were the scenes of constant and refined though not very ostentatious or costly entertainments.

Judge Peters with his family must be prominent in my records. His name had been long honorably known in both church and state. The Reverend Richard Peters, a man of fortune, a scholar and a divine, was for many years the rector as well as a liberal benefactor of Christ church, and the possessor of one of the best libraries ever brought to Philadelphia. Other members of his family were connected with the proprietary offices: his father, I think, though perhaps it was his uncle the clergyman, as secretary of the Land Office. Judge Peters himself is known traditionally more by his jests than by his decisions, for though the latter were good, the former were brilliant.* His domestic attachments are illustrated by an anecdote related by Mrs. Adams, in one of her letters. While in London, in 1786, he dined on one occasion at the ambassador's. When he entered the drawing-room Mrs. Adams gave into his hands several letters which had been received for him. He carried them to the light, broke their seals, and

* Peters was in Congress when Burgoyne was captured, an event of which General Gates transmitted the intelligence to that body by his aide, Lieutenant Wilkinson. Wilkinson, it appeared, having staid a little too long on the way, to pay his homage to a lady whom he was courting, did not reach Yorktown until after the intelligence of the capture had been received. Had the news been less agreeable that body might not have been very amiably disposed; the occasion, however, was bland and exhilarating, and there was no disposition to withhold from the messenger the ordinary tokens of approbation. Mr. Peters took the initiative, and on the morning after Mr. Wilkinson's arrival, rising in his place, with an air of uncommon dignity, moved very gravely "that as a mark of its sense of Mr. Wilkinson's service, there should be presented to him a pair of silver spurs." Thomas McKean, of Pennsylvania, in a letter to John Adams, written in 1815, attributes this motion to Samuel Adams, (Works of John Adams, x. 177,) but, according to common tradition, it was by Peters, of whom it was characteristic. The judge was a great agriculturist, and very fond of exhibiting at Belmont the fruits of his skill in that way. One summer day he had invited his friends to partake of a rich water-melon; but, being very large, his servant, in bringing it to the table, happened to tumble. The melon rolled from the dish, and falling on a marble floor, broke to pieces before the assembled guests. Looking at the fragments for a moment, "Never mind," said the host, nothing disconcerted, "it is but a *squash*—take it away." Advertising his place for sale, he mentioned among its attractions a "fine stream of water;" a gentleman who drove out to see the property was very well pleased with it, but thought there must be some mistake about any such "fine stream," as he discovered nothing in that way but a little rivulet so small that it could scarcely be seen through the grass. "Well," asked the judge, with perfect *sang froid*, "how could there be a *finer* stream than that?"

threw them on the table, exclaiming, "Not one from my wife! I have lost two letters from her. The devil! I would rather have found two lines from her than ten folios from any one else." Washington, who placed him on the bench, was very fond of his society, and frequently, as I have elsewhere mentioned, drove out to Belmont, his country house, to enjoy an unceremonious and recreative intercourse with him, walking with him sometimes for hours under the dark grove of hemlocks which an earlier generation of the Peters family had planted there.

His ancestor, as I have said, was a rector of Christ church, and Mr. Peters was quite proud of his orthodoxy, though, like Lord Eldon, he was rather one of the buttresses than the pillars of the church — giving his support from the outside. With Mr. Powell, he was sent by the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, soon after the organization of that body, in 1781, to confer with the English bishops, and to induce them, if they would do so, to grant the episcopacy to the new states. The English bishops, as it appeared, were very scrupulous; and, afraid lest the church in America might not be so well disposed as the delegates believed, made a great many inquiries of them about every point of discipline, doctrine, and condition. Mr. Peters, who was probably the medium of communication, gave very pleasant answers, but they were not always so exact and full on points of nice divinity, as the bishops desired. "We found him," said one of that body, "a delightful companion, a most well-bred gentleman, an accomplished scholar, and extremely well informed on every possible subject, except upon the one for which he came to England."

The family of Shippen was rich and eminent. Possessed of no remarkable spirituality, nor, perhaps, as a general rule, of the highest order of intellect, its members were yet much and justly

respected. They were noticeable for those qualities which, though insufficient in themselves to confer the best social distinction, may be said to constitute an excellent element in the ordinary composition of good society. Easy, not apt to be excited, within proper limits fond of property and of all the best things belonging to this world, through a large connection indulging in a constant round of sober enjoyments, bestowing smiles on all and frowns on few or none, they offended not at all, and were universally agreeable. The well known medical professor, Dr. William Shippen, I suppose possessed the most genius. Of his rank among men of science I have written elsewhere. His own family influence was large, and his marriage with Alice Lee, daughter of Thomas Lee, governor of Virginia, and sister of Richard Henry and Arthur Lee, made his residence (the respectable mansion still standing on the southwest corner of Prune and Fourth streets, afterwards distinguished as the home of Dr. Wistar) a centre and resort of most of the Virginia aristocracy who were brought to Philadelphia in consequence of its becoming the capital. The ancient family reputation, with Dr. Shippen's medical fame, and the high judicial station of Edward Shippen, so long honorably known as the chief justice of Pennsylvania, gave dignity to all this circle; and with the inherited rank of the chief justice's wife, and the beauty and charming manners in early life, and the affecting history at a later period, of his daughter, Mrs. Arnold, and the excellent social position of his other daughters, Mrs. Burd and Mrs. Lee, were some of the causes which contributed to the undeniable elevation of the Shippens in the domain of fashion.

In some paragraphs respecting the clergy I have referred to the distinction of Bishop White in that profession; but, with Dr. Blackwell and one or two of his other clerical associates, he was also a conspicuous figure in the higher society of the city. His

family was a good one. He received from his father, Colonel Thomas White, an English gentleman who, as surveyor of Harford county, Maryland, had made good purchases of land, a fortune which was then considered liberal; and though the bishop lost not less than thirty thousand dollars by being compelled to receive in continental paper what his father had loaned in gold and silver, he was still enabled to maintain an elegant style of living. He inherited from his aunts in England an estate at Twickenham, not far from that of the poet Pope, with which he was perfectly familiar, and which he frequently described. His town residence, a substantial building, erected by himself, and occupied by him till his death, yet stands in Walnut street, and is familiar to this generation. His rural seat called Brookland, a valuable farm of forty-eight acres, close to Philadelphia, upon Islington lane, was variously beautiful, and the scene of such summer hospitality as became a bishop and a gentleman. A sister of Mrs. White had married Governor Paca of Maryland, and his own sister, as I have already mentioned, was the wife of Robert Morris. He was in other ways connected with public characters, and his position as one of the chaplains of Congress,* not less than his high ecclesiastical office, and his well known patriotism, secured for him a wide recognition as one of the leading men of his time in this country.

*I do not know whether the following incident is recorded in any biography of Bishop White, but it is one which I have from good authority. He was in Harford county, Maryland, visiting his relations there, when he received intelligence of his appointment to the chaplaincy of Congress. His brother-in-law, Governor Paca, who was at this time in Congress, in communicating it to him, rather advised him, on prudential grounds, not to take it: urging for his consideration the fact that if the revolution were successful his generally known approval of it would secure him a sufficient measure of public favor, while, if the British arms triumphed, the fact that he, a clergyman of the Church of England, and so very specially bound to the government, had joined a revolt, would bring upon him a special measure of severity. But such considerations never weighed with Bishop White. He set off at once for Yorktown, and the first answer Governor Paca received was from the bishop in person, that he had come to fill his office!

The connection of the Hamiltons gave a feature to the lighter part of fashionable society. The founder of this family, I believe, was Andrew Hamilton, known, even in the middle of the last century, as the ablest lawyer of Pennsylvania. A mystery is said to have clouded his early history, and it was commonly rumored that his true name was not Hamilton, but, if I am not mistaken, Trent. The belief was that he was sent in youth to Maryland, to oversee some estates, but that having a strong intellect, and a turn more liberal, he studied law. He came to Philadelphia from Maryland, and soon rose to eminence in a profession which was concerned much more with his abilities than his birth or history. He was an associate of Franklin, and much of Franklin's way of thinking in religion. His son was James Hamilton, for some time a governor of the province. He, or the earliest of the Hamiltons, had taken up large quantities of land across the Schuylkill, which, on the death of the latter, passed, in part at least, to his nephew, William, styling himself "of the Woodlands," around whom the younger members of the family were principally grouped. From his youth, he seems to have possessed a high degree of taste. On graduating, in 1762, at the Academy of Philadelphia, he gave a fête at the Woodlands to his college friends, among whom were young men afterwards known as Judge Yeates, Judge Peters, Mr. Dickenson Sergeant, the Reverend Doctor Andrews, Bishop White, and others. The beautiful edifice for which his place has since been celebrated was not then erected, and his entertainment was necessarily spread in a temporary building; but its decorations were so elegant and appropriate as to induce a general admiration of it. He afterwards lived in a manner more marked perhaps by ostentation than by dignity. His chariot and four, with postillion boys, attracted wonder from some, and envy from others, but not having in the character of its occupant any thing remarkable, to give

respectability to such display, it caused no general sentiment of regard. He owned the large tract on which Hamilton village now stands, and other land in the vicinity, running up to the permanent bridge, which, on the advice of Mr. William Cramond, he sold, to relieve himself from some pecuniary inconveniences which his desire to retain landed possessions involved him in. One of his nieces — the daughters of his brother Andrew, who had married a Jewess, Miss Franks, as I have stated elsewhere — was distinguished by uncommon beauty of figure. Having been admired by many of her own country, she bestowed her hand, at last, very suddenly, upon an Irish gentleman, of slender parts, and lived abroad. She was afterwards separated from him. Another, also distinguished for unusual loveliness, married Mr. Lisle, a broker, who knew very well the art of acquiring wealth, but was thought by some persons not to be worthy of so handsome a woman. But before their marriage, as well in virtue of their expectations as of their beauty, the Hamiltons gave brilliance and attraction to the evening circle, and made a decided feature in the society merely fashionable.

Major Pierce Butler, a representative from South Carolina to the federal Congress, was deservedly conspicuous in the best society of the city. He was a widower, but maintained an establishment suitable for a liberal-minded gentleman, both in South Carolina and in his home in the metropolis. At his house were to be found the most distinguished representatives of the southern states. He professed to be a democrat, but democrats were seldom seen in his parlor; and the democracy of his day, especially the democracy of his part of the country, far as it was removed from the standards of federal bearing and dignity, was not less removed from the democracy of later times. Whatever may have been his political heresies, or his eccentricities, of which he pos-

sessed many, every account which I have heard or read of him has represented him as a high bred gentleman and a man of honor, and as such he was universally esteemed. From a sister of his, who was a charming woman in her youth, as well as from the late Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, with whom I had sometimes the honor of walking through the city in which she had been a leader of the polite world in the days of Washington, and others, belonging to the distinguished society I attempt to describe, who survived it to my own times, I have heard many agreeable reminiscences of that period, which enter in some form into the texture of this work.

Mr. Elias Boudinot and Mrs. Boudinot, in a sphere not less aristocratic, but somewhat different and more grave, were also eminent persons. Mr. Boudinot was originally from New Jersey, the federal politics of which state he controlled almost entirely so long as federal politics prevailed at all. He had the distinction of possessing a large fortune, and those liberal social dispositions which displayed it with advantage. His wife, before marriage Miss Stockton, was a sister of Richard Stockton, the well-known signer of the Declaration of Independence, and his own sister was the wife of that gentleman. Mr. Boudinot had been in the continental congress of 1776, and in 1782 was elected the president of that body. During the war he had been commissary-general of prisoners, and to him Washington had now intrusted the responsible office of giving action and success to our federal mint. He had one child, a daughter, who had been married to one of the most distinguished and excellent men of his time, Mr. William Bradford, the attorney-general, and friend of Washington: a man looked to by every one for what he then was, and still more for the higher distinctions and honors which seemed certainly awaiting him. In this dignified circle happiness and virtue were ever united, and during

the residence of Washington in Philadelphia no social connection presented greater charms. As at Dr. Shippen's was the centre of the Virginia gentry, and at Major Butler's that of the Carolinas, so at Mr. Boudinot's noble mansion, yet standing at the south-west corner of Arch and Ninth streets, were constantly assembled, as his friends or guests, the most eminent characters of his own state, his own connections also—the Stocktons, Daytons, Wallaces, Ogdens—perfectly known in the society of the metropolis, though residing generally on their domains in New Jersey.

And with these families and persons, connected more or less intimately with the fashionable world, Philadelphia had at the same time her David Rittenhouse, John Bartram, Dominie Proud, young Brockden Brown, and others variously famous.

IX.

The addiction of American women to extravagance in dress has always been remarked by foreigners and by our travelled countrymen. The Count de Rochambeau observed at the close of the war that the wives of our merchants and bankers were "clad to the tip of the French fashions, of which they were remarkably fond." Brissot de Warville deplores it as a great misfortune that in republics women should sacrifice so much time to "trifles," and that republican men should hold this habit in some estimation. He tells us the women of Philadelphia wore hats and caps almost as varied as those of Paris, and bestowed immense expenses in dressing their heads, displaying "pretensions too affected to be pleasing."

The Quakers in Philadelphia were relatively much more numerous in 1791 than now, and they lived very much retired among themselves; but the Duke la Rochefoucauld Liancourt perceives that "ribbons please young Quakeresses as well as others, and are the great enemies of the sect."

Of these Quaker women Brissot says, "They are what they should be, faithful to their husbands, tender to their children, vigilant and economical in their households, and simple in their ornaments; their characteristic is that, neglectful of the exterior, they reserve all their accomplishments for the mind. Let us say it — let us not cease to repeat it — it is where such manners obtain that we are to look for happy families and public virtues. But we, miserable wretches! gangrened with our own civilization and politeness, we have abjured these manners, and who among us is happy?" Nevertheless, the Frenchman confesses that the young Quakeresses curl their locks with great care and anxiety, which costs them as much time as the most exquisite toilette, and wear hats covered with silk and satin.* Such observations give him pain. "These youthful creatures, whom nature has so well endowed, whose charms

* During the period in which Philadelphia was the seat of government, on the arrival of the spring and fall ships from England, the pavements, all along Front street, from Arch street to Walnut street, were lumbered and scattered, before the doors of importers, with boxes and bales of English drygoods—the clerks, apprentices and subordinates of the merchants as busy as bees in their several vocations, some with sharp knives and claw-hammers, ripping and breaking open the packages and cases, and others within doors exhibiting the goods as salesmen — altogether displaying a pleasant bustle of rivalship and competition. The retailers, principally women, were hovering around, mingling with the men, and viewing with admiration the rich varieties of foreign chintzes, muslins, and calicoes, of the latest fashions. All sums of money were computed in pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings — dollars and cents being unused denominations except in the reports of Mr. Hamilton. "The first brilliant retail fancy drygoods shop was opened about this time," says a writer in Hazard's Register, "by a Mr. Whitesides, as it was said, from London, in the true Bond street style, at number one hundred and thirty-four Market street; and the uncommon size of the panes of glass, the fine mull-mull and jaconet muslins, the chintzes and linens, suspended in whole pieces and entwined together in puffs and festoons, and the shopmen behind the counter, bowing and smiling, created for a time some sensation." Other shops, however, appear to have been more successful, after the novelty of the show-windows of Mr. Whitesides was forgotten. Two of these were by a Mr. Guest and a Mrs. Holland. Mr. Guest, of number thirty South Second street, with a pleasant and smiling countenance, was busy in the mornings among the importers, picking up the choicest fabrics and the best bargains, while the sales at home were conducted by his two sons, and two daughters — handsome young women of the class of "gay Quakers." Mrs. Holland, at number two North Front street, was a person of extraordinary dimensions, and seemed quite too unwieldy for her vocation as principal saleswoman, but she was popular for patient devotion to the varied wants and whims of her customers, and for the most unfailing and fascinating smiles upon purchasers of even the smallest amount.

have so little need of the aid of art, are remarkable for their choice of the finest muslins and silks; oriental luxury itself would not disdain the linen they wear, and elegant fans play between their fingers." He urges the maxim of Penn, that "modesty and mildness are the finest ornaments of the soul," and warns them that their choice of delicate linens and rich silks is regarded by others as hypocritical luxury, ill disguised. Among Quakers of the braver sex he discovers that there are some who dress more like men of the world, who wear powder, silver buckles, and ruffles; they are called "wet Quakers;" the others regard them as "a kind of schismatics, or feeble men;" they admit them, indeed, to their places of worship, on Sundays, but never to their monthly or quarterly meetings.

X.

The President and Mrs. Washington arrived in Philadelphia from Mount Vernon on Saturday, the twenty-eighth of November, and found that most of the public characters were already assembled, and that the city was filled with strangers anticipating a gay and brilliant season in society.

The rules for receiving visitors and entertaining company continued to be very nearly the same as in New York. Respectable citizens and strangers, properly introduced, were seen by the President every other Tuesday, between the hours of three and four in the afternoon. The receptions were in the dining-room, on the first floor, in the back part of the house. At three o'clock, all the chairs having been removed, the door was opened, and the President, usually surrounded by members of his cabinet or other distinguished men, was seen by the approaching visitor standing before the fireplace, his hair powdered and gathered behind in a silk bag, coat and breeches of plain black velvet, white or pearl-colored vest, yellow

gloves, a cocked hat in his hand, silver knee and shoe-buckles, and a long sword, with a finely wrought and glittering steel hilt, the coat worn over it, and its scabbard of polished white leather. On these occasions he never shook hands, even with his most intimate friends. The name of every one was distinctly announced, and he rarely forgot that of a person who had been once introduced to him. The visitor was received with a dignified bow, and passed on to another part of the room. At a quarter past three the door was closed, the gentlemen present moved into a circle, and he proceeded, beginning at his right hand, to exchange a few words with each. When the circuit was completed he resumed his first position, and the visitors approached him in succession, bowed, and retired.

At the levees of Mrs. Washington he did not consider any visits made to himself, and he appeared as a private gentleman, with neither hat nor sword, conversing without restraint, generally with women, who rarely had other opportunities of meeting him.

The first levee in Philadelphia was on the evening of Friday, the twenty-fifth of December. Mrs. Adams went, attended by her son, Mr. Charles Adams, and she mentions "the dazzling Mrs. Bingham and her beautiful sisters, the Misses Allen, the Misses Chew, and, in short, a constellation of beauties." The eldest of these Allens became Mrs. Greenleaf, and according to tradition was one of the most splendid beauties this country ever produced. Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick, in whom were combined the finest graces of the New England matron, was conspicuous for a charming face, and an air and manner of singular refinement and elegance; the magnificent Miss Wolcott, from Connecticut, was the boast of gentlemen from the eastern states, who would not admit that even Mrs. Bingham was her equal; and Mrs. Knox, of course, was observed of all observers. Miss Sally McKean wrote to a friend in New York, "You never could have had such a drawing-room; it was brilliant beyond



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any thing you can imagine; and though there was a great deal of extravagance, there was so much of Philadelphia taste in every thing that it must have been confessed the most delightful occasion of the kind ever known in this country."

XI.

The winter presented a continual succession of balls, dinner-parties, and other scenes of gayety and dissipation. The most sumptuous dinners were at Mr. Bingham's and Mr. Morris's. Mr. Morris lived at the corner of Sixth and Market streets, near the President, and his house was the abode of a noble hospitality. The great financier who had so admirably managed the pecuniary affairs of the nation, had not yet displayed that incapacity or thoughtlessness in the administration of his own, which was soon to render him a bankrupt and an exile from those scenes of luxurious enjoyment which were dignified by his simple and gracious manners, unfailing generosity, and large intelligence. "I should spend a very dissipated winter," writes Mrs. Adams, "if I were to accept one half the invitations I receive, particularly to the routs or tea-and-cards." Jeremiah Smith refers to the prevailing passion for gambling: he did not think it had any tendency to add to the property or to increase the happiness of its votaries, and therefore was of the comparatively small number who would not play; but he says it was no uncommon thing in this winter to hear that a man or a woman had lost three or four hundred dollars at a sitting. The dancing at the assemblies, Mrs. Adams informs us, was very good, and the company of the best kind; the room however was despicable, and the etiquette—"it was not to be found." She remembers that "it was not so in New York," but is consoled by the fact that Philadelphia society is generally agreeable; "friendliness," she says, "is kept up among the principal families, who appear to live in great

harmony, and we meet at all places nearly the same company." A friend of Humphreys, who was now at Lisbon, writes to him, "You have never seen any thing like the frenzy which has seized upon the inhabitants here; they have been half mad ever since this city became the seat of government; and there is no limit to their prodigality, and, Ellsworth might say, profligacy. The probability is that some families will find they cannot support their dinners, suppers, and losses at loo, a great while; but generally I believe the sharp citizens manage to make the temporary residents pay the bills, one way or another. There have been a good many delightful parties, and I have been at Chew's, McKean's, Clymer's, Dallas's, Bingham's, and a dozen other houses lately. Among your more particular friends there is more quiet and comfort, and it is not impossible that the most truly respectable people are least heard of."

THE SOUTHERN TOUR.

I.

The winter of 1790 and 1791 was one of continual and various excitement at the seat of government. In the Congress it was chiefly remarkable for a succession of stormy debates on the great financial schemes of Hamilton, resulting in the establishment of a national bank, and a tax on ardent spirits. It required no prophet to foretell the irritation which would be produced by the last measure; it was an attack on the special interests of the enemies of the administration, those interests which we may well believe were most dear to them, and its consequences are a familiar part of history.

"My health is now quite restored," the President wrote to Lafayette on the nineteenth of March, "and I flatter myself with the hope of a long exemption from sickness; on Monday next I shall enter on your friendly prescription of exercise, intending at that time to begin a long journey to the southward." To this tour he had been invited by many of the leading characters of the southern states, who promised him everywhere as sincerely cordial and enthusiastic greetings as two years before had marked his triumphal progress through New England.

The carriage in which he travelled was the one in which he usually appeared on public occasions in the city; it was built by a Phil adelphia mechanic, and is described as a "most satisfactory exhibi

tion of the progress of American manufactures." * It was drawn by six horses, which had been carefully selected for their handsome appearance and probable capacities for endurance. He started from his residence, in Market street, at twelve o'clock, with Mr. Jefferson and General Knox, who escorted him into Delaware, and Major Jackson, one of his private secretaries, who was his companion until he returned to the metropolis.

At Annapolis, where he arrived on the morning of the twenty-fifth of March, he remained two days. An accident on the Severn caused a great deal of anxiety for a few hours. The vessel which contained the President and his suite entered the river about ten o'clock on a dark, rainy and windy night, and soon after struck on a bar, where she remained until daylight. Frequent signals of distress were made, but it was found impossible to go to her relief. On arriving in town in the morning he was met by the entire population, and before his departure was entertained at public dinners and a ball. The Governor of Maryland, on the twenty-seventh, accompanied him on his way until he reached Georgetown.

He remained a week at Mount Vernon, and then proceeded on his journey. At Fredericksburg he dined with his old friends and

* This carriage has been carefully preserved by an eminent citizen of Philadelphia, in a house built expressly for its reception, in which it has remained half a century. Mr. Watson is mistaken in supposing it was removed to New Orleans, as mentioned in his "Annals," i. 581, and also in the suggestion that it was a present from Louis XVI., or that it had been the property of Governor Penn. The "state coach" used in New York was built in that city. In this he made his journey through New England. The only other carriage for six horses which Washington owned while President is the one above referred to, built by a Mr. Clark of Philadelphia.

Referring to the simplicity of the President's equipage and the modest style in which he travelled, a contemporary journal quoted the following passage from M. Flechier's oration on the great Marshal de Turenne: "He strives to conceal himself, but his reputation discovers him. He marches without a train of attendants, whilst every man, in his own mind, places him upon a triumphal car. As he passes by, the enemies he has conquered are reckoned, and not the servants who follow him. Alone as he is, we imagine him surrounded in all places with his virtues and victories. There is something extremely noble in this elegant simplicity; and the less haughty he is, the more venerable he becomes."

neighbors, whom he was always happy to meet, and with whom, Chancellor Wythe informs us, he delighted to recall the scenes of his youth and earlier manhood, which he contemplated, with their associations, with feelings of the tenderest interest. He arrived in Richmond at two o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, the eleventh of April, and an immense assemblage of citizens greeted him with acclamations as he passed along the streets, and the military signal ized his presence with salutes of artillery. In the evening the city was brilliantly illuminated, and the two days during which he remained there were surrendered by all classes to a proud enjoyment; for the Virginians regarded Washington as their especial glory, and exulted in all his triumphs as sharers of his greatness. At Petersburgh, and at Halifax, Newbern,* Wilmington, and other places in North Carolina, he was received with every possible demonstration of attachment by the authorities and the people. The military companies of Wilmington met him ten miles from the city, and a large proportion of the inhabitants went out between five and six miles to join the procession which welcomed him to that ancient town. The next day he accepted an invitation to a public dinner, and in the evening attended a ball at which there was an unprecedented display of the fashion and beauty of the state. On his departure he was rowed across the Cape Fear river in an elegantly decorated barge by six masters of vessels.

* At Newbern the President attended a public dinner and a ball at the old palace of Governor Tryon, which was probably at that time the most splendid residence in America. An engraving of it appears in Mr. Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution," from original drawings made by Mr. John Hawks, the architect, in 1767, and preserved by his grandson, the Reverend Francis L. Hawks, D.D., LL.D., of New York. On a tablet in the vestibule were some lines in Latin, by Sir William Draper, which the late Governor Martin of North Carolina translated, not very gracefully, as follows:

"In the reign of a monarch who goodness disclosed,
A free, happy people, to dread tyrants opposed,
Have to virtue and merit erected this dome.
May the owner and household make this their loved home,
Where religion, the laws, and the arts, shall invite
Future ages to live in sweet peace and delight."

II.

Charleston at this period was the seat of a refined and generous hospitality, and in social elegance was far in advance of any other city in the southern states.* Always conservative, her inhabitants were slow to admit any innovations in manners, and the tasteful and rich costumes of the middle of the century were still worn therefore by the more respectable classes, though numerous modifications had been generally adopted in Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Milliners and tailors corresponded directly with the inventors of dresses in London and Paris, and had little regard for the taste of our republican court. Women preferred the French fashions, and often improved upon them, but Dr. Ramsay assures us that they rarely had resolution enough to follow their own correct ideas in originating styles entirely new. Gentlemen were partial to blue, the product of their staple indigo, and most of them had at all times at least one coat of that color. Pantaloons had been introduced and were now worn by some of the younger men, but in a few years they were entirely laid aside, and breeches again adopted, notwithstanding the superior fitness of the more modern garment for so warm a climate. A keen sensibility on points of personal honor gave rise to frequent duels, so that more took place in South Carolina than in all the nine states north of Maryland; but it was regarded as a consequence of this practice that there was a pervading propriety and courtesy in society. Drunkenness, we have the

* Innkeepers, we learn from Dr. Ramsay, complained that this virtue was carried to such an extent that their business was scarcely worth following. The doors of the citizens throughout the state were opened to all decent travellers, and shut against none. The abundance of provisions on plantations rendered the exercise of hospitality convenient, and the avidity of country people for hearing news made them rather seek than shun the calls of strangers. The state might be travelled over with very little expense by persons furnished with letters of introduction, or even without them, by calling at the plantations of private gentlemen on or near the roads.

authority of Dr. Ramsay for believing, "might be called an endemic vice" there, and he finds for it an apology in the qualities of the atmosphere. Periodical races, hunting and fishing, and luxurious and protracted dinners, occupied the attention of old and young, while in dancing and music there was a more common proficiency than in any other part of the country. The Duke de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt observed that from the hour of four in the afternoon the people of Charleston rarely thought of any thing but pleasure and amusement; they had two gaming houses, and both were constantly full; many of the inhabitants, having been abroad, had acquired a greater knowledge of European manners and a stronger partiality to them than were found in the north, and foreign modes of life were consequently more prevalent. The women were more lively than he had seen elsewhere, and took a greater share in the commerce of society, but without any lessening of modesty or delicate propriety in their behavior. They were interesting and agreeable, but perhaps not quite so handsome as those of Philadelphia.

III.

The President arrived in Charleston on Monday the second day of May. A twelve-oared barge, manned by thirteen captains of American ships, conveyed him, with several of the most distinguished gentlemen of the state, from Hadrill's Point, and accompanying barges, containing a band, with instruments, and singers, greeted him with triumphal airs and songs, while a large procession of gaily caparisoned boats gave to the river a brilliant and beautiful appearance. On landing he was received by Governor Pinckney, the intendant and wardens of the city, the society of the Cincinnati, and the military of the district, all of whom attended him in procession, amid the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, and the acclamations of the people, first to the Exchange, where he was wel

comed in a formal address, and then to the house prepared for his reception.

He remained in Charleston a week, and every day received evidences of the affectionate admiration and respect of the people. The merchants were foremost in rendering him honor. In their address to him they said, "Were it possible for your fellow citizens to omit doing justice to your merits, the testimony of other nations would evince their neglect or ingratitude — the whole world concurring in the same opinion of you.... Sensible of the numerous blessings our country has derived from your wise and judicious administration, we feel animated with the most lively sentiments of gratitude towards you; suffer us, then, to represent to you the feelings with which we are impressed, by assuring you that we yield to none in sincere respect and attachment to your person; and we earnestly implore the Almighty Father of the universe long to preserve a life so valuable and dear to the people over whom you preside." He answered, "Your congratulations on my arrival in South Carolina, enhanced by the affectionate manner in which they are offered, are received with the most grateful sensibility. Flattered by the favorable sentiments you express of my endeavors to be useful to our country, I desire to assure you of my constant solicitude for its welfare, and of my particular satisfaction in observing the advantages which accrue to the highly deserving citizens of this state from the operations of the general government. I am not less indebted to you for your expressions of personal attachment and respect: they receive my best thanks, and induce my most sincere wishes for your professional prosperity, and your individual happiness."

On Wednesday evening he attended the corporation ball, at which there were more than two hundred and fifty women, many of whom wore sashes and ribbons emblazoned with his portrait and

with appropriate inscriptions. He entered the room with Governor Pinckney, Senators Izard and Butler, and several other public characters, and after being seated a few moments arose, and passing round the rapidly formed circle, saluted every lady, "which gave particular satisfaction, as every one was anxious to have a good view of him." The City Hall was elegantly decorated for the occasion. The pillars were entwined with laurels and flowers, and the walls festooned with banners and adorned with pictures.*

On Thursday he dined with a large party at Governor Pinckney's, and in the evening attended a concert by the Saint Cecilia

* While these sheets are passing through the press I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. E. A. Duyckinck for a volume of very interesting "Reminiscences of Charleston," just published by the venerable and accomplished Mr. Charles Fraser, of that city, who at the time of Washington's visit was a pupil in the Charleston College. I have had the happiness of some personal acquaintance with Mr. Fraser, and with the dignified circle comprising the club before which his delightful memoir was read, previous to its appearance in print. Charleston may well be proud of such a "clarum et venerabile nomen," and may see preserved in this distinguished artist, scholar, and gentleman, a type of her best society in her palmiest days. His present performance is very similar in its character to President Duer's "Discourse on New York at the Close of the Last Century." Describing the events mentioned in the text he says: "General Washington's visit to Charleston was made on the twenty-first of May, 1791, and amidst every recollection that I have of that imposing occasion, the most prominent is of the person of the great man, as he stood upon the steps of the Exchange, uncovered, amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the citizens. I remember that the place prepared for his accommodation was that large three-story double house in Church street, a few doors north of Tradd street, then owned by Judge Heyward, and said to be superbly furnished for the occasion. He remained here but one week, but it was a week of continual rejoicing and festivity. Every attention that hospitality, public and private, could devise, was shown him, and it must have been very gratifying to the citizens of Charleston to receive from General Washington himself, on his departure, the warm acknowledgments which those attentions had won from his heart. One of the civilities which he received was a splendid concert and ball, given at the hall of the Exchange. On that occasion the ladies wore fillets, or bandeaus, of white ribbon, interwoven in their head-dress, with the head of Washington painted on them, and the words 'Long live the President,' in gilt letters. Every hand that could hold a pencil, professional or amateur, was enlisted to furnish them. But that which proved the most lasting memorial of his visit was the whole length portrait, for which the city council requested him to sit to Colonel Trumbull, and which now adorns the City Hall." Mr. Fraser, it will be perceived, makes a slight mistake in the date, and another in referring to the concert and the ball as having occurred the same evening. Contemporary letters and journals authorize different statements.

Some very interesting and carefully studied views of society in Charleston at the close of the Revolution may be found in Dr. Simms's historical romance of Katherine Walton.

Society, at which there was even a greater display of beauty and elegance than at the corporation ball.

On Friday he dined with Major Pierce Butler, and on Saturday was entertained with great splendor by the merchants at the Exchange. Among the invited guests were the Governor, the senators and representatives of the state in Congress, the intendant and wardens of the city, resident officers of the national and state governments, members of the South Carolina legislature for the Charleston district, and the clergy of every denomination. The toast of the President was, "The commercial interests of Charleston," and after he retired the company drunk with great enthusiasm, "The President of the United States: long may he live to enjoy the praises of a grateful people!" The President left the Exchange at eight o'clock, and proceeded to the City Hall, to view the exhibition of fire-works. He afterward rode with Mr. Izard to the houses of several gentlemen, before returning to his lodgings.

On Sunday he attended divine service, in the morning and afternoon, and dined in a private manner with General Moultrie.

IV.

The President left Charleston at six o'clock on Monday morning, the ninth of May, escorted to Ashley Ferry by a large cavalcade, in which were the Governor, senators, members of the Cincinnati, and many other distinguished citizens. At Perrysburg he was met the next day by a committee from Savannah, and, with General Wayne, Major Butler, Mr. Baillie, and Major Jackson, was conducted on board a richly decorated boat in which the party were rowed down the river, by nine sea captains, dressed in light blue silk jackets, black satin breeches, white silk stockings, and round hats with black ribbons, inscribed with "Long live the President," in golden letters. Ten miles from the city they were met by other barges,

from one of which a company of gentlemen sung the popular song, "He comes, the hero comes!" As they drew near the harbor every vessel and all the shore were discovered to be thronged with people. When the President stepped on the landing he was received by General James Jackson, who introduced him to the Mayor and aldermen, and he was soon after conducted in the midst of a procession through crowds of spectators to the house prepared for his accommodation in St. James's Square. The same evening he dined with the city authorities, and a large number of other gentlemen, at Brown's Coffee House. Cannons were fired during the day, and at night the streets and the shipping were brilliantly illuminated. On Friday he dined with the Cincinnati of the state of Georgia, and attended a ball. On Saturday, accompanied by General McIntosh, who had been second in command, under General Lincoln, in storming them, he examined the remaining traces of the lines constructed by the British for the defence of Savannah in 1779, and dined with two hundred citizens and strangers under a beautiful arbor, supported by numerous columns and ornamented with laurels and bay leaves, erected on an elevation which commanded a view of the town and the harbor.

It has frequently been said of Washington that "no man in the army had a better eye for a horse," and many of his letters show that he was by no means indifferent as to the qualities or treatment of his stud, during the war or afterwards. A tour of nineteen hundred miles with the same animals was a severe test of their capacities, and before reaching Charleston he wrote to Mr. Lear that though, all things considered, they had got on very well, yet his horses were decidedly worsted, and if brought back would "not cut capers as they did on setting out." On the thirteenth of May he says in a letter to the same correspondent, "I shall leave this place to-morrow; my horses, especially the two I bought just before

I left Philadelphia, and my old white horse, are much worn down and I have yet one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles of heavy sand to pass before I fairly get into the upper and firmer roads."

On the way to Augusta he stopped to dine with the widow of his old friend and companion in arms, General Greene, at her seat called Mulberry Grove. On Wednesday, the eighteenth, Governor Telfair and the principal officers of the state eft the capital, with a numerous train of citizens. and proceeded five miles toward Savannah to meet him, and he was conducted to his lodgings accompanied by thousands of people, who filled the air with joyous acclamations. That day he dined with a large party at the Grove, the Governor's private residence, near Augusta, where Mrs. Telfair assembled the ladies of the town to meet him at a ball in the evening; on Thursday he received and answered an address from the people, attended a public dinner, and was present at another ball; on Friday he visited the academy and dined again with the Governor, and on Saturday started on his return, Augusta being the farthest point of his journey.

Coming again into South Carolina he was conducted to Columbia by General Winn, Colonel Wade Hampton, and a large number of other citizens, and the next day dined with more than two hundred of the principal men and women of the town and neighboring country at the state house, and in the evening attended a ball.

On Wednesday, the twenty-fifth, he dined at Camden, and on the following morning visited the grave of the Baron de Kalb, the places where the British redoubts had been erected, Hobkirk Hill, where General Greene was attacked by Lord Rawdon, and the plains where General Gates was engaged by Lord Cornwallis in 1780. Passing through Charlotte, Salisbury, Salem, Guilford, and

other towns, in all of which the love and reverence of the people were exhibited in every variety of manner which taste and ingenuity could suggest, he arrived at Mount Vernon on the twelfth of June.

He remained at his seat between three and four weeks, during which he was occupied with his private affairs, and, with Major L'Enfant and others, with the location of the new seat of government, on the banks of the Potomac. On Thursday, the last day of June, he started for Philadelphia, by way of Frederick, York, and Lancaster, and arrived at the Presidential residence about noon on the sixth of July, having been absent nearly three months, and during that period performed a journey of eighteen hundred and eighty-seven miles.

V.

This tour was upon the whole very satisfactory to the President. In letters written soon after his return he says it was accomplished "without meeting with any interruption, by sickness, bad weather, or any untoward accident. Indeed, so highly favored were we, that we arrived at each place where I proposed to make my halt, on the very day I fixed upon before we set out. I am much pleased that I undertook this excursion, as it has enabled me to see with my own eyes the situation of the country through which we travelled, and to learn more accurately the disposition of the people than I could from any information.... I have been highly gratified in observing the good dispositions of the people. Industry and economy are becoming fashionable in those parts, which were formerly noted for the opposite qualities, and the labors of man are assisted by the blessings of Providence. The attachment of all classes of citizens to the general government seems to be a pleasing presage of their future happiness and respectability."

VI.

While the President was absent in the south, Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison were making a tour in the north. Proceeding to New York, and up the Hudson to Albany, they visited the principal scenes of Burgoyne's misfortunes, — the fields of Stillwater, Saratoga and Bennington, — and forts William Henry, George, Ticonderoga, Crown Point, and other places memorable in our revolutionary history. Mr. Jefferson amused himself with his rod and gun, and indulged those tastes for natural history which, if the condition of the country had not made him a politician, would probably have been his main distinction.

DISCONTENT AND SEDITION.

I.

As the period approached when electors of President and Vice President were again to be appointed in the several states, Washington perceived with the deepest regret that it would be necessary for him to allow his name to be used for a second term of four years. Jefferson, Hamilton, and Edmund Randolph, each addressed him letters entreating a continuance of his administration of affairs. The sincere and earnest appeal of Hamilton was unanswerable. This illustrious person, who for the greatness of his abilities and the importance of his public services has the highest place in our history, next to his chief and friend, wrote to him, "The impression is uniform that your declining would be deplorable as the greatest evil that could befall the country at the present juncture, and as critically hazardous to your own reputation—that your continuance will be justified, in the mind of every friend to his country, by the evident necessity for it. It is clear, says every one with whom I have conversed, that the affairs of the national government are not yet firmly established; that its enemies, generally speaking, are as inveterate as ever; that their enmity has been sharpened by its success, and by all the resentments which flow from disappointed predictions and mortified vanity; that a general and strenuous effort is making, in every state, to place the administration of it in the

hands of its enemies, as if they were its safest guardians; that the period of the next House of Representatives is likely to prove the crisis of its permanent character; that if you continue in office, nothing materially mischievous is to be apprehended, while if you quit, much is to be dreaded; that the same motives which induced you to accept originally ought to decide you to continue till matters have assumed a more determined aspect; that it would have been better, as it regards your own character, if you had never consented to come forward, than now to leave the business unfinished and in danger of being undone; that in the event of storms arising, there would be an imputation either of want of foresight or want of firmness; and, in fine, that on public and personal accounts, on patriotic and prudential considerations, the clear path to be pursued by you will be, again to obey the voice of your country, which it is not doubted will be as earnest and as unanimous as ever. On this last point, I have some suspicion that it will be insinuated to you, and perhaps (God forgive me, if I judge hardly,) with design to place before you a motive for declining, that there is danger of a division among the electors, and of less unanimity in their suffrages than heretofore. While your first election was depending, I had no doubt that there would be characters among the electors, who, if they durst follow their inclinations, would vote against you, but that in all probability they would be restrained by an apprehension of public resentment; that nevertheless it was possible a few straggling votes might be found in opposition, from some headstrong and fanatical individuals; that a circumstance of this kind would be in fact, and ought to be estimated by you, as of no importance, since there would be sufficient unanimity to witness the general confidence and attachment towards you. My view of the future accords exactly with what was my view of the past. I believe the same motives will operate to produce the same result. The

dread of public indignation will be likely to restrain the indisposed few. If they can calculate at all, they will naturally reflect that they could not give a severer blow to their cause than by giving a proof of hostility to you. But if a solitary vote or two should appear wanting to perfect unanimity, of what moment can it be? Will not the fewness of the exceptions be a confirmation of the devotion of the community to a character which has so generally united its suffrages, after an administration of four years, at the head of a new government, opposed in its first establishment by a large proportion of its citizens, and obliged to run counter to many prejudices in devising the arduous arrangements requisite to public credit and public order? Will not those who may be the authors of any such exceptions, manifest more their own perverseness and malevolence than any diminution of the affection and confidence of the nation? I am persuaded that both these questions ought to be answered in the affirmative, and that there is nothing to be looked for, on the score of diversity of sentiment, which ought to weigh for a moment. I trust, sir, and I pray God, that you will determine to make a further sacrifice of your tranquillity and happiness to the public good."

Washington's re-election was unanimous, and on the fourth of March, 1793, he took the oath of office in the hall of the senate, in the presence of the members of the cabinet, various public officers, foreign ministers, and such other persons as could be accommodated. In his speech to Congress he expressed the pleasing emotion with which he received this renewed testimony of the approbation of the people. While however it awakened his gratitude for all those instances of affectionate partiality with which he had been honored by his country, it could not prevent an earnest wish for that retirement from which no private consideration could ever have torn him; "but," he continued, "influenced by the belief that my con-

duct would be estimated according to its real motives, and that the people would support exertions having nothing personal for their objects, I have obeyed the suffrage which commanded me to resume the executive power, and I humbly implore that Being on whose will the fate of nations depends, to crown with success our mutual endeavors for the general happiness."

II.

Philip Freneau had been an intimate friend of Mr. Madison while they were classmates in the college of Princeton. We do not know at what time he became acquainted with Mr. Jefferson, but it was probably during the summer after the organization of the government, and he appears from the beginning to have concurred in his political ideas. Freneau was editor of the Daily Advertiser, published in New York, when, on the seventeenth of August, 1791, he was appointed translator of the French language for the state department, and he soon after removed to Philadelphia. The place is said to have been a sinecure, as other clerks in the office were familiar with the French language, which was also spoken and written with fluent elegance by Mr. Jefferson. But Freneau made himself useful to the secretary, if not to the government, by establishing in the following October the National Gazette, a journal in which were given the first examples of that partisan abuse which has ever since been the shame of American politics. In it Mr. Jefferson was continually referred to with expressions of fulsome adulation, and the public and private characters of Washington, Hamilton, Knox, Adams, and their associates, were vilified with unfaltering industry and malignity. The late Reverend Doctor Timothy Dwight wrote to Oliver Wolcott, on this subject, soon after Washington's second inauguration, "The late impertinent attacks on the chief magistrate are viewed with a general and marked indignation.

Freneau, your printer, linguist, and so forth, is regarded here as a mere incendiary, or rather as a despicable tool of bigger incendiaries, and his paper as a public nuisance. Happily all the writers of this side, whose productions I have seen, take effectual means to disappoint themselves, for the violence of their prejudices, the weakness of their arguments, and the indecency of their sentiments, alike counteract the mischievousness of their designs." That the National Gazette was entirely under Mr. Jefferson's control appears never to have been doubted. In his old age Freneau marked a copy of it with the names of the writers of the most noticeable articles, alleging that he himself had never assailed in any manner the spotless fame of the Father of his Country. To Dr. Francis, who became his physician, he said it was among his greatest griefs that he had seemed to be an enemy of Washington, but that Mr. Jefferson had written or dictated whatever was reproachful or calumnious of that exalted character in the Gazette. The pretences for the most violent attacks on the President were his reserved manners, which were said to proceed from an affectation of royalty (he had not yet learned to make "bows" in a manner satisfactory to the democrats), and his failure to interest himself in support of some demand of the army.

III.

The French revolution was the most gigantic and appalling illustration in history of the natural depravity of the human race. It was a legitimate and inevitable result of that sham philosophy which a profligate people were glad to accept in place of the stern morality of the Christian religion, and was brought about by the combined activity and determined will of many of the master intelligences of that age, made skeptical by the corruptions of the church, and infidel by their own defiant pride. Harlequin atheists,

assuming the title of Christian teachers, and half educated and feeble minded writers of literature, sensible of their incapacity to acquire distinction in the competitions of excellence, are offering among us, as novelties, those sometime obsolete mockeries that kindled into a flame of passion the volatile and depraved nation which surpassed all others, first in disobedience and next in contempt of the divine law. Forgetful of the terribly literal fulfilment which France presented of the prophecy that "the nations which forget God shall be turned into hell," there are still found miserable creatures willing enough to brave all penalties for the base satisfaction of a transient notoriety. In the days of Washington this class was comparatively much more numerous, and more dignified in talents and position.

The French monarchy had been abolished; whatever there was of private worth and public respectability in Paris had followed the king to the guillotine; and it had been decreed by the convention that there is no God. The interest excited in America by the commencement of the revolution became enthusiasm when our ancient ally assumed the name and form of a republic. A people less honorable and sagacious might well have been carried away by their grateful affections and political sympathies, and in the tumult of conflicting opinion and storm of aggressive action, only the unerring judgment and indomitable will of Washington, his defiance of foreign and domestic enemies, his immovable disregard of public clamor and private treachery, a sense and temper and justice which seemed above the capacity of human nature, preserved our country from anarchy and from becoming the fear instead of the hope of the world. Less easily appreciable by the common mind than his military conduct, the course which he pursued during this agitation displays his loftiest heroism and constitutes his best claim to the reverence of posterity.

"I persuade myself," he wrote to Patrick Henry, "it has not escaped your observation that a crisis is approaching which must, if it cannot be arrested, soon decide whether order and good government shall be preserved, or anarchy and confusion ensue. I most religiously aver that I have no wish incompatible with the dignity, happiness, and true interest of the people of this country. My ardent desire is, and my aim has been, as far as depended upon the executive department, to comply strictly with all our engagements, foreign and domestic, but to keep the United States free from political connections with every other country, to see them independent of all, and under the influence of none. In a word, I want an *American* character, that the powers of Europe may be convinced we act for ourselves, and not for others. This, in my judgment, is the only way to be respected abroad, and happy at home."

But a large proportion of the people, incapable of understanding how little the revolution in France resembled in principles our own war for independence, and never pausing to consider whether the inhabitants of that country were fit for self-government, did not doubt the ultimate success of French republicanism, and were easily led to regard all doubts in others as treason to the cause itself, and to stigmatize Washington, Hamilton, Adams, and all who sympathized with them, as "anglomen" and "monarchists." The history of politics affords no parallel of the impudent attempt to persuade the citizens of the United States that a conspiracy had been organized among them for the establishment of a kingly government. There was not the shadow of a shade of any suggestion of such a conspiracy in all the conduct and conversation of the parties alleged to be the conspirators, and no man of common sense now believes that their slanderers were ever actuated for a moment by any sincere suspicions or apprehensions on the subject.

With intelligence of the declaration of war by France against

Great Britain and Holland arrived M. Genet, the first minister of the French republic. He landed at Charleston, his journey thence to Philadelphia was a continual triumph, and his reception in that city such as might have gratified a conquering hero. Instead of receiving him with customary honors, it was resolved a fortnight before his arrival that the republicans should meet him at a distance from the town and greet him with cheers. Citizen Peter S. Duponceau, secretary of a secret society of Frenchmen, which met at Barney McShane's, sign of the bunch of grapes, number twenty-three North Third street, was particularly active in efforts to insure a demonstration that should strike with terror the "cowardly conservatives, anglomen, and monarchists," led by the President. Citizen Philip Freneau, translating clerk in the department of state, and editor of the National Gazette, restrung his "Tyrtæan lyre" to celebrate the glories of the Parisian regicides, and at his office, two hundred and nine Market street, received subscriptions for the "French Patriotic Society." On the second day of May the French frigate l'Ambuscade came up the river, saluting with fifteen guns a vast assemblage on the Market street wharf, and was answered with gun for gun, amid deafening huzzas. A cap of liberty appeared at her head, foremast, and stern; her quarter galleries were decorated with gilt anchors bearing the *bonnet rouge;* from the top of her foremast floated, "Enemies of equality, reform or tremble;" from her mainmast, "Freemen, we are your friends and brethren;" and from the mizzenmast, "We are armed for the defence of the rights of man." L'Ambuscade was a fit precursor of the ambassador.

At length, soon after twelve o'clock, on the sixteenth of May, three discharges of artillery from this ship announced the approach of Genet, and a great concourse of people immediately started for Gray's Ferry, where he was waiting for them. As he drew near,

the bells of Christ church were rung, though it could not have been with Bishop White's consent. An address, prepared by citizens Dallas, Rittenhouse, Duponceau, and others, was read amid the acclamations of thousands. The minister was equally delighted and astonished at so fraternal a welcome; and when he read an approving history of all these proceedings in a journal edited by a confidential clerk of the Secretary of State, it was but natural that he anticipated only a slight opposition on the part of the government to the so evident wishes of the people.*

On the same day, however, an address was presented to the President, signed by three hundred of the principal merchants and other men of substance and activity, residing in the city, declaring that nothing was necessary to the happiness of the people of the United States but a continuance of peace, that the highest sense was entertained of the wisdom and goodness which dictated his recent proclamation of neutrality, and that the signers would not

* In what degree Mr. Jefferson was responsible for the gross abuse of Washington in Freneau's National Gazette, and for the vulgar and insolent hostility of that journal to the policy and measures of Washington's administration, we are sufficiently informed by himself. Freneau's paper continually denied to Washington both capacity and integrity, and three copies of every number were regularly sent to the Chief, who could not forbear speaking to Mr. Jefferson on this abusive conduct of his clerk, and requesting him, as a member of his cabinet, to administer to Freneau some rebuke. Mr. Jefferson tells us in his "Anas" what course he chose to pursue. At a cabinet council, he says, Washington remarked that "That rascal, Freneau, sent him three copies of his papers, every day, as if he thought he (Washington) would become the distributor of them; that he could see in this nothing but an impudent design to insult him: he ended in a high tone." Again, speaking of the President, Mr. Jefferson says, "He adverted to a piece in Freneau's paper of yesterday; he said he despised all their attacks on him personally, but that there had never been an act of the government, not meaning in the executive line only, but in any line, which that paper had not abused. He was evidently sore and warm, and I took his intention to be, that I should interpose in some way with Freneau, perhaps withdraw his appointment of translating clerk in my office. But I will not do it. His paper has saved our constitution, which was galloping fast into monarchy, and has been checked by no one means so powerfully as by that paper. It is well and universally known that it has been that paper which has checked the career of the monocrats," &c.

Freneau at this period appears to have been living in very good condition; and at his "seat, near the city," we read of his giving entertainments to large parties of democrats, at one of which were the officers of a regiment, the governor of the state, &c.

only pay to it themselves the strictest regard, but discountenance in the most pointed manner any contrary disposition in others. Washington replied with his usual dignity and judgment, trusting that the people would evince as much prudence in preserving peace at that critical juncture as they had previously displayed valor in vindicating their just rights.

On the eighteenth an address from the democrats was offered to Genet, at the City Tavern, by Charles Biddle and others, with tumultuous exhibitions of popular enthusiasm; and on the twenty-third a public dinner was given at Oeller's hotel, at which the minister is said to have sung, "with great energy and effect, a song adapted to the occasion and replete with truly patriotic and republican sentiments." Soon after, the *bonnet rouge* was placed on his head, and subsequently, in turn, upon the head of each person at the table, every one offering, while sensible of its inspiration, a "patriotic sentiment." No such "frenzy," to use Mr. Jefferson's favorite expression, has ever since been known in America.

Democratic societies were founded in imitation of Jacobin clubs; every thing that was respectable in society was denounced as aristocratic; politeness was looked upon as a sort of *lese republicanisme;* the common forms of expression in use by the *sans culottes* were adopted by their American disciples; the title citizen became as common in Philadelphia as in Paris, and in the newspapers it was the fashion to announce marriages as partnerships between citizen Brown, Smith, or Jones, and the *citess* who had been wooed to such an association. Entering the house of the President, citizen Genet was astonished and indignant at perceiving in the vestibule a bust of Louis XVI., whom his friends had beheaded, and he complained of this "insult to France." At a dinner, at which Governor Mifflin was present, a roasted pig received the name of the murdered king, and the head, severed from the body, was carried round to each of

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the guests, who, after placing the liberty cap on his own head, pronounced the word "Tyrant!" and proceeded to mangle with his knife that of the luckless creature doomed to be served for so unworthy a company. One of the democratic taverns displayed as a sign a revolting picture of the mutilated and bloody corpse of Marie Antoinette.

The extraordinary conduct of Genet, crowned with his audacious appeal from the government to the people, is fully detailed in the best histories we have of those times. It was the administration of Robespierre, the Reign of Terror, which he represented, and for which the democrats claimed the unhesitating and unquestioning support of this country. The President at length complained of him, and he was recalled, but a change of factions having occurred in the republic of homicides, he did not deem it expedient to return, and, marrying Cornelia Tappan Clinton, a daughter of the governor of New York, he selected a home in that state, and ever afterwards resided there.*

* It is but justice to say that this celebrated person was possessed of eminent capacities and accomplishments, and that his official conduct in this country has been defended with ability and eloquence. He was a member of one of the first families of France, and his father was for the long period of forty-five years connected with the ministry of foreign affairs. One of his sisters was Madame Campan, so well known for her abilities and intimate relations with the royal family, and another was the beautiful Madame Anguie, mother-in-law of Marshal Ney. The subject of this note was born on the eighth of January, 1763, and such was his intellectual precocity that when but twelve years of age he received a gold medal and a flattering letter from Gustavus III. for a translation of the history of Eric XIV. into the Swedish language, with historical remarks by himself. He became a member of several of the most distinguished learned societies of Europe, and from his boyhood was employed in honorable public offices, having when only fourteen been appointed translating secretary to Monsieur, eldest brother of the king, and since Louis XVIII. He was attached to the embassies of Berlin, Vienna, London, and St. Petersburg, and remained in Russia five years as *chargé d'affaires*. His indignant protest against an order by the empress to leave her dominions, when Louis XVI. was dethroned, won for him a flattering reception by the revolutionary government on his return to Paris, and he was made adjutant general of the armies of the republic, and minister to Holland; but a belief that he would be more useful in America caused him to be sent to this country as Minister Plenipotentiary and Consul General. With Mr. Jefferson he was very intimate, notwithstanding the position of that eminent character in the cabinet of Washington, until circumstances rendered such an intimacy

During the remainder of his administration, Washington and his friends were continually occupied in combating the influence of that party which now for the first time became capable of a formidable opposition, and which declared through its journals that it would not permit "the mushroom lordlings of the day, the enemies of American as well as of French liberty, to vilify with impunity the patriots," Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Hébert, Barère, Couthon, Fouquier Tinville, Collot d'Herbois, and the rest of that abhorred company, of whom the least infamous presented a spectacle more revolting to human nature than any monster ever known in other history.

IV.

The particulars of the French revolution from day to day filled the journals and formed the subjects of conversation in drawing-rooms and public and private assemblies of every description throughout the country. More than even the distinctions of whig and tory, patriot or loyalist, in the earlier days of the war of Independence, feelings for or against the rabble of Paris became the rule of friendship and of every sort of personal relation. Whatever the inherited or acquired social rank, whatever the abilities, education, or manners, of men or women, attaching themselves to the Jacobin side, it would be absurd to say that they were not essentially unworthy and base. The true respectability of the nation was in the federal party, and it is a notorious and universally received truth that it continued to be so until that party was overthrown. Of the federal party Washington was not simply a mem-

no longer useful to the secretary. Genet's charge that he had used to him "a language official and a language confidential," suggests an explanation of what is most questionable in his own conduct. M. Genet was twice married. His second wife was a daughter of Mr. Osgood, the first Postmaster General under the Constitution. He was taken ill in consequence of riding twelve miles to attend a meeting of an agricultural society of which he was president, and before which he was appointed to deliver an address, and died, at his place in Greenbush, near Albany, on the fourteenth of July, 1834.

ber or a disciple, as has sometimes been alleged; he was its founder, its head, its front, its very soul.

In the summer of 1794 occurred the insurrection in the western counties of Pennsylvania. The gradual growth of the spirit of discontent, which here culminated in organized rebellion, had for many months excited the most painful reflections and apprehensions among wise and patriotic men, in the metropolis, and in all the states. Washington wrote on the subject to Governor Henry Lee, of Virginia, that he considered the insurrection a fruit of the activity of the democratic societies, and congratulated with him on the fact that as far as his information extended it was viewed with indignation and abhorrence, except by those who had never missed of an opportunity, by side blows or otherwise, to attack the administration. When, by a course of action alike energetic and masterly, the insurgents were put down, the Chief wrote to John Jay: "That the self-created societies which have spread themselves over this country have been laboring incessantly to sow the seeds of distrust, jealousy, and discontent, thereby hoping to effect some revolution of the government, is not unknown to you; that they have been the fomenters of the western disturbances admits of no doubt in the mind of any one who will examine their conduct; but, fortunately, they precipitated a crisis for which they were not prepared, and have unfolded views which I trust will effect their annihilation sooner than it otherwise would have happened, at the same time that it has afforded an occasion for the people to show their abhorrence of the result, and their attachment to the constitution and laws; for I believe that five times the number of militia that was required, would have come forward, if it had been necessary, in support of them."

To illustrate the feeling of the better class of people in this crisis, he says, with a patriotic exultation, that "there are instances

of general officers going at the head of a single troop; of field officers, when they came to places of rendezvous, and found no command for them in that grade, turning into the ranks and proceeding as private soldiers, under their own captains; and of numbers, possessing the first fortunes in the country, standing in the ranks as private men, and marching day by day with their knapsacks and haversacks at their backs, sleeping on straw, with a single blanket, in a soldier's tent, during the frosty nights which we have had, by way of example to others. Nay, more: many young Quakers, of the first families, character, and property, not discouraged by the elders, have turned into the ranks and are marching with the troops."

V.

Mr. Jefferson had retired from the secretaryship of state and had no longer an official connection with public affairs. He was succeeded by Mr. Edmund Randolph, whose place in the cabinet was filled by William Bradford,* a young lawyer of spotless character and splendid talents, who had previously been Attorney General and a Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

The result of the western insurrection had an important effect

* We linger with delight over a fame so beautiful and unsullied as that of William Bradford, and recall with a sentiment of melancholy that he died just as "his greatness was a ripening." From an interesting memoir of him by the late Horace Binney Wallace, we learn that he was born in Philadelphia in 1755, graduated at Princeton in 1772, was admitted to the bar in 1779, after having served some time in the army, with the rank of Colonel, and in 1780, when but twenty-five years of age, was appointed Attorney General of Pennsylvania. From this position he was promoted in August, 1791, to be one of the justices of the Supreme Court of the state; "but the splendor of his abilities," says Mr. Wallace, "the fame of his devotion to business, of his acute sagacity and sound judgment, and of his stainless integrity, had attracted the regard of that great personage who then administered the national councils, and who had become personally well acquainted with him during the war of Independence; and on the twenty-eighth of January, 1794, Mr. Bradford, having previously resigned the office of judge, was commissioned by President Washington Attorney General of the United States.... He shared in an especial and marked degree the confidence of Washington, who respected a character kindred to his own in the purity of its purposes, and adorned with all the accomplishments that render merit amiable."

on the tone if not on the purposes of the democrats, and the federalists contemplated the wise and successful exercise of power on the part of the executive with unhesitating and undisguised satisfaction, not more as a vindication and support of law and a proof of the self-sustaining capacity of the government, than as a signal rebuke and humiliation of the intriguing faction which had hoped in a different conclusion of the matter to find the means of entirely destroying the nation's confidence in Washington and his friends. The feelings of the democrats were of course shared by Fauchet, the new French minister, and in his despatches to the government of the murderers, at Paris, he disclosed some secrets of their leaders which excellently illustrate the quality of their patriotism. "Scarce was the commotion known," says the minister, referring to this rebellion, "when the Secretary of State came to my house; all his countenance was grief; he requested of me a private conversation; 'It is all over,' he said to me; 'a civil war is about to ravage our unhappy country; four men, by their talents, their industry, their influence, their energy, may save it; but, debtors of English merchants, they will be deprived of their liberty if they take the slightest step; could you lend them instantaneous funds sufficient to shelter them from English persecution?' This inquiry astonished me; it was impossible for me to make a satisfactory answer; you know my want of power, and my defect of pecuniary means; I shall draw myself from the affair by some commonplace remarks, and by throwing myself on the pure and disinterested principles of the republic."

The reference to "the pure and disinterested principles of the republic" must have struck Mr. Randolph as an example of such refined impudence as is rarely exhibited by the greatest adepts in that sort of display; but the answer was probably conclusive as to the chances of obtaining any money from Mr. Fauchet.

Before Mr. Randolph was appointed Secretary of State, Mr. Jefferson informs us, in his "Anas," that he had a conversation with the President as to his fitness for that office. The President said, "I do not know what is thought of Mr. Randolph." The retiring premier remarks, "I avoided noticing the last observation, and he put the question to me directly. I then told him I went so little into society as to be unable to answer it." Yet Mr. Jefferson confesses in his account of this conversation: "I *knew* that the embarrassments in his private affairs had obliged him to use expedients which had injured him with the merchants and shop-keepers, and affected his character for independence, and that these embarrassments were serious, and were not likely soon to cease."

In the beginning of 1795 Mr. Hamilton, the leader and master champion of the ideas of the respectable classes, resigned his office. The confused and complicated facts of our financial condition, furnished from a thousand different sources, had come from his hand solidified and transparent; and with consummate genius and judgment he had so organized the treasury that but little was left for his successors to do except to execute his simple and comprehensive plans. The insufficiency of his salary for the support of a numerous family was the immediate and perhaps principal reason for his withdrawal from the administration. He was succeeded by Mr. Wolcott. General Knox, for similar causes, had resigned a few weeks before, and his place had been filled by Colonel Pickering. The original cabinet was thus entirely changed, and the new one consisted of Edmund Randolph, Secretary of State, Oliver Wolcott, of the Treasury, Timothy Pickering, of War, and William Bradford, Attorney General.

VI.

The relations of the United States with Great Britain were in a very critical condition, and war with that country was ardently desired by the franco-democratic party, and dreaded in an equal degree by all those who intelligently endeavored to promote our own best interests. The Jacobins were startled by the appointment of John Jay to be Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of London; they denounced the opening of any negotiations with "our ancient enemy," and were in a rage that the Chief Justice should have been selected for such a duty. Mr. Jay sailed from New York in April, 1794, and on the seventh of March, 1795, the treaty which he had negotiated arrived in Philadelphia. The President, to prevent the preöccupation of the public mind, did not allow its provisions to be known by any person except Mr. Randolph; yet within two days after, a series of papers was commenced in Bache's paper, the new organ of the democrats, condemning it in the most opprobrious terms. As it had not been published in England, and the British minister had not received a copy of it, the President was surprised at these attacks, but expressed no suspicion as to the betrayal of his official confidence. When the treaty was submitted to the Senate, Mr. Mason, a senator from Virginia, gave a copy of it to the same journal, The Aurora, and the whole country was quickly filled with its denunciation, and with abuse of the President, whom the democratic writers declared to be without any of the qualifications of a statesman, or even of a soldier, and charged with being the tool of England, and with having fraudulently drawn money from the Treasury. "Will not the world be led to conclude," wrote one of these creatures, "that the mask of political hypocrisy has been worn alike by a Cæsar, a Cromwell, and a Washington?"

The Chief was calm and unmoved amid the storm, and, guided by a wisdom and discretion which now amaze the profoundest statesmen who contemplate the circumstances under which he acted — administering a novel system of government, without any precedents to consult as to his constitutional powers and duties — pursued his course to the end, in a manner which was approved by his sense and his conscience, and has since been applauded by the unanimous voice of the nation.

VII.

Mr. Wolcott was dining with Mr. Hammond, the British minister, at his country house near the city, on Sunday, the twenty-sixth of July. Mr. Hammond had recently married one of the beautiful Misses Allen, daughters of Mr. Andrew Allen, and he found that gentleman present, with one or two Englishmen, who were in the minister's confidence. After dinner Mr. Hammond took Mr. Wolcott aside and informed him that he had just received despatches from Lord Grenville, transmitting certain letters from M. Fauchet to the French government, which had been thrown overboard from the Jean Bart, a French packet, on the approach of an English vessel of war, but recovered by an Englishman who plunged into the water after them. Among these papers was the celebrated "Letter to the Minister on Politics," embracing the "precious confessions" of Mr. Randolph, the American Secretary of State. It disclosed the entire policy of the democrats for the ruin of Washington's administration. Referring to his previous despatch, in which he had detailed Mr. Randolph's application to him for money, just before the breaking out of the insurrection in Pennsylvania, the minister exclaims, "Thus the consciences of the pretended patriots of America already have their prices! It is very true, that the certainty of these conclusions, painful to be drawn, will forever

exist in our archives! What will be the old age of this government, if it is thus early decrepid!"

Mr. Bradford, the Attorney General, was ill, at his house in the country, where, on the twenty-ninth, Mr. Pickering and Mr. Wolcott waited upon him, and they there drew up a letter to the President, who was then at Mount Vernon, requesting his immediate return to the capital. He arrived in Philadelphia on the eleventh of August, and Mr. Wolcott without delay communicated to him the letter and the circumstances under which he received it.

The President concluded not to take any notice of this extraordinary revelation until the treaty should be disposed of, and in the mean time, as he could not consider Mr. Randolph guilty unheard, continued to treat him as if nothing had happened to lessen his confidence in his integrity. At a meeting of the cabinet for the consideration of the treaty, Mr. Randolph opposed its ratification; but his opposition no longer had any influence on the mind of the President, who signed it on the fourteenth.

On the nineteenth, while Washington was in conversation with Mr. Pickering and Mr. Wolcott, whom he had requested to be present, Mr. Randolph entered, and as he advanced into the room, he arose and presented to him the intercepted letter, requesting him to read it, and make such observations upon it as he thought proper. The Secretary perused it silently and with composure until he arrived at the passage which refers to his "precious confessions," when he manifested embarrassment, but proceeded to read the rest of the letter with careful attention. He made some desultory and unconnected observations on the several paragraphs, but betrayed no deep emotion. Perceiving however that he was confused, the President requested him to step into another room and consider what he had to say; he did so, and after a few moments returned, and said he would make his answer in writing. He immediately

resigned his office, promising the public an explanation of his conduct.

M. Fauchet had been superseded by M. Adet, and had just gone to Newport to embark for France. Mr. Randolph followed him, and succeeded in obtaining a certificate of his innocence, but it was not regarded by even his own friends as of any importance. His "Vindication" was a long time in making its appearance. In October he wrote to the President that it was only delayed for permission to publish one of his letters; and he was answered that he was at "liberty to publish any and every private and confidential letter he had ever written him; nay, more, every word he ever uttered to him or in his presence, whence he could derive any advantage." When at length the pamphlet came out, it was sarcastically described as really a "vindication," not of his conduct, but of his resignation.

Edmund Randolph had been an object of Washington's kindly interest from his youth; his powerful influence had caused him to be elected Governor of Virginia; he had appointed him successively Attorney General and Secretary of State; and had treated him in every way with unlimited confidence and almost parental fondness. The vulgar and violent abuse with which he was assailed in the disgraced minister's "Vindication," therefore incensed him to an extraordinary degree; the occasion was one of those in which his feelings for a moment obtained a mastery over his habitual self-control. We have from unquestionable authority an anecdote illustrating this, which has not been hitherto published. Upon the settlement of the boundary between Pennsylvania and Virginia, some of Washington's lands fell within the former state, and the late Mr. James Ross of Pittsburg, was his agent for the sale of them He came to Philadelphia to settle his account, and sending word to the President that he would wait upon him, at his pleasure, was

invited to breakfast the next morning. On arriving he found all the ladies — the Custises, Lewises, Mrs. Washington, and others — in the parlor, obviously in great alarm. Mr. Ross described them as gathered together in the middle of the room, like a flock of partridges in a field, when a hawk is in the neighborhood. Very soon the President entered, and shook hands with Mr. Ross, but looked dark and lowering. They went in to breakfast; and after a little while the Secretary of War came in, and said to Washington, "Have you seen Mr. Randolph's pamphlet?" "I have," said Washington, and raising his arm, and denouncing in terms of a strong and most emphatic kind its truth, brought his fist down upon the table with all his strength, and with a violence which made the cups and plates start from their places. Ross said he felt infinitely relieved; for he had feared that something in his own conduct had occasioned the blackness of the President's countenance. The late Chief Justice Gibson had this from Ross himself; and he mentioned it at the house of an intimate acquaintance in Philadelphia, as showing that, naturally, Washington was a man of extraordinary passions and sensibilities, though they were seldom exhibited with much vehemence.

VIII.

If it sometimes happened that Washington failed of that self-control which is so difficult for a man of his intensely passionate and excitable nature, his watchfulness and powerful will generally enabled him to conceal his emotions and opinions from the most acute and determined inquisition. While Jay's treaty was under discussion, it was rumored in Philadelphia that a great mob in London had set the government at defiance, destroyed the residence of Mr. Pitt, and threatened the tower. The day this report reached

the city, the late Dr. Ashbel Green, who was one of the chaplains of Congress, dined with the President. When he entered the drawing-room he found the company all engaged in animated conversation on this subject, and Washington asked him if he had seen any newspaper allusion to it, remarking that he himself had not. Green replied, that as he was leaving his house, a few moments before, he had picked up a paper, just thrown into his entry, and hastily read an article in which the intelligence was recited. The rumor was calculated to produce a profound sensation, and it was of course discussed with much feeling at the table as well as in the drawing-room, but although the President listened to the conversa tion and joined in it with apparent freedom, neither Green nor any one could discover whether he thought it true or false, or wished it to be one way or the other. As little turbulence of soul was betrayed in his manner or his countenance as if the debate had been of some abstract question in philosophy.

The democrats, finding themselves unable to answer the arguments of the federalists in support of the treaty, circulated a report through the country that the printed speeches of that side were known to be made by Englishmen, who had come over to work in that way, some at five guineas a speech, and some at as high as ten; but that a speech could be written and printed by them at almost any price.

The great speech upon the treaty, the greatest speech ever made in the Congress of the United States before Daniel Webster came into that body, was by Fisher Ames. Ames had written in a humorous letter to Jeremiah Smith that his speeches should be composed and delivered by some of the ingenious English gentlemen engaged in that business, and Smith had answered that his silence should be permitted, "by me, because any effort will injure your health; by my friend Harper, because he talks all the time him-

self; and by the Jacobins, because they never like your speaking." He was so feeble that it seemed impossible for him to take any active part in the business of the session, and it is doubtful whether he intended, up to the morning of the day when his famous oration was pronounced, to say more than a few words on the subject; but the exhibitions of ignorance and dishonesty by the enemies of the government compelled him to that sudden and splendid attempt for the honor of his country, which, even in the imperfect and unworthy report of it which was written out from memory by two of his friends, stands as a sufficient vindication of the traditional fame of his eloquence. John Adams heard it, and gave a graphic account of it in a letter to his wife. "Judge Iredell and I happened to sit together. Our feelings beat in unison. 'My God, how great he is!' says Iredell; 'how great he has been!' 'He has been noble,' said I. After some time Iredell breaks out, 'Bless my stars, I never heard any thing so great since I was born!' 'It is divine!' said I; and thus we went on with our interjections, not to say our tears, till the end. Tears enough were shed. Not a dry eye, I believe, in the house, except of some of the jackasses who had occasioned a necessity of the oratory. These attempted to laugh, but their visages 'grinned horribly ghastly smiles.' They smiled like Foulon's son-in-law when they made him kiss his father's dead and bleeding head. The situation of the man excited compassion, and interested all hearts in his favor. The ladies wished his soul had a better body."

The friends of the treaty were mobbed, and Mr. Jay himself was burned in effigy in several cities. In Philadelphia the rabble, led by some persons of respectable official or social positions, held a meeting in one of the public squares, and passed demagogue resolutions against it. The treaty was thrown from the select agitators on a stage to the canaille, who placed it on a pole, and proceeded

with it to the house of the French minister, before which they performed some ceremony, and then to the house of the British minister, before which they burned it, with huzzas and acclamations. The same was done before the residences of Mr. Bond and Mr Bingham, and the wretches broke some of the glass of the latter gentleman's windows.

LIFE IN THE CAPITAL.

I.

From the note-book of the late Mr. Horace Binney Wallace, of Philadelphia, I am permitted to transcribe a record of some conversations with his mother, Mrs. Susan Wallace, in which that lady — so eminent for whatever is beautiful and noble in her sex — disclosed her recollections of Washington's habits, personal appearance, and manners. On the removal of the government to Philadelphia, Mrs. Mary Binney, mother of Mrs. Wallace, resided in Market street, opposite to General Washington's — the door of her house a few paces further east. It was the General's custom, frequently, when the day was fine, to come out to walk, attended by his secretaries, Mr. Lear and Major William Jackson — one on each side. He always crossed directly over from his own door to the sunny side of the street, and walked down. He was dressed in black, and all three wore cocked hats. She never observed them conversing; she often wondered and watched, as a child, to see if any of the party spoke, but never could perceive that any thing was said. It was understood that the aids were kept at regal distance. General Washington had a large family coach, a light carriage, and a chariot, all alike — cream-colored, painted with three enamelled figures on each panel — and very handsome. He drove

in the coach to Christ Church every Sunday morning, with two horses; drove the carriage and four into the country — to Landsdowne, The Hills, and other places. In going to the Senate he used the chariot, with six horses. All his servants were white, and wore liveries of white cloth, trimmed with scarlet or orange. Mrs. Wallace* saw General Washington frequently at public balls. His manners there were very gracious and pleasant. She went with Mrs. Oliver Wolcott to one of Mrs. Washington's drawing-rooms. The General was present, and came up and bowed to every lady after she was seated. Mrs. Binney visited Mrs. Washington frequently. It was Mrs. Washington's custom to return visits on the third day: and she thus always returned Mrs. Binney's. A footman would run over, knock loudly, and announce Mrs. Washington, who would then come over with Mr. Lear. Mrs. Wallace met Mrs. Washington in her mother's parlor: her manners were very easy, pleasant, and unceremonious, with the character-

* Mrs. Wallace, widow of Mr. John Bradford Wallace, and sister of Mr. Horace Binney, died on the eighth of July, 1849. The Rev. Herman Hooker, D. D., in an eloquent and appropriate tribute to her memory, says: "I cannot speak of her in terms suitable to my conceptions. No praise befits the character or the taste of such a person but a truthful and grateful mention of her virtues. These were so numerous and so marked that any just mention of them will seem to border on exaggeration. She was a model of a woman. Her elevation was such, that seen through the distance of a slight or formal acquaintance, it might be mistaken for pride or austerity But there are many persons of even humble condition who can testify with what ease and readi ness she could appreciate the feelings and merits of all. So various were her accomplishments, so profound, ready, and discerning her mind, that whether approached by the most humble, the most refined and fashionable, or the most intelligent and learned persons, she was never at a loss to assume any manner, or join in any conversation, suitable to their taste and position. Her mind was conversant with principles, and from these she could start out on any subject, detect its nature, and define its limits. She was always entertaining and instructive. Nothing could be said in her presence which she would fail tc appreciate justly. She was severely just — severely conscientious. She had all the impulsiveness of woman, all the sensibilities of a cultivated nature, yet all were under discipline and right control, and thus added grace, worth, and certainty, to all the virtues of life." Mrs. Wallace was born on Washington's birth-day, 1778, and was just entering society in the last years of his administration. Her husband was a nephew of Mr. Bradford, the second Attorney General of the United States. He was described by Daniel Webster as "one of the oldest, truest, and most valued of his friends."

istics of other Virginia ladies. When Washington retired from public life Mrs. Wallace was about nineteen years of age.

The recollections of Mr. Richard Rush on this subject are in agreement with those of Mrs. Wallace. That accomplished and distinguished gentleman has communicated to me a very graphic account of some interesting scenes, of which he was an observer, about the close of Washington's first administration. Looking upon the old Congress Hall, at the corner of Chestnut and Sixth streets, a few years ago, he says, "I recalled a scene never, no, never to be forgotten. It was, I think, in 1794 or 1795, that as a boy I was among the spectators congregated at this corner, and parts close by, to witness a great public spectacle. Washington was to open the session of Congress, by going in person, as was his custom, to deliver a speech to both houses, assembled in the chamber of the House of Representatives. The crowd was immense. It filled the whole area in Chestnut street before the state house, extended along the line of Chestnut street above Sixth street, and spread north and south some distance along the latter. A way kept open for carriages, in the middle of the street, was the only space not closely packed with people. I had a stand on the steps of one of the houses in Chestnut street, which, raising me above the mass of human heads, enabled me to see to advantage. After waiting long hours, as it seemed to a boy's impatience, the carriage of the President at length slowly drove up, drawn by four beautiful bay horses. It was white, with medallion ornaments on the panels, and the livery of the servants, as well as I remember, was white turned up with red: at any rate a glowing livery — the entire display in equipages at that era, in our country generally, and in Philadelphia in particular, while the seat of government, being more rich and varied than now, though fewer in number. Washington got out of his carriage, and, slowly crossing the pavement, ascended

the steps of the edifice, upon the upper platform of which he paused, and, turning half round, looked in the direction of a carriage which had followed the lead of his own. Thus he stood for a minute, distinctly seen by every body. He stood in all his civic dignity and moral grandeur, erect, serene, majestic. His costume was a full suit of black velvet; his hair, in itself blanched by time, powdered to snowy whiteness, a dress sword at his side, and his hat held in his hand. Thus he stood in silence; and what moments those were! Throughout the dense crowd profound stillness reigned. Not a word was heard, not a breath. Palpitations took the place of sounds. It was a feeling infinitely beyond that which vents itself in shouts. Every heart was full. In vain would any tongue have spoken. All were gazing, in mute unutterable admiration. Every eye was riveted on that form — the greatest, purest, most exalted of mortals. It might have seemed as if he stood in that position to gratify the assembled thousands with a full view of the father of their country. Not so. He had paused for his secretary, then, I believe, Mr. Dandridge or Colonel Lear, who got out of the other carriage, a chariot, decorated like his own. The secretary, ascending the steps, handed him a paper — probably a copy of the speech he was to deliver — when both entered the building. Then it was, and not until then, that the crowd sent up huzzas, loud, long, earnest, enthusiastic."

Of the simple manners of Washington and his family we have an interesting account in the Travels of Mr. Henry Wansey, F. S. A., an English manufacturer, who breakfasted with them on the morning of the eighth of June, 1794. "I confess," he says, "I was struck with awe and veneration, when I recollected that I was now in the presence of the great Washington; the noble and wise benefactor of the world, as Mirabeau styles him.... When we look down from this truly illustrious character, on other public servants, we

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find a glowing contrast; nor can we fix our attention on any other great men, without discovering in them a vast and mortifying dissimilarity.... The President seemed very thoughtful, and was slow in delivering himself, which induced some to believe him reserved; but it was rather, I apprehend, the result of much reflection, for he had to me an appearance of affability and accommodation. He was at this time in his sixty-third year, but had very little the appearance of age, having been all his life so exceedingly temperate. There was a certain anxiety visible in his countenance, with marks of extreme sensibility.... Mrs. Washington herself made tea and coffee for us. On the table were two small plates of sliced tongue, and dry toast, bread, and butter, but no broiled fish, as is the general custom. Miss Eleanor Custis, her grand-daughter, a very pleasing young lady of about sixteen, sat next to her, and next, her grandson, George Washington Parke Custis, about two years older. There were but slight indications of form, one servant only attending, who had no livery; and a silver urn for hot water was the only expensive article on the table. Mrs. Washington struck me as something older than the President, though I understand they were both born the same year; she was short in stature, rather robust, extremely simple in her dress, and wore a very plain cap, with her gray hair turned up under it." This description of Mrs. Washington corresponds perfectly with that in her portrait by Trumbull, painted the previous year, and now in the Trumbull Gallery at New Haven.

Mr. Wansey says her drawing-rooms were objected to by the democrats, "as tending to give her a supereminency, and as introductory to the paraphernalia of courts." With what feelings the excellent woman regarded these democrats is shown in an anecdote of the same period. She was a severe disciplinarian, and Nelly Custis was not often permitted by her to be idle or to follow her

own caprices. The young girl was compelled to practise at the harpsichord four or five hours every day, and one morning, when she should have been playing, her grandmother entered the room, remarking that she had not heard her music, and also that she had observed some person going out, whose name she would much like to know. Nelly was silent, and suddenly her attention was arrested by a blemish on the wall, which had been newly painted a delicate cream color. "Ah, it was no federalist!" she exclaimed, looking at the spot, just above a settee; "none but a filthy democrat would mark a place with his good-for-nothing head in that manner!"

The public business so entirely occupied his time that Washington had few opportunities of visiting Mount Vernon. In 1793 however he was there nearly three months, during the terrible period of the prevalence of the yellow fever in Philadelphia.* The disease broke out some time in August, but he continued at his post until the tenth of September. He wished to stay longer, but Mrs. Washington was unwilling to leave him exposed in such danger, and he could not think of hazarding her life and the lives of the children by remaining — "the house in which we lived," he says, "being in a manner blockaded by the disorder, which was every day becoming more and more fatal." Two days after Washington left Mr. Wolcott wrote to his father, "The apprehensions of the citizens cannot be increased; business is in a great measure abandoned; the true character of man is disclosed, and he shows

* A striking picture of the pestilence in Philadelphia, in 1793, is contained in Brockden Brown's novel of Arthur Mervyn. In the history of that period the names of Stephen Girard, already a prosperous merchant, and Matthew Carey and Thomas Clarkson, are honorably conspicuous. Freneau complains that the physicians of the city fled from the danger —

"On prancing steed, with sponge at nose,
From town behold Sangrado fly;
Camphor and tar, where'er he goes,
The infected shafts of death defy —
Safe, in an atmosphere of scents,
He leaves us to our own defence."

himself a weak, timid, desponding, and selfish being.... The ravages of the dreadful sickness are extending, with added circumstances of terror and distress; many now die without attendance. The kind attentions, the tears of condolence and sympathy, which alleviate pain, and in some degree reconcile the dying to their fate, are frequently omitted by the nearest friends and relatives; when generously bestowed they are too often the price of life." Among the public characters attacked by the fever were Mr. Willing and Colonel Hamilton, but they recovered. The officers of government were dispersed, and the President even deliberated on the propriety of convening Congress elsewhere; but the abatement of the disease rendered this measure unnecessary, and near the close of November the scattered inhabitants returned to their homes, and Congress reassembled on the second of December.

In 1794, his official duties not permitting him to make more than a flying visit to Mount Vernon, and Mrs. Washington deciding against a summer residence in the city, the President took a house in Germantown, where, with his family, he remained during the months of July and August.

II.

The old theatre in Philadelphia is described by Mrs. Adams as quite equal to most of the theatres out of France. It was frequently visited by the families of the President and Vice President during the seasons of 1791 and 1792. The new theatre, erected in the latter year, was not opened, in consequence of the yellow fever, until the seventeenth of February, 1794. The manager was Wignell, who is famous in the annals of the American stage, and he caused the house to be fitted up with a luxurious elegance hitherto unknown in this country. The principal actors were Fennell, Whitlock, Harwood, Moreton, Darley, Mrs. Oldmixon, Mrs. Whit-

lock, Mrs. Morris, and Mrs. Marshall. Fennell had won a bad fame by his pecuniary extravagance, in Paris, and in Philadelphia he seemed to be as ambitious of social as of professional distinction.* Dunlap says "he was the idol of the literary youth of the city, and for a time revelled in the luxury of stylish living." His height was over six feet, and he had a remarkably handsome figure; his complexion was light, with a blush for every occasion in which a blush could be graceful. He appeared in tragedy and genteel comedy, but was most successful and appeared most natural, according to Dunlap, in villains. Harwood was a very gentlemanly person, and had married Miss Bache, a grand-daughter of Dr. Franklin. Moreton was a native of New York, and had led a life of singular vicissitudes. At one time he had been a cashier of the Calcutta Bank, in India. He was an excellent actor. Mrs. Oldmixon was the wife of Sir John Oldmixon, who had been celebrated in England as "the Bath beau," the equal in his day of Nash or

* In "An Apology for the Life of James Fennell, written by Himself," the actor illustrates his own position in Philadelphia by the following anecdote: "While I was returning one morning from rehearsal at the theatre, where I had been detained beyond my usual time," he says, "a gentleman, whom to my knowledge I had never seen before, called to me by name, observed that he was incapable of overtaking me, as I walked so fast, and begged me to stop. I did so till he came up. He then, in the most amiable manner, addressed me in these condescending words: 'Mr. Fennell, I have long wished to be introduced to you, but having had no opportunity, permit me to introduce myself. My name is Mifflin: they call me Governor Mifflin. All I shall say to you at present is, that if you will come and dine with me at the Falls (Schuylkill) on Sunday next, I shall be happy to entertain you.' I replied to him, that I would honor myself by accepting the invitation, with the same frankness that made the offer so pleasing to my feelings. I attended, and had the pleasure of dining with many of the heroes of the revolution. I had the honor of entertaining five generals and other gentlemen at my house in the same evening. We supped; all went well; and we parted about one in the morning, apparently pleased with the amusement of the preceding hours. But the generous governor's feelings did not end here; from this day he honored me with intimate friendship. He requested me to breakfast dine, or sup with him, whenever I should be disengaged, with the general privilege of declaring when public business interfered. Our intimacy was founded upon the principle of the visitor's asking, Are you at leisure? and the visited saying, Yes, or No; upon which answer each agreed to enter the house or retire. Never did I acknowledge so cordial a reciprocity of sentiment, unless I may be permitted to consider it as transferred to his amiable daughter and her no less amiable associate."

Brummell. In 1796 it was among the news paragraphs of a London journal, "Sir John Oldmixon, whose equipage was once the gaze of Bond street, is now a gardener near Philadelphia; he drives his own cabbages to market, in his own cart; and his wife, formerly Miss George, sings at the theatre, and returns in the conveyance which brought vegetables for sale from Germantown." The baronet had ceased to be a leader in the world of fashion, but it is said that he still tapped and opened a snuff-box with a grace peculiarly his own. Mrs. Whitlock was a sister of Mrs. Siddons. John Jay writes to his wife on the thirteenth of April, 1794,* "Two evenings ago I went to the theatre with Mrs. Robert Morris and her family; 'The Gamester,' a deep tragedy, succeeded by a pretty piece called 'The Guardian,' were played; the theatre was well filled, and the performers appeared to give satisfaction; Mrs. Whitlock was of the number; she is a favorite, and in some respects with reason; I do not think her equal to her sister; it has been insinuated that Mrs. Siddons was envious of her powers — I doubt it." The Chief Justice adds that the company "is said to be composed of decent moral people." In various professional excellence it must have been one of the finest companies ever in this country.

Wansey, the English clothier, the evening after his breakfast at the President's, went to see "Every one has his Fault," and "No song, no Supper." He describes the theatre as "elegant and convenient, and as large as that of Covent Garden. To judge from

* This was just before Mr. Jay's appointment as Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of London. In the letter quoted in the text he refers to some affection of Mrs. Jay's eyes, and says, "Tell me whether they have regained their strength and become as bright as ever." This admirable woman's letters to her husband, during his absence, exhibit her careful management of his domestic concerns, and her cordial attention to his friends. Mr. Jay, after the completion of his English mission, was twice elected governor of the state of New-York, and Mrs. Jay presided over the reunions at the executive mansion until her husband, in May, 1801, bade a final adieu to public life, and retired to his estate at Bedford, where she found the quiet happiness for which she had often sighed, but which she was not long to enjoy. She died in 1802, and was buried at the family burial-place at Rye.

the dress and appearance of the company around me, and the actors and scenery," he says, "I should have thought myself still in England; the ladies wore small bonnets of the same fashion as those I saw in London — some of chequered straw; many had their hair full dressed, without caps, as with us, and very few had it in the French style; the younger ladies appeared with their hair flowing in ringlets on their shoulders. The gentlemen had round hats, coats with high collars, cut quite in the English fashion, and many coats of striped silk." The motto over the stage was, "The eagle suffers little birds to sing," which Wansey explains by saying that "when it was in contemplation to build this theatre the Quakers used all their influence with Congress to prevent it, as tending to corrupt the manners of the people and increase too much the love of pleasure, but they failed, and this motto from Shakspeare was chosen, to celebrate the triumph of the players."

The theatre appears to have been prosperous under Wignell, and it was fashionable, though the manager incurred the displeasure of Mrs. Bingham, by refusing on any terms to sell her a private box, and she and her set but rarely attended.*

* The venerable William B. Wood, now nearly eighty years of age, has just published an extremely interesting volume of "Personal Recollections of the Stage," in which the difficulty between Mrs. Bingham and Wignell is particularly stated. Mr. Wood has always merited and enjoyed the fame of a well-mannered and high-minded gentleman, and no member of his profession perhaps ever maintained during a long life a more enviable position in society. Referring to this subject he says, "The business of private boxes came to us with the very opening of the theatre in 1793, when Mr. Wignell resisted it under circumstances very trying to him, and which nothing but his sense of the indispensable necessity to the permanent interests of the theatre would have induced him to do. Mrs. Bingham, in her day the chief leader in the fashion of our city, the wife of an early and valued friend of Wignell himself, a lady of great social and family influence, and very extensively connected, proposed for the purchase of a box, at any price to be fixed by the manager. She had passed much of her early married life in France and England, where she was uncommonly admired, and being a woman of exclusive and elegant tastes, was desirous to have the privileges which were allowed in the theatres with which she had been familiar abroad. She offered to furnish and decorate the box at her own expense; but 't was an absolute condition *that the key should be kept by herself, and no admission to it allowed to any one except on her assent.* Mr. Wignell had many strong inducements to accept this offer.

For a long time the theatre was rivalled by the "grand circus" of a celebrated equestrian named Ricketts, who arrived in this country from Dublin, in 1792. Washington and his family went several times to see the performances of the Ricketts company. He was present on the evening of the thirteenth of July, 1793, when an incident occurred which Mr. Jefferson refers to in his "Anas." According to Dunlap's Advertiser, Ricketts, being obliged in the middle of the performance to drink a glass of wine, was required to give a toast, and instantly drank off a bumper "To the Man of the People," which was received with general and loud applause. Mr. Jefferson says Lear told him, as an evidence that the federalists were in the habit of writing in the character of their adversaries, that the day after this little incident "Mrs. Washington was at Mrs. Powell's, who mentioned to her that when the

He was undertaking a new enterprise. *He could name his own sum.* It was a certainty. It would gratify an early friend, whose large fortune might prove of great value to him. He knew that it was probably the only condition on which he was likely to have either the presence, or perhaps the very cordial wishes of a fair, elegant, and influential woman, whose house was the rendezvous of the distinguished and really elegant foreigners whom the French revolution had then brought here. Her voice in the small world of fashion which Philadelphia then acknowledged, would be quite potential. He looked at the matter, however, with much more comprehensive and philosophic regards. He knew that the theatre in a country like ours must depend entirely for permanent success, not upon individuals, however powerful, not upon clubs, cliques, factions, or parties, but upon the public alone. That in a country where the spirit of liberty is so fierce as in ours, such a privilege would excite from an immense class a feeling of positive hostility; and it made no difference in his view that the expression of it might be suppressed, which it was doubtful whether it would be, as the suspicion would be fatal. He saw that it must be a cardinal maxim of any American manager to act on the principles of his country's government, and on the recognition of feelings deeply pervading the structure of its society; to hold, in short, all men 'free' to come into his house, and 'equal' while they continued to be and behave themselves in it. The country he well perceived has not, and cannot have any class which, as a body, possess even the claims to exclusive privileges which exist abroad, and which give a prestige impossible and unfit to be asserted or allowed for an aristocracy here; an aristocracy which, with occasional exceptions, must be one of money merely, the most despicable and poorest of all grounds of distinction. He therefore with great address, and with many expressions of polite regret, declined the offers of his beautiful friend, and stuck steadily to his wisely settled system. The result was just as he anticipated. The lady, though not capable of resentment, and expressing her acquiescence in his view as a sound one, scarcely ever visited the theatre again; but the theatre itself was filled by a constant and satisfied public."

toast was given there was a good deal of disapprobation manifested by the audience, many of whom put on their hats and went out.* On inquiry he had not found this to be true, yet it was put into one of the papers, and written under the character of a republican, though he is satisfied it is altogether a slander of the monocrats." It is very easy to estimate the value of such a story. The statement appeared in what Mr. Jefferson calls a "republican journal," and its editors would scarcely have been imposed upon under such circumstances by a federalist.

* The art of puffing seems to have been as well understood by the showmen of that day as it is by their successors of our own. In one of the journals appeared the following ingenious account of one of the exhibitions of Mr. Ricketts: "Last Saturday there was at the circus a very splendid company, who all retired highly delighted. Among the rest, two respectable traders were observed to hold a very pleasant conversation. *Mr. T.* 'Well, neighbor, you have flattered me to come here to throw away my half-dollar.' *Mr. F.* 'Have patience, friend, till the performance begins.' Mr. Ricketts enters, riding a single horse. *T.* 'Why, I could do that myself.' Mr. Ricketts stands on the saddle. *F.* 'Well, neighbor, could you do that?' *T.* 'No: that may be worth a five-penny-bit to see, but it is not worth my half-dollar.' Mr. Ricketts dances a hornpipe, in perfect time, to a band of music, the horse in a gallop. *T.* 'Oh, that's better still! that's worth eleven-pence.' Mr. Ricketts leaps very high, and always comes down on the saddle. *F.* 'And is not that worth another eleven-pence?' *T.* 'Yes.' Mr. Ricketts rides two horses in a gallop, and leaps over a whip backward and forward several times. *T.* 'That's three five-penny-bits — my half-dollar is gone.' Mr. Ricketts throws up three oranges, and keeps them in the air for several turns round the circus, still riding two horses, standing on the saddles, in full gallop; he then jumps round, with his face to the horses' tails, and performs the same feat. *F.* 'Now I'll begin to reckon: that's a quarter-dollar.' Mr. Ricketts throws an orange very high, and receives it on the point of a small sword. *F.* 'Another quarter-dollar.' Mr. Ricketts hangs by one leg to the saddle, and sweeps the ground with his hands and the plumes of his cap; then mounts on one foot, and stands on the saddle in an agreeable posture. *F.* 'That's another quarter-dollar.' Mr. Ricketts mounts and dismounts a horse in a great variety of modes, leaps over the horse in every direction, in an astonishing manner. *F.* 'Four quarter-dollars is my count.' Mr. Ricketts rides with his head on the saddle, and feet in the air, moving them to the music, whilst the horse is at his speed. *T.* 'I must confess that is well worth a quarter-dollar.' Mr. Ricketts gallops a horse, standing on the saddle, under a riband stretched from the music-box to a pole erected in the centre of the circus, twelve feet high, that is, nearly eight feet higher than the saddle; he then leaps over the riband, and on the saddle, the horse in rapid motion. *T.* 'Oh! I would have given a half-dollar to see that. Another dollar is up of our count.' In short, Mr. T. and Mr. F. at last lost their reckoning, and came away extremely well contented: 'For,' said Mr. T., 'upon a fair statement of accounts with Mr. Ricketts, agreeably to my own valuation, I have come off with three dollars clear profit, exclusive of all the feats I have seen performed of which I did not make any cash estimate.'"

On the ninth of January, 1793, a Mr. Blanchard made the first balloon ascension from the United States, and the President, with the members of the cabinet, and an immense company of men and women of all ages, assembled to witness the departure of the aeronaut. It was in the midst of the French excitement, and a bard of the Genet party addressed him in characteristic verses:

"Grand Blanchard lorsque tu voleras dans les airs,
Va annoncer aux planettes de l'universe;
Que les François ont vaincu leurs ennemis interieurs,
Leur intrepidité a expulce les exterieurs:
Pehetre dans l'Olimpe, et dis a tous les dieux,
Que les François ont été les victorieux!
Prie Mars que les armes de la France,
Ne laisse aux tirans aucune esperance." *

Wansey says that at this period "Horrowgate Gardens, two miles distant, on the New York road, and Gray's Gardens, on the Schuylkill, were the two tea-drinking places for the city, like Bagnigge Wells, and the Islington Spa, near London."

III.

The United States were visited during the eight years of Washington's administration by many eminent foreigners, some in official capacities, some to observe the working of our new institutions, others in search of the picturesque, and a few perhaps who were of the class whom Sterne describes as "simple travellers;" but a great majority of the most distinguished were driven to this country by the French revolution. The presence of these strangers was advantageous in many respects; among them were a consider-

* "Great Blanchard! as you wing your way toward the heavens, announce to all the planets of the universe, that Frenchmen have conquered their interior enemies, and that those without have been repulsed by their intrepidity. Dart through Olympus, and tell the gods, that Frenchmen have been victorious. Implore the aid of Mars, that the arms of France may crush the ambitious designs of tyrants for ever."

able number familiar with the practical details of various governments, and more were high-bred gentlemen; they brought to us the ideas and manners of a splendid though wrecked civilization, and strange experiences, fruitful of wise suggestion; to our forming society they offered examples of courtly usages, and to the children of our wealthier families, in several instances, princes and nobles for teachers and associates. Upon our condition they embroidered much of what was most deserving our acceptance in the higher and better life of the older nations.

The earliest of the illustrious exiles from France who landed upon our shores was Chateaubriand, a nephew of Malesherbes. He arrived in New York in 1790, and after passing a few weeks here and in Philadelphia, ascended the Hudson, and by the great lakes pursued his way to the valley of the Mississippi, and finally to the shores of the Pacific. To his wanderings among the grand and gloomy forests of America the world is indebted for the most impressive and beautiful displays of his intelligence. Here he wrote "The Natchez," and conceived "The Genius of Christianity." He returned to Europe in 1792.

Count Andriani, of Milan, also visited the United States in 1790. He was the bearer of an ode addressed to Washington by Alfieri. Andriani afterward published an abusive account of American politics and manners, which the President characterized in a letter to Humphreys, as "an insult to the inhabitants of a country where he received more attention and civility than he seems to merit."

On the sixth of May, 1793, in the ship which brought back to his native city the celebrated preacher, Dr. Duché, came the Viscount de Noailles, a brother-in-law of Lafayette, and a brave and sagacious soldier in our own revolution. The same evening he attended Mrs. Washington's drawing-room, and it was stated in some of the Jacobin papers that he remained closeted nearly all night

with the President, as ambassador from the exiled princes at Coblentz; but so far was this from being true that he retired to his lodgings at a very early hour, and never saw his old commander and friend except in public, so careful was the Chief not to furnish any just ground of complaint against his conduct by the French faction. With a countryman, M. Talon, the viscount bought lands and projected a settlement, to be an asylum for the exiles, on the Susquehanna; but failing to receive expected funds from Europe, the scheme was abandoned. His means became very limited, and Mr. Bingham, with whom he had been intimate in Paris, gave him the use of some third story rooms in a building which stood at the west end of his garden, having an entrance from Fourth street. Here on one occasion he gave a dinner to several noblemen and gentlemen, who, while the table was being laid, were obliged to sit in his sleeping-room, using the bed for want of chairs. The viands had been cooked in Mr. Bingham's kitchen, and the table was attended by his servants.

In 1794 the three most remarkable Englishmen in America were William Cobbett, Joseph Priestley, and Thomas Cooper. Public opinion is still divided as to their comparative respectability, but they were all able, ambitious, and persevering. Cobbett began his career in Philadelphia as a writer of political pamphlets, under the name of Peter Porcupine, and soon after became a bookseller, at the same time publishing a daily newspaper under the title of Porcupine's Gazette. His English was admirable for purity and strength, and was used most successfully in invective, of which he was a consummate master. He opposed the French interest, which Priestley and Cooper supported. Dr. Priestley was disappointed at his reception in this country. His fame as a philosopher, a fine writer, and a political martyr, procured him only a few dinners, in New York, where he landed, and in Philadelphia, to which city he

soon after proceeded. His son, who arrived in America some time before him, had bought lands in Northumberland, on the Susquehanna, and as "it became necessary, even for the preservation of his celebrity in Europe," says the Duke de Liancourt, "to withdraw from a scene where his attempt to attract universal attention had completely failed," he retired to that place, where he occupied himself with writing for the press, and an extensive correspondence, now and then coming down to Philadelphia for a week's enjoyment of society. Dr. Cooper, who had been one of Priestley's intimate friends in England, and in France had been a partisan of Brissot, also settled in Northumberland. Alexander Baring, afterward Lord Ashburton, was in Philadelphia about the same time. He married the eldest daughter of Mr. Bingham. The British minister at this period was Mr. George Hammond, who is described as "a fine looking man, stout and rosy faced, wearing a full powdered wig." Oliver Wolcott says he was "a weak, vain, and imprudent character, very much in the company and under the influence of sour and prejudiced tories, who wished to see the country disgraced." He married one of the Misses Allen, a girl of remarkable beauty.

It was in the spring of 1794 that the exiled Bishop of Autun, M. de Talleyrand, no longer safe in England, sought a refuge in the United States. He brought a letter to Washington from the Marquis of Lansdowne, who commended him for the manner in which he had conducted himself during his three years' residence in London. Mrs. Church, a daughter of General Schuyler, and sister of Mrs. Hamilton, gave him a letter to Mr. and Mrs. Breck, of Philadelphia. "I request," she writes, "that MM. de Talleyrand and de Beaumet may be of the number of those admitted to the pleasure of your acquaintance. Europe has seldom parted with persons of more information, or more inclined to appreciate the merits and

manners of our countrymen." Washington wrote to Lord Lansdowne at the end of August, "It is a matter of no small regret to me that considerations of a public nature, which you will easily conjecture, have not hitherto permitted me to manifest towards that gentleman the sense I entertain of his personal character, and of your lordship's recommendation; but I am informed that the reception he has met with, in general, has been such as to console him, as far as the state of society here will admit of it, for what he has relinquished in leaving Europe. Time must naturally be favorable to him every where, and may be expected to raise a man of his merit above the temporary disadvantages which in revolutions result from differences of political opinion." It has been suggested that this extraordinary character was a native of Mount Desert, in Maine, and some curious facts have been adduced in support of such an opinion. It appears that he had not been long in the country before Mr. Edward Robbins, afterward Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, discovered him incog. at Mount Desert, wandering about without any apparent motive. The older inhabitants of that secluded place thought they recognized in him an illegitimate son of the pretty daughter of a fisherman and the captain of a French national ship which had been there about the year 1753. The boy, they said, when twelve or thirteen years of age, his mother being dead, had been taken away by a French gentleman, who declared that he was descended from a noble family in France We may know about this in 1868, when the autobiography of the prince, according to his last injunctions, will be published. He became a citizen of the United States, and his certificate of naturalization was for a long time in Peale's Museum. In Philadelphia he lived at Oeller's hotel, and in New York at the house which had been occupied by the President, at the foot of Broadway — in 1794 a fashionable boarding-house. Though admired for his abilities he

was hated for the heartlessness which he displayed in regard to the sufferings of his countrymen. One cold day he entered the drawing-room, wearing, as was not unusual at that period, buckskin pantaloons, and took a position on the hearth, close to the fire. The heat soon caused the leather to scorch and smoke, and the faces of the company evinced the restraint of good breeding struggling against a provocation of laughter. Talleyrand's quick eye penetrated the mask without discovering its cause, until he seated himself, when his sudden cry of pain compelled the women to flee to other rooms where they might give vent to their merriment. His personal appearance was as remarkable as his character. He was very tall, and had light hair, which he wore long and parted in front; he had expressive blue eyes, and a sallow complexion; his mouth was wide and coarse; his body large and "protuberant in front;" his legs were singularly small, and his feet deformed. His manner was tranquil and watchful, and in some respects extremely vulgar and repulsive. A woman at whose house, in New York, he frequently dined, said he would sometimes rest his elbows on the table, supporting his face between his hands, and carry on a conversation with his mouth so full that he could hardly speak; and he would cut all the meat on his plate into small pieces, pierce them with his fork, until its prongs were full, then thrust them into his mouth, and, closing his teeth, pull out the fork, leaving all its freight in his capacious jaws. It is related by M. Brierre de Boismont that he came near losing his life in this city by the hands of his friend Beaumet. In his old age the conversation in his presence was one day turned to those instantaneous warnings which some regard as communications from the invisible world. "I can never forget," remarked the prince, "that I was once gifted, for a moment, with an extraordinary and inexplicable prescience, which was the means of saving my life. Without that sudden and mysterious inspiration, I should

not be here to recount these curious details. I was intimately connected with one of my countrymen, M. Beaumet. We had always lived on the best terms, and in those stormy times, when the expression of friendship required almost a divine courage, something more than friendship was needed to unite persons. I had no cause to doubt his affection; on the contrary, he had on several occasions given the most devoted proofs of his attachment to my person and interests. We had together quitted England to take refuge in New York, and had hitherto lived in perfect harmony. Wishing to increase our little capital, I had freighted a ship, half shares with him, to try our fortune in the Indies. We were ready for our departure, but waited for a favorable wind with the greatest impatience. This state of uncertainty appeared to sour poor Beaumet to a most extraordinary degree. Incapable of remaining quiet, he roamed the city with a feverish activity, which, for the moment, excited my surprise, for he was always remarkable for his calmness and placidity. One day he entered the room, evidently under intense excitement, although he used great efforts to restrain himself. I was writing letters to Europe. Leaning over my shoulder, he said, with a forced gayety, 'Why do you lose time in writing these letters? they will never reach their destination; come with me, and let us make the round of the Battery; the wind may become favorable; perhaps we are nearer to our departure than we think!' The day was magnificent, although the wind was high; I allowed myself to be persuaded. Beaumet, as I afterwards recollected, showed extraordinary alacrity in closing my desk, arranging my papers, and offering my hat and cane, which I attributed to the need of incessant activity with which he had appeared overwhelmed ever since our forced departure. We threaded the well-peopled streets, and reached the Battery. He had offered me his arm, and hurried on as if he were in haste to reach it. When we were on

the grand esplanade, he hastened still more, until we reached the edge. He spoke loudly and rapidly, and admired, in energetic terms, the beauties of the scene. Suddenly he stopped, in the midst of his disordered conversation. I had disengaged my arm from his, and stood firmly before him. I fixed my eye upon him, and he moved aside, as if intimidated and ashamed. 'Beaumet!' cried I, 'your intention is to kill me; you mean to throw me from this height into the sea! Deny it, monster, if you dare!' The insane man looked at me intently with his haggard eyes for a moment; but I was careful not to remove my gaze from him, and they fell. He muttered some incoherent words, and endeavored to pass me, but I spread my arms and prevented him. Casting a wild look around, he threw himself on my neck, and burst into tears. 'It is true, it is true, my friend! the thought has haunted me day and night like an infernal flame. It was for that I brought you here; see, you are not a foot from the precipice! another instant, the deed would have been done!' The demon had abandoned him; his eyes were void of expression; a white foam covered his parched lips; the crisis had passed. I conducted him home. Some days of rest, bleeding, and dieting, entirely cured him, and, what is the most singular circumstance of all, we never referred to the occurrence." The old minister was persuaded that, on that day, his destiny would have been decided, but for his sudden suspicion of Beaumet, and he never spoke on the subject without the greatest emotion.

M. Jean Antoine Joseph Fauchet, afterward Baron Fauchet, who succeeded M. Genet as minister from France, was thirty years of age, and had won some applause in Paris as a political writer, but was without any very marked social characteristics. John Adams writes, in March, 1794: "He is not quite so unreserved as his predecessor; he seems to me to be in great distress; he was received by the galleries in the theatre with three cheers, but the

people have not addressed him or made much noise about him. At the birth-night ball he was placed by the managers on the right hand of the President, which gave great offence to the Spanish commissioners; and it is said Mr. Hammond has left the theatre, offended and disgusted at some popular distinctions there." He is remembered in this country chiefly in connection with his celebrated despatches respecting Secretary Randolph. He was superseded by the appointment of M. Pierre Auguste Adet, who arrived in Philadelphia in the summer of 1795. M. Adet was of about the same age, and besides his successes in politics had won consideration as a chemist. Wolcott wrote of him to his wife, "He appears to be a mild-tempered and well-educated man, and no Jacobin. Dupont, who, you know, was here two years ago, is secretary to the legation. Both he and the minister have handsome wives, and this is a good sign." Wolcott thought he would not be violent or troublesome in his relations with the government, but he as well as others were in this respect mistaken.

About the end of the year 1794 the Duc de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt, after a residence of some fifteen months in England, arrived in Philadelphia, with many letters of introduction, and preceded by an honorable and distinguished reputation. He was about forty-five years of age, and Thiers describes him as having been in the earlier days of the French revolution, when he was President of the National Assembly, alike eminent for his virtues, great talents, and liberal feelings. His immense estates had been confiscated, but he possessed while in this country an income sufficient for the satisfaction of his moderate desires. After remaining in Philadelphia five months he set out on his travels, and in the course of the next three years visited nearly every state in the Union. The families with which he was most intimate in Philadelphia were those of General Knox and Judge Chew. After his

return to France he published a work on the Prisons of Philadelphia, and an account of his residence in the United States, in eight volumes.

Louis Philippe d'Orleans, under an assumed name, had taught geometry among the mountains of Switzerland, and, melancholy, gentle, unassuming, and laborious, had been an object of affectionate interest to all his associates and pupils, none of whom knew his rank or even his country. In 1796 Mr. Gouverneur Morris enabled him to come to the United States, and wrote to his correspondents in New York giving the young prince an unlimited credit while he should reside or travel here. Louis Philippe however was too just to avail himself in any unnecessary degree of Mr. Morris's generosity, and had been so familiar with misfortune as to experience little difficulty in accommodating himself to an extremely modest style of living. In Philadelphia he had a single room, over a barber's shop, where he lodged, and on one occasion gave a dinner, at which were present, besides two or three exiles, Mr. Copley, afterward Lord Lyndhurst, and several Americans. He apologized for seating one half his guests on the side of a bed: he "had himself occupied less comfortable places, without the consolation of an agreeable company." He was now about twenty-three years of age, above the middle stature, and had a dark complexion, sunken eyes, and a very dignified deportment. He was intimate with Mr. Bingham's family, and offered himself to one of his daughters. The senator declined the royal alliance: "Should you ever be restored to your hereditary position," he said to the duke, "you will be too great a match for her; if not, she is too great a match for you." In February, 1797, he was joined by his two brothers, the Duke de Montpensier and the Count de Beaujolais, and the three princes, with a single servant, who had accompanied the Duke of Orleans ever since he left Paris, set out on horseback to see the

interior of the United States. They visited Washington at Mount Vernon, and after a tour through the south returned by way of Niagara Falls to Philadelphia, where they were under a necessity of remaining during the prevalence of the yellow fever in the summer of that year.

John Singleton Copley, son of John Singleton Copley the painter, was born in Boston, and was carried to England when about two years of age, before the revolution. He was now about twenty-four, and was a tranquil and quiet gentleman, rather tall and thin, with light complexion, blue eyes, and courteous manners. He was reputed to be a good scholar, but evinced no such distinguished abilities as would have justified a prophecy that he was to become Lord Chancellor of England. The Duke of Kent, son of George the Third, and father of Victoria, was here at the same time. The British minister who succeeded Mr. Hammond was Mr. Liston. He arrived in Philadelphia on the twelfth of May, 1796. His last diplomatic service had been at Constantinople. Wolcott describes him as an "amiable, worthy man." He was a Scotchman, of middling size, and wore a wig with side curls.

On the second of April, 1795, Mrs. Cushing,* wife of Judge Cushing of the Supreme Court, writes from Philadelphia: "We dined to-day with the President and Mrs. Washington, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, the Chevalier and Madame Frere (who is truly an elegant woman), Don Philip Jaudennes and his lady,

* I am indebted to the venerable and excellent Madame Hammatt, of Bangor, in Maine — a niece of Mrs. Cushing — for the interesting MS. diary of that distinguished lady, and her correspondence with many of her dignified contemporaries. Mrs. Cushing always travelled with her husband, on his official circuits, to take care of him. Mrs. Pinckney writes to her from Charleston, under date of July 5, 1795: "Mr. Izard contrived to overset his chair and himself, on his journey home, and dislocated his arm. He says the accident would not have happened if he had had Mrs. Izard with him, and that it was in consequence of his thinking of politics instead of the road. So you see, my dear madam, in what a variety of ways your travelling with Mr. Cushing is beneficial to him."

Mr. and Mrs. Van Berckel, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph, Mr. and Mrs Wolcott, Mr. and Mrs. Pinckney, and Mr. and Mrs. Coxe. Madame Frere and Madame Jaudennes were brilliant with diamonds." The Chevalier Frere was the Portuguese minister, and his wife became very intimate with Mrs. Washington and Miss Custis. Jaudennes was minister from Spain.

In June, 1796, Don Carlos Martinez, Marquis d'Yrujo, succeeded Jaudennes as Spanish minister. On his arrival in this country the President was at Mount Vernon, and there the Marquis paid him a visit. On the fourth of July Washington writes to Pickering, "M. d'Yrujo spent two days with me, and is just gone. I caused it to be intimated to him that, as I should be absent from the seat of government until the middle or latter end of August, I was ready to receive his letter of credentials at this place. He answered, as I understood it, that his credentials were with his baggage on its passage to Philadelphia, and that his reception at that place, at the time mentioned, would be perfectly agreeable to himself. He is a young man, very free and easy in his manners, professes to be well disposed towards the United States, and as far as a judgment can be formed on so slight an acquaintance, appears to be well informed." He married Sally McKean, a daughter of the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. She was considered a great beauty. D'Yrujo was afterward conspicuous in Spanish affairs, and his son, the Duke of Sotomayer, born in Philadelphia, became Prime Minister. Philadelphia furnished wives for the envoys of France, England and Spain, during Washington's administration, and a large number of foreign ministers have since been married to American women.

Volney, the infidel traveller and essayist, with the littleness, malice, and insolence which have almost invariably marked the class of thinkers to which he belonged, inflated by what he calls the "splendid success" of his book on the East, and continually



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piqued at the flattering accounts of the rising glory of America by other writers, determined to apply his sagacity to their delusions, and "reduce their exaggerated and glowing descriptions to the standard of common sense." While he was in Philadelphia Stuart painted his portrait. He had a peculiarly French physiognomy, with high forehead, blue eyes, small mouth, invariably a querulous and sneering expression, and was tall, straight, and well formed. He asked Washington (of whose abilities he says, "they would not have raised him above the rank of colonel in the French service,") to give him letters of introduction, to be used on his excursions through the states, and the Chief wrote, "C. Volney needs no recommendation from George Washington."

Of Erick Bollmann John Adams wrote to his daughter, in 1796, "Dr. Bollmann has called on me, and, with an extravagant character for knowledge and capacity, he appears to be an adventurer, with little judgment or solidity." Hamilton says of him in a letter to Washington, after alluding to his attempt to liberate Lafayette, "He appears to have been induced to think that he attempted a service which would strongly recommend him to the favor of this country, and as a consequence of it he hopes for some civil employment under our government. He seems to be a man of education, speaks several languages, converses sensibly, is of polite manners, and I dare say has the materials of future advancement."

Kosciusko, and his young friend and countryman the poet Niemcewicz, came to this country about the period of the end of Washington's administration. The Duke de Liancourt saw them at the house of General Gates. "Simple and modest," says the duke, "Kosciusko even shed tears of gratitude, and seems astonished at the homage he receives. He sees a brother in every man who is the friend of liberty. Elevation of sentiment, grandeur, sweetness, force goodness, all that commands respect and honor, appear to me

to be concentrated in this celebrated and interesting victim of misfortune and despotism. And Niemcewicz is, from his noble sentiments, the agreeableness of his manners, and the extent of his knowledge, a person peculiarly interesting."

IV.

No circumstances during his entire administration caused Washington more painful anxiety than the imprisonment of Lafayette, for whom he felt a most fraternal affection and the sincerest respect. With Prussia and Austria, in which countries his friend was successively a prisoner, the United States had then no diplomatic intercourse, and it was not possible therefore for the President to exercise in his behalf any more than a personal influence, and this was found altogether unavailing. When, in 1795, the wife and daughters of Lafayette left France to join him at Olmutz, his son, George Washington Lafayette, came to America, where he remained nearly two years. With his tutor, M. Frestel, he arrived in Philadelphia in April, 1796, and the President immediately afterward invited a few friends to meet them at dinner. One of these, Mr. Adams, availed himself of the opportunity to request them to come with Mr. Lear the next morning and breakfast with him. Washington heard of the invitation, in the evening, and sent Mr. Lear to advise with the Vice President whether it would be proper for the youth, in the existing circumstances of his father, mother, and whole family, to mingle in society; and he was excused. It was, perhaps, because a delicate sense of propriety induced him to withdraw his ward as much as possible from an unbecoming publicity, that the democratic journals assailed him with the calumny of inhospitality toward the son of one to whom the nation was so greatly indebted.

Mr. Richard Rush relates a very interesting incident illustrative of the feelings of Washington in regard to the misfortunes of his

old companion in arms. Mr. Bradford lived on the opposite side of the street, next to Dr. Binney's, and the two families were united by an affectionate intimacy. One evening when he happened to be at the President's, and no one else was there except the family circle, consisting of the General and Mrs. Washington, one of the private secretaries, and young Custis and his sisters, the conversation reverted to the prisoner at Olmutz, and the Chief contrasted his present unhappy circumstances with his former splendid career, dwelling upon his sufferings until the warmth of their ancient friendship was reawakened, and he became deeply affected, his eyes suffused, his noble features discomposed, and his whole nature shaken. Mr. Bradford saw it; "and what a spectacle," says Mr. Rush, "to be witnessed by a man whose own bosom was open to the heavings of patriotism and every other generous impulse! If the great Condé, at the representation of one of Corneille's tragedies, shed tears at the part where Cæsar is made to utter a fine sentiment, what was that, in its power to stir the soul, though Voltaire has so emblazoned it, to tears shed by Washington over the real woes of Lafayette! Washington, a nation's founder, and Lafayette, his heroic friend, who had crossed an ocean to fight the battles of liberty by his side! Magnanimous tears they were, fit for the first of heroes to have shed! virtuous, honorable, sanctified!" Returning to his own house, profoundly moved by the scene he had just witnessed, Mr. Bradford sat down and wrote the following simple but touching verses, an impromptu effusion from the heart of a man of sensibility and genius:

THE LAMENT OF WASHINGTON.

As beside his cheerful fire,
'Midst his happy family,
Sat a venerable sire,
Tears were starting in his eye,
Selfish blessings were forgot,
Whilst he thought on Fayette's lot.

Once so happy on our plains—
Now in poverty and chains.

"Fayette," cried he—"honored name!
Dear to these far distant shores—
Fayette, fired by freedom's flame,
Bled to make that freedom ours.
What, alas! for this remains—
What, but poverty and chains!

"Soldiers, in our fields of death—
Was not Fayette foremost there?
Cold and shivering on the heath,
Did you not his bounty share?
What reward for this remains,
What, but poverty and chains!

'Hapless Fayette! 'midst thine error.
How my soul thy worth reveres!
Son of freedom, tyrant's terror,
Hero of both hemispheres!
What reward for all remains,
What, but poverty and chains!

"Born to honors, ease, and wealth,
See him sacrifice them all;
Sacrificing also health,
At his country's glorious call.
What for thee, my friend, remains,
What, but poverty and chains!

Thus, with laurels on his brow,
Belisarius begged for bread;
Thus, from Carthage forced to go,
Hannibal an exile fled.
Alas! Fayette at once sustains,
EXILE, POVERTY, and CHAINS!"

Courage, child of Washington!
Though thy fate disastrous seems,
We have seen the setting sun
Rise and burn with brighter beams.
Thy country soon shall break thy chain,
And take thee to her arms again.
Thy country soon shall break thy chain,
And take thee to her arms again!

These verses were not written for publication or criticism, and are not to be received as an example of Mr. Bradford's poetical abilities, but private copies of them were circulated, and they were sometimes sung to a plaintive air composed on the execution of Marie Antoinette, which was current in Philadelphia after that melancholy tragedy.

V.

Among the women most intimate with Mrs. Washington, Mr. Custis mentions in a recent letter to me, besides Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Powell, and others who have been frequently referred to in these pages, Mrs. Bradford, Mrs. Otis, and Miss Ross. "Mrs. Knox," says the Duke de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt, "is a lady of whom you conceive a still higher opinion the longer you are acquainted with her. Seeing her in Philadelphia you think of her only as a fortunate player at whist; at her house in the country you discover that she possesses sprightliness, knowledge, a good heart, and an excellent understanding." Of her daughter he tells us, that at their home in Maine "she lays aside her excessive timidity, and you admire alike her beauty, wit, and cheerfulness;" and of the General, "he is one of the worthiest men I have ever known — lively, agreeable, valuable equally as an excellent friend and as an engaging companion." Mrs. Otis was the wife of the secretary of the senate, and mother of the great orator, Harrison Gray Otis, who was married in Boston on the fifteenth of May, 1790, to Sally Foster, daughter of a merchant of that city, at that time a few weeks over twenty years of age. Mr. Otis was not elected to Congress until the retirement of Fisher Ames, in 1797; but, with his youthful wife, remarkable for beauty and wit, as well as for an intellectual vivacity, tempered always by an indescribable grace, he was much in metropolitan society during the

entire period of Washington's administration. Mrs. Stewart was the wife of General Walter Stewart, who lived in the house next to the President's, toward Fifth street. Miss Ross was the beautiful daughter of Mr. James Ross of Pittsburg, one of the senators representing the State of Pennsylvania. Mrs. Bradford* was the only

* "The widow of Mr. Bradford," writes Mr. Richard Rush, "still lives in an ancient town on the banks of the Delaware, a beautiful relict of the days here recalled; her house the abode of hospitality as abundant as it is cordial and elegant; and fourscore years and more not having impaired the courtesy, the grace, the habitual suavity and kindness, or even that disciplined carriage of the person, all made part of her nature by her early intercourse and the school in which she was reared; for if Portia, speaking of herself as Cato's daughter and wife of Brutus, could exclaim, 'Think you I am no stronger than my sex, being so *fatherèd* and so *husbanded!*' it may be permitted us to say of this venerable relict, once of the Washington circle, and being 'fatherèd and husbanded' as we have also seen, she could not be other than she is." The late Mrs. Susan Wallace, whose husband, Mr. John Bradford Wallace, was a nephew of Mr. Bradford, described her, many years after the events referred to in the text, in the following extract which I am permitted to make from her diary: "Mrs. Bradford, one of my guests, is a remarkable woman, one of the finest models of mild and courtly dignity this country, or any other indeed, can exhibit. Accustomed from childhood to the best society — the only child of most respectable parents, of family rank — offices of trust and honor were numerous and common to her intimate connexions; and her happy and much caressed girlhood was passed in an intercourse with persons long since the boast of the brightest days of American refinement and patriotism. She intermarried with William Bradford, a man whose character combined almost every virtue, talent, and accomplishment. With him she commanded a sphere of extensive influence, the just desert of their united excellencies, and lived, as I have heard her say, for more than ten years in the full possession of every earthly enjoyment. Well for them they lived as Christian persons ought to live, in constant remembrance of their accountability to God! for in the height of eminent distinction, of official station, of favor with the first men and women of the country, and in possession of domestic joy and peace — in the moment when they thought not of interruption or disappointment — their well-planned schemes of happiness were laid in the dust. A fever attacked Mr. Bradford, and a few days terminated his life. His tender and devoted wife was overwhelmed with the agonies of grief, and her kind parents long essayed in vain to restore her to composure and to social intercourse. Time, at last, in connection with religious influences, did its work in lessening the destructive ravages of sorrow, and for many years past Mrs. Bradford has maintained a position of useful and elegant hospitality to her numerous relatives, and her warm and affectionate friends. She is now in the vale of years, but it is neither rough nor dark. Her beneficence, urbanity, and social sweetness, shed a temperate light over all her paths, and are gently smoothing the downward road that is to be closed on life, and opened, I trust, to immortal peace and joy. No one I believe can anticipate the near approach of death with calmness but those who envelop themselves with the illusions of sensible imagery, or that small and highly-privileged class, who, by repentance and faith, have made themselves acquainted with the gracious promises of their blessed Saviour, and rest their anxious, trembling spirits on His everlasting arms."

child of Elias Boudinot, one of the most respectable characters of the revolution, and she and Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Charles Carroll, the younger, I believe are the only ladies of our Republican Court now living. Mrs. Carroll was one of the daughters of Benjamin Chew. She was not married until after Washington's final retirement to Mount Vernon, but she and her sister, Mrs. Henry Philips, were great favorites with the Chief, and were much in his society as girls. The marriage of an elder sister, to Colonel John Eager Howard, of Baltimore, was attended by him at Chew's baronial house in Germantown during the sittings of the Federal Convention in 1787. Mrs. Howard came back to reside in Philadelphia in 1796, when her husband entered Congress as a senator from Maryland.

Dolly Payne, born in North Carolina, had been educated according to the strictest rules of the Quakers, in Philadelphia, where at an early age she married a young lawyer of this sect, named Todd; but becoming a widow she threw off drab silks and plain laces, and was for several years one of the gayest and most fascinating women of the city. She had many lovers, but she gave the preference to Mr. Madison, and became his wife in 1794.

Among the accomplished and fashionable men who were at this period in public life were Robert Goodloe Harper, a son-in-law of Charles Carroll the elder, and William Smith, of Charleston, who married a sister of John Rutledge. They were conspicuous members of the Federal party, and had great influence in Congress. Aaron Burr, who was now a senator, lived in style, and gave elegant entertainments, but his associates were chiefly politicians. Adams mentions dining with him, and in another letter, written about the same time, says: "Yesterday I dined at Mr. Morris's, where hospitality is always precious. A company of venerable old rakes, threescore years of age, or a little over or a little under, sat

smoking cigars, drinking Burgundy and Madeira, and talking politics, till almost eleven o'clock. This will do once in a great while; not often, for me."

Mr. Jefferson also kept a liberal table for his friends, and we have an account of one of his dinners, from the pen of Colonel Trumbull. The artist had been on terms of confidence with Mr. Jefferson, in Europe, and continued to be so for some time after his return to America, so that, he says, "when the first mission to the states of Barbary was determined on, it was through him offered to me, and declined; but as the French revolution advanced, my whole soul revolted from its atrocities, while he approved of all, or apologized for all; he opposed Washington; I revered him; and a coldness gradually succeeded until, in 1793, he invited me to dine. A few days before, I had offended his friend, Mr. Giles, a senator from Virginia, by rendering him ridiculous in the eyes of a lady * to whose favorable opinion he aspired. On entering the drawing-room at Mr. Jefferson's, on the day of the dinner, I found a part of the company already assembled, among them Mr. Giles; and I was scarcely seated, when he began to rally me on the puritanical

* "Among many elegant families which at that time graced the society of Philadelphia, was one particularly distinguished by the intellectual eminence and personal charms of several lovely daughters; to one of these Mr. Giles was disposed to recommend himself. At the same time I was free of the tea-table, and calling one afternoon to beg a cup of tea, I found Mr. Giles in earnest conversation with his favorite, and ridiculing the elder Mr. Adams, and his work, called the Defence of the American Constitutions. A moment's attention convinced me that he was talking at random, of a subject which he did not understand. I therefore watched an opportunity to interrupt the conversation, by asking, 'Mr. Giles, is it possible that you can have taken the trouble to read the long work of which you are speaking?' 'Certainly.' 'The first volume perhaps?' 'To be sure.' 'And the second?' 'Yes.' 'You must have observed, then, that these two volumes are little else than a concise epitome of the constitutions of preceding republics. He reserves his own opinions in a great measure for the third volume; I presume you have read that also?' Here Mr. Giles lost his patience, and exclaimed, 'Who could wade through such a mass of stuff?' I said no more; but the lady, with one of her sweetest smiles, said, 'I have observed, Mr. Giles, that you have a habit of giving your opinions of men and things in pretty strong terms; I hope you are careful always to be as accurately informed upon other subjects as you appear to be upon this of Mr. Adams's book.'"—*Trumbull's Memoirs*

ancestry and character of New England. I saw there was no other person from New England present, and therefore, although conscious that I was in no degree qualified to manage a religious discussion, I felt myself bound to defend my country on this delicate point as well as I could. Whether it had been pre-arranged that a debate on the Christian religion, in which it should be powerfully ridiculed on the one side, and weakly defended on the other, was to be brought forward, as promising amusement to a rather free-thinking dinner party, I will not presume to say; but it had that appearance, and Mr. Giles pushed his raillery, to my no small annoyance, if not to my discomfiture, until dinner was announced. That, I hoped, would relieve me, by giving a new turn to the conversation; but the company was hardly seated at table, when he renewed his assault with increased asperity, and proceeded so far, at last, as to ridicule the character, conduct and doctrines of the divine Founder of our religion — Mr. Jefferson, in the mean time, smiling and nodding approbation on Mr. Giles, while the rest of the company silently left me and my defence to our fate, until, at length, my friend David Franks took up the argument on my side. Thinking this a fair opportunity for evading further conversation on the subject, I turned to Mr. Jefferson and said, 'Sir, this is a strange situation in which I find myself; in a country professing Christianity, and at a table with Christians, as I supposed, I find my religion and myself attacked with severe and almost irresistible wit and raillery, and ot a person to aid in my defence, but my friend Mr. Franks, who is himself a Jew.' For a moment this attempt to parry the discussion appeared to have some effect; but Giles soon returned to the attack with renewed virulence, and burst out with, 'It is all miserable delusion and priestcraft; I do not believe one word of all they say about a future state of existence, and retribution for actions done here; I do not believe one word of a Supreme Being who

takes cognizance of the paltry affairs of this world, and to whom we are responsible for what we do.' I had never before heard, or seen in writing, such a broad and unqualified avowal of atheism. I was at first shocked, and remained a moment silent; but soon rallied and replied, 'Mr. Giles, I admire your frankness, and it is but just that I should be equally frank in avowing my sentiments. Sir, in my opinion, the man who can with sincerity make the declaration which you have just made, is perfectly prepared for the commission of any atrocious action by which he can promise himself the advancement of his own interest, or the gratification of his impure passions, provided he can commit it secretly and with a reasonable probability of escaping detection by his fellow men. Sir, I would not trust such a man with the honor of a wife, a sister, or a daughter, with my own purse or reputation, or with any thing which I thought valuable. Our acquaintance, sir, is at an end.' I rose and left the company, and never after spoke to Mr. Giles. I have thought it proper to relate this conversation, as helping to elucidate the character of Mr. Jefferson, on the disputed point of want of credulity, as he would call it. In nodding and smiling assent to all the virulence of his friend, Mr. Giles, he appeared to me to avow most distinctly his entire approbation. From this time my acquaintance with Mr. Jefferson became cold and distant."

VI.

At the houses of the principal federalists connected with the government there was a very different style of conversation; religion was treated with reverence; the instructions of the past were received with humility, and visions of the future were seen through the softening light of experience. The New Englanders clustered about the home of Wolcott. The late Judge Hopkinson, as well known for his "Hail Columbia!" as the elder Judge Hopkinson, his

father, for the "Battle of the Kegs," was then a young man, and in one of his later letters he recalls the circle of Wolcott's associates. "During his residence in Philadelphia," he says, "the division of political parties in their social intercourse was more decided than it has ever been since; his associations therefore were almost exclusively with the federal members of the administration and of Congress, together with families residing in the city, of the same politics, which then certainly constituted the best society. In his parlor of an evening you would meet more or less company of that description. Leading members of the Senate and House of Representatives, especially from New England, were habitually there, and sometimes at my house. When I mention such names as Ellsworth, Ames, Griswold, Goodrich, and Tracy, you may imagine what a rich intellectual society it was. I will not say that we have no such men now, but I do not know where they are." Of the Secretary of the Treasury himself, Hopkinson says, "He was a man of cheerful and even of a playful disposition. His conversation was interesting and earnest, but gay, unless the occasion was unfit for gayety. He enjoyed a good joke, and his laugh was hearty and frequent. He delighted in the discussion of literary subjects and the works of distinguished authors, and was particularly fond of poetry. Indeed in his younger days I have understood that he was a poet. He had a good taste in literature with one exception, about which we often disputed, and in which his New England attachments or prejudices controlled his judgment; he had an excessive admiration of Dwight's 'Conquest of Canaan.' His domestic life was most exemplary; his greatest happiness was in his family, with the friends who congregated at his residence. His devotion to the business and duties of his office was severe and unremitting. He possessed in a high degree a very rare qualification—the capacity for continued hard work—and was in every thing systematic and orderly

His attachments to his friends were strong and lasting, never taxing them with unreasonable exactions or subjecting them to unpleasant caprices. He was open and direct in all his dealings, without duplicity or intrigue in any thing; his sincerity was sure, he deceived nobody." Wolcott's youngest sister I have already had occasion to mention as one of the most distinguished beauties of her time. She was afterward married to Chauncey Goodrich, a man of eminent abilities and the highest character. His wife had less beauty, but a countenance of much loveliness, and very graceful manners; and there were few women who could be compared with her for refined cultivation and intelligence. An anecdote referring to her is recorded as an illustration of the wit of Mr. Tracy, one of the Connecticut senators. As she was moving with her accustomed ease and dignity through a dance, her figure arrested the attention of Mr. Liston, the British minister, who exclaimed, turning to Tracy, "Your countrywoman, Mrs. Wolcott, would be admired even at St. James's." "Sir," replied the senator, "she is admired even on Litchfield Hill!"

On one occasion Dr. Dwight visited Philadelphia, and was for several days a guest of the Wolcotts. In a letter to the secretary he says, "I thank you, with much affection, for the uniform sincerity and hospitality which I found at your house; assure Mrs. Wolcott of the grateful sense I shall ever entertain of the very polite and friendly manner in which she rendered my residence there peculiarly agreeable."

Josiah Quincy, who still survives, one of the brightest ornaments of a departed age, in the enjoyment of the reverent homage of our own, was also among the visitors of this respectable circle. Mrs. Adams, referring to his arrival in the city, writes, "This young man is a rare instance of hereditary eloquence and ingenuity, in the fourth generation. He comes into life with every advantage



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of family, fortune, and education, and I wish him all the success which such auguries naturally present to him in prospect. I yesterday, in the presence of half a dozen senators, laughingly advised him to go to the President and Mrs. Washington and ask their leave to make his addresses to Nelly Custis, or her sister, at Georgetown. The young gentleman blushed, and he may have left his heart in Boston; but I think him the first match in the United States."

An intimate friend of Wolcott, Ames, Sedgwick, and other New England statesmen, was Jeremiah Smith, then a member of Congress, and afterward one of the justices of the Supreme Court, and Chief Justice of New Hampshire. He dressed very carefully, had an intelligent and handsome face, and was a great beau; but was at the same time diligent in the performance of his duties, and "a devourer of all good books." He had been in love so many times that it would have tasked his patience to give a list of the girls he had been inclined to woo, and every year some new one was the fairest and the dearest. In 1793 he writes: "It seems to me now that I never sincerely loved before. God grant that time and absence may have *their usual effects*." His prayer was granted, and in 1795 he discloses another flame to his friend Fletcher. "Tell Mrs. Fletcher," he says, "that I should have been very happy to have made one of your little family party at Christmas, and that I am confident she enjoyed far more pleasure, surrounded by her children and friends, than Mrs. Dexter at Mr. Bingham's or Mr. Morris's or even the President's sumptuous dinner. I was singularly happy on that day myself; I dined with a number of my friends at Mr. Wolcott's, and spent the evening in company with a divine woman I have lately become acquainted with, and who is all that woman can or ought to be; but, heigh ho! she is as good as married. I am glad I was informed of that circumstance, else I should

have been over head and ears in love. Informed of my danger, I find it difficult to restrain my ardent affections. I am glad to find that I am not dried up and congealed, but that my heart is as susceptible as ever. I would rather be a man, and feel as one, even if I suffer by it, than one of your insensible devils." The divine woman referred to was Miss Eliza Ross, of Bladensburg, in Maryland, then on a visit to Philadelphia. The case was very serious, and there were no hopes of the lover's recovery. He gave vent to his feelings in verse, which was perfectly intelligible, though scarcely as melodious as the songs of Anacreon Moore:

"To Adam paradise was given,
Blooming with all that charms the sense
Of fruits, one only was forbidden,
And that occasioned sore complaints.
How much severer is my fate
Than his! Unjust! how could he grieve?
He was denied the precious fruit,
But I, alas! deprived of Eve!
Nay, more—severer still my case—
A double pain, without alloy—
The fruit that I 'm forbid to taste,
Another freely may enjoy."

Women are changeable, and Miss Ross became Mrs. Smith, after all. A few months passed, during which she returned to Bladensburg, and managed to quarrel with her old lover; at least the engagement was broken off; and in May, 1795, she was again in the metropolis. On the departure of a sister for the country she addressed a note to her rejected admirer: "I have very few acquaintances," she said, "and this is the time when the company of a friend would be most agreeable. In you I expect that friend." She was not disappointed. In due time the veteran gallant wrote to his brother that he was a "happy man." On the way to the bride's home he lost his wedding suit, and was obliged therefore to "stand

up" in his travelling clothes, which was a serious misfortune, as he had been very particular in his outfit.*

Elizur Goodrich writes to Wolcott in 1794, introducing Eli Whitney, with his famous cotton gin. He describes him as "a young gentleman who has occasionally resided in my family for some years past, of very fair reputation in academic studies, and perhaps inferior to none in an acquaintance with mechanic powers, and those branches of mechanical philosophy which are applicable to the commerce and manufactures of our country. He is on a journey to Philadelphia to lodge a model and receive a patent for a machine which he has invented for cleansing cotton from its seeds."

Another candidate for the honors of scientific discovery was Dr. Benjamin Douglass Perkins, the hero of Fessenden's "Terrible Tractoration." John Adams, in February, 1796, thus notices his advent in the city: "There is a Dr. somebody here from Connecticut, who pretends, with an instrument made of some kind of metal or composition of metals, by a sort of Mesmerian rubbing, or stroking, or conjuration, to cure rheumatisms, headaches, pleurisies, and I know not what. Ellsworth will not say that he believes in it, but he states facts and tells stories. I expect the heads of all the old women will be turned. They have got him into the President's house, among some of his servants, and Mrs. Washington

* Smith writes: "Three miles before I reached Bladensburg I had the misfortune to lose my trunk, with all my clothes, of the value of two hundred dollars. The fastening untied, and some very great knaves happening to live in the vicinity, picked it up before the stage-driver returned to look for it, which was in less than fifteen minutes" A list of the articles constituting the bridegroom's wardrobe is given by his biographer, Mr. Morrison, as follows: "A light-colored broadcloth coat, with pearl buttons; breeches of the same cloth; ditto, black satin; vest, swansdown, buff, striped; ditto moleskin, chequer figure; ditto satin figured; ditto, Marseilles, white; ditto, muslinet, figured; under vest, faced with red cassimere; two ditto, flannel; one pair of flannel drawers; one ditto, cotton ditto; one pair black patent silk hose; one ditto white ditto; one ditto striped ditto; ten or a dozen white silk hose; three pair of cotton hose; four pair of gauze ditto; a towel; six shirts; twelve neck-kerchiefs; six pocket handkerchiefs, one of them a bandanna; a chintz dressing-gown; a pair of silk gloves; ditto old kid ditto."

told me a story on Tuesday, before a number of gentlemen, so in effably ridiculous that I dare not repeat it. The venerable lady laughed as immoderately as all the rest of us did." Perkins went to London, and became famous and rich. His house was crowded with bishops, lords, and men and women of every degree, thousands of whom certified that they were cured of diseases by the metallic tractors. The satire of Fessenden ended the delusion.

VII.

It was among the offences of the President in which the democratic writers and orators discovered signs of treasonable conspiracy and a determination to engraft upon our youthful republicanism the forms at least of a monarchy, that he had "birth-day odes." It is not stated that an appropriation from the treasury was ever demanded for the payment of a laureate, and perhaps it was all the worse that so many were willing to sing the praises of Washington without reward. The Chief himself, however, we may readily believe, would have dispensed with such service to be relieved of the necessity of reading the quires of poor but patriotic verses addressed to him. Our poets of that day had no mean opinion of their own abilities, and they were generous in each other's praise. Humphreys, in a "Poem on the Happiness of America," written before the close of the revolution, exclaims:

> "Why sleep'st thou, Barlow, child of genius? why
> Seest thou, blest Dwight, our land in sadness lie?
> And where is Trumbull, earliest boast of fame?
> 'T is yours, ye bards, to wake the smothered flame —
> To you, my dearest friends, the task belongs,
> To rouse your country with heroic songs."

And Barlow, in his "Vision of Columbus,"

> "With keen-eyed glance through Nature's walks to pierce,
> With all the powers and every charm of verse,

Each science opening in his ample mind,
His fancy glowing, and his taste refined,
See Trumbull lead the train. His skilful hand
Hurls the keen darts of satire through the land;
Pride, knavery, dulness, feel his mortal stings,
And listening Virtue triumphs while he sings....
On glory's wing to raise the ravished soul
Beyond the bounds of earth's benighted pole,
For daring Dwight the epic muse sublime
Hails her new empire in the western clime....
Where Freedom's cause his patriot bosom warms,
In council sage, nor inexpert in arms,
See Humphreys, glorious from the field retire,
Sheath the glad sword and string the sounding lyre."

And besides this "mutual admiration society" of Connecticut, there were Allen, Ladd, Freneau, Hopkinson, Livingston, Smith, Markoe, and some half dozen others, who consoled themselves for contemporary neglect with dreams of posthumous fame.

Though Colonel Humphreys must be regarded as the poet laureate of Washington, as diligent in the performance of the duties of his office as ever was bard expecting pipes of choicest wine for votive songs, yet there was a "tuneful throng" of the other sex, ever ready to celebrate the hero's virtues and his actions in effusions sufficiently indicative of an anxiety to attract his favorable attention. Our most conspicuous poetesses of that day were Mrs. Ferguson, of whose unpublished writings there are still two large quarto volumes in the Philadelphia Library; Mrs. Bleecker, of Tomhannik; Mrs. Warren, the sister of James Otis; Mrs. Stockton, wife of Richard Stockton and sister of Elias Boudinot; Phillis Wheatley, from the Senegal, celebrated by Mr. Clarkson and the Abbé Gregory as not inferior in literary excellence to the fairest of her rivals; and Mrs. Morton, wife of the Attorney General of Massachusetts, to be named in whose verses, her critics said, was to be immortalized. The Boston Mercury, in the spring of 1793, advised the world that "Fame, ever listening with delight to the lyre

of 'Philenia,' had lately been assiduous in circulating the information that this favorite of the muse was composing a poem, of the epic nature, in which would be celebrated some of the most striking features of the revolution in this country." This was the first announcement of Mrs. Morton's "Beacon Hill;" and a contemporary bard, Robert Treat Paine, warmed with the intelligence, addressed to her a congratulatory epistle, in which he says —

"Beacon shall live, the theme of future lays;
Philenia bids; obsequious Fame obeys;
Beacon shall live, embalmed in verse sublime,
The new Parnassus of a nobler clime.
No more the fount of Helicon shall boast
Its peerless waters or its suitor host....
'T is here Philenia's muse begins her flight,
As Heaven elate, extensive as the light;
Here, like this bird of Jove, she mounts the wind,
And leaves the clouds of vulgar bards behind!"

And in conclusion he asks —

"What hero's bosom would not wish to bleed —
That you might sing, and raptured ages read?"

Mrs. Morton was not ungrateful, and she returned Mr. Paine's compliments in kind, amiably describing him as a poet

"Who now with Homer's strength can rise,
Then with the polished Ovid move;
Now swift as rapid Pindar flies,
Then soft as Sappho's breath of love."

After the publication of Gifford's satire, and Erskine's speech in the case of Williams against Faulder, "Anthony Pasquin" was driven from England by contempt, and "Della Crusca" by derision, and both found an asylum in the United States — the profligate libeller to become the editor of a democratic journal, and the sickly sentimentalist to acquire an influence over our fledgling poets not less apparent than that which Tennyson has exerted in later

years. Mrs. Morton, in some "lines addressed to the inimitable author of the poems under the signature of 'Della Crusca,'" greeted him in a style worthy of the Florence Miscellany —

"Across the vast Atlantic tide,
Down Appalachia's grassy side,
What echoing sounds the soul beguile,
And lend the lip of grief a smile!
T is Della Crusca's heavenly song
Which floats the western breeze along,
Breathing as sweet, as soft a strain.
As kindness to the ear of pain;
Splendid as noon, as morning clear,
As chaste as evening's pearly tear."

Dr. Ladd, Mr. Paine, and nearly all our "female poets," in the closing years of the last century, were servile imitators of Mr. Merry, and the late Judge Story began his career as an author in an elaborate performance not unworthy of such a master.

VIII.

In painting the country was more fortunate. Woolaston, Copley, Blackburn, and some others, had produced a great number of admirable portraits before the war, and subsequently there were several artists here of remarkable excellence in the same line. Washington was frequently painted, but there are not many good pictures of him. In 1785 he wrote to Judge Hopkinson, "I am so hackneyed to the touches of the painter's pencil that I am now altogether at their beck, and sit 'like Patience on a monument' while they are delineating the lines of my face. It is a proof, among many others, of what habit and custom may accomplish; at first I was as impatient at the request, and as restive under the operation, as a colt is under the saddle; the next time I submitted very reluctantly, but with less flouncing; now no dray-horse moves more readily to his thill than I to the painter's chair." This was

written on the introduction of Robert Edge Pine to him. Pine had been a "painter to His Majesty," and among his sitters in London had been Garrick and other famous wits. He came to America in 1783 to paint the chiefs of the revolution, for a series of historical compositions, and accumulated a great number of heads and other studies, but never finished any large work of that kind. In a few years Trumbull occupied the field, and by his success perhaps discouraged further attempts by him. He was an irritable little gentleman, and his wife and daughters were also very small. They painted portraits in Philadelphia and gave lessons in drawing there, under the patronage of Robert Morris. Hopkinson mentions as a proof of our subsequent advancement in civilization that Pine brought to this country a plaster cast of the Venus de Medici, but kept it very privately, as the manners of the time would not permit the public exhibition of such a figure: a fact which may seem strange to those who remember that some of the celebrated women of this period exposed their own finely-developed persons in a manner to shock even young Frenchmen, fresh from the gayest society of Paris; but it was then the fashion, in London as well as in New York and Philadelphia, to imitate the costume of pictures painted in the most dissolute period of English morals.

M. Du Cimetiere, a Genevan, arrived in Philadelphia about the year 1760, and lived there nearly thirty years, practising his profession as a painter, and collecting specimens in natural history. Washington says he drew many good likenesses, from the life, and had them engraved in Paris, for sale; and besides his own he mentions particularly those of General Gates and Baron Steuben.

Robert Fulton painted a poor portrait of Washington in 1782, who in the following year sat at Rocky Hill, New Jersey, to William Dunlap and Joseph Wright. Wright's picture was sent to Europe as a present from the Chief to the Count de Solms.

M. Houdon arrived from France in 1785, in the same ship with Dr. Franklin, and, proceeding to Mount Vernon, remained there two weeks, in which time he modelled the head of the General for his statue which had been ordered by the state of Virginia, and is now in the capitol at Richmond.

Soon after the inauguration, in New York, Edward Savage, a miserable painter, copied the President's features as well as he could, for Harvard College, and his portrait was engraved by young Edwin, in a very creditable manner, though Savage took the credit of its execution on the copper as well as on the canvas. About the same time Madame de Brehan, sister of the French minister, made two small portraits of him, one of which he presented to Mrs. Bingham. The other was engraved in Paris.

Trumbull had painted a head of Washington, from memory, in 1780. In the fall of 1789 he returned from Europe, and soon after executed the portrait which is in the New York City Hall; and in 1792, in Philadelphia, that which is in the gallery at New Haven. The city of Charleston had engaged him to paint a full-length of the President, and he says "he undertook it *con amore*, meaning to give his military character in the most sublime moment of its exertion — the evening previous to the battle of Princeton, when, viewing the vast superiority of the approaching enemy, and the impossibility of again crossing the Delaware or retreating down the river, he conceived the plan of returning by a night march into the country from which he had just been driven, thus cutting off the enemy's communication and destroying his stores at Brunswick." "I told the President my object," he says; "he entered into it warmly, and, as the work advanced, we talked of the scene, its dangers, its almost desperation." He looked again as if animated by the feelings of the conflict, and the artist pleased himself with a belief that he had transferred to the canvas the lofty expression of the

hero's countenance. But this production did not give satisfaction, the people of Charleston desired a "matter-of-fact likeness, calm, tranquil, peaceful," and Washington sat again, for such a picture. In 1791 and 1792 Trumbull painted a great number of portraits, among which were those of John Jay, Temple Franklin, Mrs. Washington (with a full rosy face, and in a white dress, and cap — very matronly), Nelly Custis, Sophia Chew, Harriet Chew, Cornelia Schuyler (a sister of Mrs. Hamilton, afterward married to Mr. Van Rensselaer), Julia Seymour, who was a celebrated beauty, and two daughters of Jeremiah Wadsworth.

In 1791 Mr. Archibald Robertson, of Aberdeen, arrived in this country, bearing from the Earl of Buchan an introductory letter to Washington, and a box made from the oak tree which sheltered Sir William Wallace, after the battle of Falkirk, which the Goldsmith's Company of Edinburgh had previously presented to the earl. Mr. Robertson painted a very good portrait of the President, which was sent to Scotland, by Mr. Lear, in 1794, and he afterward pursued his profession with success for many years in New York.

Giuseppe Ceracchi, one of the most eminent of contemporary sculptors, had conceived in Rome a design for a monument of the American revolution, and coming to Philadelphia, in 1791, he prepared a model of it, which was much admired. It was to be of statuary marble, one hundred feet high, and to cost but thirty thousand dollars. This sum, however, could not be obtained, and Ceracchi returned to Europe, and was subsequently put to death for an attempt to assassinate Napoleon. While here he executed busts of Washington and many other distinguished characters. He invited Dr. Hugh Williamson to sit for one, and that person made himself appear exceedingly ridiculous by the puerile manner in which he declined the compliment.

In a collection which I have made of more than sixty engraved

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
CALIFORNIA



portraits of Washington published during his life — probably the largest collection of the kind in existence — I find three which purport to be from paintings by Charles Wilson Peale. One, painted at Mount Vernon in 1770, was engraved by R. Scott; another, painted in 1780, was engraved in mezzotint by Peale himself; and the third, from a picture dated 1783, was engraved the following year in Paris. Mr. Peale painted fourteen portraits of Washington, but probably not more than four or five of them were from life. His brother James painted two, and his son Rembrandt one.

It has frequently been stated that Mr. Wertmüller, a German, painted a portrait of Washington, from life, in 1783; but there is no evidence that the President ever sat to him.

Gilbert Stuart, after a brilliant career in London, established himself for a short time in New York. Soon after his arrival Judge Cushing, who happened then to be in the city, invited him to tea, and Mrs. Cushing refers to him in her diary as "an extraordinary limner, said to excel by far any other in America." His reputation was so high indeed that everybody who was rich enough to pay his price was anxious to sit to him, and he produced with great rapidity a large number of portraits. But a desire to paint Washington had been one of the chief causes of his return to the United States, and he was impatient to begin his work. His first picture was unsuccessful, but the second was in every respect masterly, and the artist and the subject were equally pleased with it. Only the head was finished. From this he made more than twenty copies. Of his four or five full-lengths, the first was sent by Mr. Bingham* as

* Before sitting for this picture Washington wrote to Stuart the following note: "Sir: I am under promise to Mrs. Bingham to sit for you to-morrow at nine o'clock; and wishing to know if it is convenient to you that I should do so, and whether it shall be at your own house, (as she talked of the state house,) I send this note to you to ask information. I am, sir, your obedient servant, Geo. Washington. Monday evening, 11th April, 1796." He sat at Stuart's own house, and was accompanied several times by Harriet Chew, (afterwards Mrs. Carroll,) whose conversation he said should give his face its most agreeable expression.

a present to Lord Lansdowne, and the last is now in Fanueil Hall in Boston.

A bust of Washington was modelled by a Mr. Gullagher, of Boston, in 1789; a much better one was produced by Mr. Eccleston, of Virginia, in 1796. The last portrait of him was in crayon, by Sharpless, drawn the same year.

Among the miniature painters of the time of Washington Benjamin Trott held a conspicuous rank; but no artist in this department is deserving of comparison with Edward Malbone, for propriety and grace, or the details of finished execution. "The Hours" show what capacities he had for composition, but his vocation was for portraiture, and notwithstanding the depreciation of this branch of art by its professors or by others, "the power of animating and dignifying the countenance, and impressing on it the appearance of wisdom and virtue, requires," as Sir Joshua Reynolds well observes, "a nobleness of conception which goes beyond any thing in the mere exhibition of even the most perfect forms." When Mr. Monroe was in London, on his way to France, as minister to that country, Mr. West said to him, "I have seen a picture painted by a young man of the name of Malbone, which no man in England could excel;" and other critics, of authority as high as that of the President of the Royal Academy, have declared that there are even now in the most famous collections no miniatures comparable to those of our ingenious countryman, whose works continue to be cherished among the choicest treasures of the few families who employed him at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century. The beauties of the time of Washington were for the most part somewhat faded before Malbone was fairly started in his career; but this volume is adorned by an engraving from one of his works, alike remarkable for fidelity and a simple and chaste elegance rarely displayed in such performances.

THE CONCLUSION.

I.

As the second term of his administration drew near its end, many of the friends of Washington urged him to continue for another period of four years at the head of affairs; but it was impossible to change his purpose of retiring to private life. He was deeply wounded by the profligacy of his enemies, and on the twelfth of June, 1796, wrote to Colonel Humphreys, who was still in Portugal: "The gazettes will give you a pretty good idea of the state of politics and parties in this country, and will show you at the same time, if Bache's Aurora is among them, in what manner I am attacked for persevering steadily in measures which to me appear necessary to preserve us, during the conflicts of belligerent powers, in a state of tranquillity. But these attacks, unjust and unpleasant as they are, will occasion no change in my conduct, nor will they produce any other effect in my mind than to increase the solicitude which long since has taken fast hold of my heart, to enjoy in the shades of retirement the consolation of believing that I have rendered to my country every service to which my abilities were competent — not from pecuniary or ambitious motives, nor from a desire to provide for any men farther than their intrinsic merit entitled them, and surely not with a view of bringing my own rela-

tions into office. Malignity therefore may dart its shafts, but nc earthly power can deprive me of the satisfaction of knowing that I have not in the whole course of my administration committed an intentional error."

With Mr. Jefferson the President had maintained an occasional and formal intercourse up to this period. On the sixth of July, between three and four weeks after the above sentences were sent to Colonel Humphreys, he addressed to the chief of the democratic party a final communication, in which he says: "Until within the last year or two I had no conception that parties would or even could go the length I have been witness to; nor did I believe, until lately, that it was within the bounds of probability, hardly within those of possibility, that, while I was using my utmost exertions to establish a national character of our own, independent, as far as our obligations and justice and truth would permit, of every nation of the earth, and wished by steering a steady course to preserve this country from the horrors of a desolating war, I should be accused of being the enemy of one nation, and subject to the influence of another; and, to prove it, that every act of my administration would be tortured, and the grossest and most insidious representations of them made, by giving one side only of a subject, and that too in such exaggerated and indecent terms as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket. But enough of this. I have already gone further in the expression of my feelings than I intended." This brought the correspondence of the founders and heads of the rival parties to a final conclusion.

In the following September, nearly six months before the end of his administration, he published his Farewell Address to the People of the United States, the most dignified exhibition of political wisdom that ever emanated from the mind of a statesman. It

was generally received by the legislatures and the people with the respect which was due to such a display of feeling and understanding, from so exalted a character, and it has continued to be an influence and an authority, in the affairs of the nation, second only to the Constitution itself.

In December the two houses of Congress came together, and the President delivered, in person, as was his custom, his last message, at the close of which he said, "The situation in which I now stand, for the last time, in the midst of the representatives of the people of the United States, naturally recalls the period when the administration of the present form of government commenced; and I cannot omit the occasion to congratulate you and my country on the success of the experiment, nor to repeat my fervent supplications to the Supreme Ruler and Arbiter of nations, that his care may still be extended to the United States; that the virtue and happiness of the people may be preserved; and that the government which they have instituted for the protection of their liberties may be perpetual."

II.

The sixty-fifth anniversary of the birth-day of Washington was celebrated with an unusual but a saddened enthusiasm. Every one felt that it was the last occasion of the kind on which he would be present in Philadelphia, and that the illustrious Chief would himself see but few returns of it any where. The ships in the harbor displayed their gayest colors; the bells of the churches every half hour during the day rang merry peals; and the members of Congress and other official characters, with a great number of the most respectable private citizens, waited on the President at his residence to offer in person their homage and congratulations. In the evening there was a splendid ball at the amphitheatre. The area usu-

ally occupied by the equestrians was floored over for dancing, and the whole interior was tastefully and profusely ornamented with evergreens, the symbols of his fame, and with banners and inscriptions. Upon an elevated platform was a sofa, with a canopy over it, for the President and Mrs. Washington. He did not confine himself to this, but moved about, conversing familiarly with the company, consisting of the foreign ambassadors, members of the cabinet, senators, representatives, and the most distinguished strangers and inhabitants of the city. Jeremiah Smith, writing at eleven o'clock the same evening, tells us that there were present five hundred ladies, elegantly dressed, and a still greater number of gentlemen. "The President and Mrs. Washington," he says, "were in very good spirits, and, I am persuaded, have not spent so agreeable an evening for a long time. Every countenance bespoke pleasure and approbation; even democrats forgot for a moment their enmity, and seemed to join heartily in the festivity."

A few days before his final retirement the President held his last formal levee. It was attended not only by the beauty and fashion of the metropolis, but by a larger number of eminent men than had ever been present on a similar occasion. The leading democratic journal, "The Aurora," had a few days previously given expression to the feelings of its party in a characteristic article, in which it was alleged that "if ever a nation was debauched by a man, the American nation has been debauched by Washington; if ever a nation was deceived by a man, the American nation has been deceived by Washington;" and the poor wretch, Thomas Paine, had addressed a public letter to the President, in which he said, "As to you, sir, treacherous in private friendship, and a hypocrite in public life, the world will be puzzled to decide whether you are an apostate or an impostor, whether you have abandoned good principles, or whether you ever had any;" and when a resolution

was offered in the House of Representatives, complimenting him on his approaching release from the cares of government, Andrew Jackson, who had lately become a member of Congress, with twenty others, voted against it; yet at this last levee the respectability of the country was largely represented — the men who were most eminent for talents and for honorable actions came, in crowds, to offer a reverence the most sincere and affectionate that ever was yielded to human greatness.

On the second of March Washington wrote to his old friend General Knox: "To the wearied traveller, who sees a resting-place, and is bending his body to lean thereon, I now compare myself; but for me to be suffered to do this in peace, is too much to be endured by some; to misrepresent my motives, to reprobate my politics, and to weaken the confidence which has been reposed in my administration, are objects which cannot be relinquished by those who will be satisfied with nothing short of a change in our political system. The consolation, however, which results from conscious rectitude, and the approving voice of my country, unequivocally expressed by its representatives, deprives their sting of its poison, and places in the same point of view both the weakness and the malignity of their efforts. Although the prospect of retirement is most grateful to my soul, and I have not a wish to mix again in the great world, or to partake in its politics, yet I am not without my regrets at parting with (perhaps never more to meet them) the few intimates whom I love, and among these, be assured, you are one. The account given by Mr. Bingham and others of your agreeable situation and prospects, at St. George's, gave me infinite pleasure, and no one wishes more sincerely than I do that they may increase with your years. The remainder of my life, which in the course of nature cannot be long, will be occupied in rural amusements; and though I shall seclude myself as much as possible from

the noisy and bustling crowd, none would more than myself be regaled by the company of those I esteem, at Mount Vernon — more than twenty miles from which, after I arrive there, it is not likely that I shall ever be.... To-morrow, at dinner, I shall, as a servant of the public, take my leave of the President elect, of the foreign characters, the heads of departments, &c., and the day following, with pleasure, I shall witness the inauguration of my successor in the chair of government."

To this dinner as many were invited as could be accommodated at the President's table. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Liston, the Marquis and Marchioness d'Yrujo, and the other foreign ministers, with their wives; Mr. and Mrs. Pickering, Mr. and Mrs. Wolcott, Mr. and Mrs. McHenry, Mr. and Mrs. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. Bingham,* Mr. Adams, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Jefferson, and Bishop White. "During the dinner," says the bishop, "much hilarity prevailed; but on the removal of the cloth it was put an end to by the President — certainly without design. Having filled his glass, he addressed the company, with a smile on his countenance, saying, 'Ladies and gentlemen, this is the last time I shall drink your health, as a public man. I do it with sincerity, and wishing you

* The fate of Mrs. Bingham, so frequently mentioned in these pages, presents an affecting example of the uncertainty of earthly honors and enjoyments. Returning from a party of pleasure, soon after the birth of her only son, exposure to the cold, in a sleigh, brought on a malady which was soon perceived to be dangerous. A milder climate was recommended, and a vessel fitted with great care for her transport to the Bermudas. Her departure, on a palanquin, from her splendid mansion to this vessel, which, it was generally apprehended, would never restore her to her friends, was an event which attracted the gaze of hundreds. Climate could produce no benefit, and after some months of gradual but sure decline, she expired in those islands, on the eleventh of May, 1801, at the age of thirty-seven. Her husband, overwhelmed with the loss of such a wife, went afterwards to England, and died at Bath, about the year 1804. His monument, in the abbey church there, attracts the notice of the American traveller. Mrs. Bingham left three children. Her eldest daughter, Anne, who died in 1848, married Alexander Baring, the late Lord Ashburton, and was the mother of the present peer. The second, Maria, married, first, Alexandre, Comte de Tilly; second, Henry Baring; and, third, le Marquis de Blaisel. She died, I believe, not long since.

all possible happiness.' There was an end of all pleasantry." The bishop chanced to turn his eyes toward the wife of the British minister, and perceived that her cheeks were suffused with tears. Doubtless there were many other such displays of feeling.

III.

The next day, at an early hour, Chestnut street in the vicinity of Congress Hall was filled with an immense concourse of people, anxious to see once more the retiring President. At eleven o'clock Mr. Jefferson took his oath as Vice President, in the presence of the senate, and that body soon after proceeded to the chamber of the representatives, which was densely crowded. Many of the members had yielded their chairs to women, and every place on the floor and in the gallery was occupied. At twelve o'clock Washington entered, and was greeted with enthusiastic cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs. Mr. Adams followed, in a few moments, and was received in the same manner. The Chief Justice, Oliver Ellsworth, with his associates, Cushing, Wilson, and Iredell, was seated at a table in front of the chair of the Speaker, and when he had administered the oath of his office to the new President, the inaugural speech was delivered, and was heard with a profound attention. Mr. Adams referred to Washington, as a personage "who, by a long course of great actions, regulated by prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude — conducting a people inspired by the same virtues, and animated with the same ardent patriotism and love of liberty, to independence and peace, to increasing wealth and unexampled prosperity — had merited the gratitude of his fellow-citizens, commanded the highest praises of foreign nations, and secured immortal glory with posterity."

Dr. William Duer, lately President of Columbia College, was a spectator of this scene. "At the close of the ceremony," he says,

"as the venerable hero moved towards the door, there was a rush from the gallery that threatened the lives of those who were most eager to catch a last look of him who, among mortals, was the first object of their veneration. Some of us effected an escape by slipping down the pillars. I succeeded in making good my retreat through the outer door, in time to see the retiring veteran, as he waved his hat in return for the cheers of the multitude, while his gray locks 'streamed like a meteor to the wind.' Seldom as he was known to smile, his face now beamed with radiance and benignity. I followed him in the crowd to his own door, where, as he turned to address the multitude, his countenance assumed a serious and almost melancholy expression, his voice failed him, his eyes were suffused with tears, and only by his gestures could he indicate his thanks, and convey a farewell blessing to the people. This was the last I saw of the most illustrious of mankind, and should I live a thousand years, I 'ne'er shall look upon his like again.'" As soon as Mr. Adams had returned to his residence Washington made him a visit, cordially congratulated him, and expressed a wish that his administration might be happy, successful, and honorable. In the evening he attended an entertainment given by the principal inhabitants of the city, at the amphitheatre. The leading public characters, including the foreign ministers, were present, and the place was decorated for the occasion with numerous paintings, referring to Washington's life and services. One of them was a representation of his home on the Potomac, and the surrounding scenery.

IV.

Five days after the inauguration of his successor Washington set out for Mount Vernon. He was received at all the towns on the way with the same enthusiasm which had been manifested during his triumphal journey to New York, eight years before. He

was accompanied by Mrs. Washington, Miss Eleanor Custis, George W. P. Custis, and the son of Lafayette, with his preceptor. The other granddaughters of Mrs. Washington were married — one to Mr. Law, an English gentleman of considerable fortune, and the other to Mr. Peters. Nelly Custis soon after became the wife of Washington's nephew, Mr. Lawrence Lewis.

Of his daily life at Mount Vernon he has left us a pleasing description. "Having turned aside from the broad walks of political into the narrow paths of private life, I shall leave it, for those whose duty it is, to consider subjects of this sort, and, as every good citizen ought to do, conform to whatsoever the ruling powers shall decide. To make and sell a little flour, annually, to repair houses (going fast to ruin), to build one, for the security of my papers of a public nature, and to amuse myself in agricultural and other rural pursuits, will constitute employment for the few years I have to remain on this terrestrial globe. If, also, I could now and then meet the friends I esteem, it would fill their measure and add zest to my enjoyments; but if this happens, it must be under my own vine and fig-tree, as I do not think it probable that I shall go beyond twenty miles from them." On the twenty-ninth of May he wrote, "I begin my diurnal course with the sun;" and having described his preparations for the day's business, he proceeds, "by the time I have accomplished these matters breakfast (a little after seven o'clock) is ready; this being over, I mount my horse, and ride round my farms, which employs me until it is time to dress for dinner, at which I rarely miss seeing strange faces, come, as they say, out of respect for me. Pray, would not the word curiosity answer as well? And how different this from having a few social friends at a cheerful board! The usual time of sitting at table, a walk, and tea, bring me within the dawn of candle-light, previous to which, if not prevented by company, I resolve that as soon as the

glimmering taper supplies the place of the great luminary, I will retire to my writing-table and acknowledge the letters I have received; but when the lights are brought, I feel tired, and disinclined to engage in this work, conceiving that the next night will do as well. The next night comes, and with it the same causes of postponement, and so on.... Having given you this history of a day, it will serve for a year." In this way passed the closing period of his life. When the outrageous conduct of the French Directory made it necessary for our government to prepare for war, the aged Chief, ever ready to sacrifice his private interests, his happiness and even his fame, for his country, accepted again the office of commander of the armies of the United States; but fortunately peace was preserved, and he was not called from his retirement.

Every one is familiar with the history of the closing scene of his august career. Between ten and eleven o'clock, on the night of Saturday, the fourteenth of December, 1799, he expired.

V.

In this volume I have attempted in a desultory way to illustrate the habits of society and the characteristics of eminent persons, in an age the most important and extraordinary in our history. The main design has been to exhibit the social rather than the political aspects of that time; but it will readily be perceived that it was impossible to do one and not the other. The events which secured to this country a popular constitution as a possession for ever, made every American a member of the most responsible, difficult, and dignified profession which the ability of man can illustrate — the profession of politics. By the fundamental law of the country we are all hereditary statesmen; we are all advisers and active directors of the administration. "La vie du plus simple particulier dans une republique," said the elder and the wiser of the Mirabeaus, "est

plus compliquée que celle d'un homme en place dans une monarchie." Of this calling of politics may be said what Augustus Schlegel has said of authorship, that according to the spirit in which it is pursued, it is an infamy, a pastime, a day-labor, a handicraft, an art, a science, a virtue. It is of the first importance to society, and every one in it, that the character and tone of this profession should be raised, and maintained at an elevation; that its members should be capable of dealing in it with competent ability, and with that temper of confidence that rejects and despises tricks and intrigue; that they should be always feeling that it involves principles, and not merely personalities; that it is a great moral and intellectual science, in which passions and interests must play in perpetual subordination to the permanent laws of wisdom and truth; and that all its acts and all its contests stand in such intimate relations with the lofty interests of human virtue and human greatness, that the humblest efforts in its cause partake of dignity, and its least rewards are truly honorable. Nothing would have a more happy influence on the politics of this day, nothing raise, expand and purify them, or give them higher significance and greater weight, than a study of the private and public characters and actions of those who founded our constitution, and watched over the earliest development of its principles. To comprehend the distinction and the permanent relation between the great parties which have divided and will always divide this country, it is indispensable to resort to the conferences and the conduct of those who, in the brighter and better time of the commonwealth, explored the depths of that subject with the sagacity of philosophers, and illustrated its extent upon the largest scale of statesmanship.

"I am not fonder of simpletons in politics than other people are," wrote M. Capfigue, "but for the honor of mankind I am willing to believe that men may be clever and still retain perfect

probity and good faith." This difficult art, to carry into public life the morals and the sentiments that give grace to private character; to join sincerity and directness of personal deportment with effectiveness and force of political action; to gain the outward with neither soilure nor loss of a more sacred excellence within, seemed to be the native inspiration of those extraordinary men who formed the *entourage* of Washington. They were a band of "Happy Warriors,"

> "Whose high endeavors were an inward light
> That made the path before them always bright,
> More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
> As tempted more:
> Who, in a state where men are tempted still
> To evil, for a guard against worse ill,
> And what in quality or act is best
> Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
> Still fixéd good on good alone, and owe
> To virtue every triumph that they know."

It has not been attempted in this too hasty performance to discuss any of those important questions of policy which were suggested or decided during the earlier administrations. The histories of affairs are sufficiently numerous and ample for the inquisitive student who would examine the claims which the statesmanship of Washington, Adams, Jay, Hamilton, Marshall, and their friends, on the one side, and that of Jefferson, Randolph, Giles, Paine, Madison, Monroe, and the rest of the opposition leaders, on the other, presents for our approval and imitation. But demeanor in the drawing-room was then at the seat of government a reflection of temper in the cabinet and the senate; and styles of living and conversation were continually referred to in public debates as evidences of political tendencies, and causes of apprehended political dangers. To illustrate the personal qualities of the chief characters of that time, by collecting these scant and fragmentary reminiscences of habit,

feeling, and social condition, was therefore a task not less worthy of an inquirer respecting the rise of parties and opinions, than of a historian of civility.

The founders and first administrators of our government were intellectually and morally far above the ordinary examples of human greatness. A fame as pure and splendid as theirs is among the rarest products of history. The central figure in that group of eminent personages was the Father of his Country, and it is delightful to turn from the humiliating page in which is recorded the insults which he suffered for his virtues, to accounts which have come down to us of the honors he received from those who more justly appreciated his nature and his services. The select circle of official and private characters with whom Washington was most intimate, comprised an amount of respectability which perhaps was never in any royal or imperial court surpassed, and of this circle none ever approached him without being either fascinated by his grandeur or touched by his goodness.

The higher domestic life of that period, as revealed in all we know of its refinement and elegance, its dignified courtesy and inflexible morality, can be contemplated with only a respectful admiration. It was in keeping with the frankness and sincerity of ascendant politics. Women unhesitatingly evinced their sympathies with whatever was generous and honorable in public conduct, but rarely if ever in forgetfulness of the requirements of feminine propriety. Though patriotic they were content to be women still, and were anxious for the distinctions of delicacy and grace. They perceived that it was their nobility not to be men, but to be women worthy of men. In possession of every right with which they were endowed by nature, they had no desire to exercise men's prerogatives. There were indeed some shameless females, not unwilling to exhibit mortification at having been created of a sex whose finer

attributes were beyond their emulation, and all the poor stuff which this class now displays in periodical offences against decency, was spoken and written till it grew too stale even for derision; but these creatures were not in society; they were regarded only as curious monsters. Such wives as those of Washington, Adams, Jay, Wolcott, Bradford, and King, had no desire, as Montaigne expresses it, "to cover their beauties under others that were none of theirs."

APPENDIX.

I.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF WASHINGTON, AS DESCRIBED BY SOME CONTEMPORARY FOREIGNERS.

The surpassing greatness of Washington was seen and felt by every one who was permitted to come into his presence. The stature and air of other eminent characters have frequently disappointed their expectations whose ideas had been formed by the fame of illustrious actions. With those who saw Washington this was never the case. Every thing about him gave assurance of a character altogether transcending the ordinary dimensions of humanity. We have descriptions of him by many foreigners who visited this country during his military or his political career, but unfortunately none by his most intimate, affectionate, and reverent friends, Lafayette, Luzerne, and some others, in the army, or in the earlier diplomatic service of France. From those that we have, however, a few are here transcribed.

In the expedition under the Marshal Count de Rochambeau, which arrived in America in 1780, were Lieutenant General Count Mathieu Dumas, and Major General the Marquis de Chastellux, both of whom afterward attempted the portraiture of Washington in their Memoirs. Dumas introduces him as follows:

"General Washington, accompanied by the Marquis de Lafayette, repaired in person to the French headquarters. We had been impatient to see the hero of liberty. His dignified address, his simplicity of manners, and mild gravity, surpassed our expectation, and won every heart. After having conferred with Count Rochambeau, as he was leaving us to return to his head-quarters near West Point, I received the welcome order to accompany him as far as Providence. We arrived there at night; the whole of the population had assembled from the suburbs; we were surrounded by a crowd of children carrying torches, reiterating the acclamations of the citizens; all were eager to approach the person of him whom they called their father, and pressed so closely around us that they hindered us from proceeding. General Washington was much affected, stopped a few moments, and pressing my hand, said, 'We may be beaten by the English; it is the chance of war; but behold an army which they can never conquer.'" Afterwards the count conveyed to him some despatches, at Mount Vernon. "I recall the impressions which I received during the short stay that I made in the family of the deliverer of America. The brilliant actions of great men cannot fail to be recalled by history; the anecdotes of their private life are equally worthy of being preserved, because they often make us better acquainted with the principal traits of their character. The general gave me a most cordial reception. He appeared to be highly satisfied with the despatches which I delivered to him, in the presence of M. de Lafayette, Colonel Hamilton, his aid-de-camp, and Colonel Humphreys, who performed the duties of chief of the staff. He withdrew to confer with them. Being invited to dinner, which was remarkably plain, I had leisure to admire the perfect harmony of his noble and fine countenance, with the simplicity of his language and the justice and depth of his observations. He generally sat long at table, and animated the conversation by unaffected cheerfulness. Much was said of the treachery of Arnold, of the firmness and moderation with which the General had just suppressed the insubordination of the troops of the state of Pennsylvania, and lastly of the situation of Virginia, of the marches and counter-marches of Lord Cornwallis. I was particularly struck with the marks of affection which the General showed to his pupil, his adopted son the Marquis de Lafayette. Seated opposite to him, he looked at him with pleasure, and listened to him with manifest interest. One of the company, (if I remember rightly it was Colonel Hamil-

ton, who was afterwards so unfortunately and so prematurely snatched from the hopes of his country,) related the manner in which the General had received a despatch from Sir Henry Clinton, addressed to Mr. Washington. Taking it from the hands of the flag of truce, and seeing the direction, 'This letter,' said he, 'is directed to a planter of the state of Virginia. I shall have it delivered to him after the end of the war; till that time it shall not be opened.' A second despatch was addressed to his Excellency General Washington."

The description of Washington by the Marquis de CHASTELLUX is endorsed by the anonymous translator, who was himself familiar with the Chief's personal appearance. He confesses that it is feebly rendered, but declares that "every feature, every tint, of the portrait, will stand the test of the severest scrutiny."

"Here would be the proper place to give the portrait of General Washington; but what can my testimony add to the idea already formed of him? The continent of North America, from Boston to Charleston, is a great volume, every page of which presents his eulogium. I know, that having had the opportunity of a near inspection, and of closely observing him, some more particular details may be expected from me; but the strongest characteristic of this respectable man, is the perfect union which reigns between the physical and moral qualities which compose the individual; one alone will enable you to judge of all the rest. If you are presented with medals of Cæsar, of Trajan, or Alexander, on examining their features, you will still be led to ask what was their stature, and the form of their persons; but if you discover, in a heap of ruins, the head or the limb of an antique Apollo, be not curious about the other parts, but rest assured that they all were conformable to those of a god. Let not this comparison be attributed to enthusiasm! It is not my intention to exaggerate; I wish only to express the impression General Washington has left on my mind — the idea of a perfect whole, which cannot be the product of enthusiasm, which rather would reject it, since the effect of proportion is to diminish the idea of greatness. Brave without temerity, laborious without ambition, generous without prodigality, noble without pride, virtuous without severity, he seems always to have confined himself within those limits, where the virtues, by clothing themselves in more lively but more changeable and doubtful colors, may be mistaken for faults. This is the seventh year that he has commanded the army, and that he has obeyed the Congress. More need not be said, especially in America, where they know how to appreciate all the merit contained in this simple fact. Let it be repeated that Condé was intrepid, Turenne prudent, Eugene adroit, and Catinet disinterested. It is not thus that Washington will be characterized. It will be said of him, at the end of a long civil war, he had nothing with which he could reproach himself. If any thing can be more marvellous than such a character, it is the unanimity of the public suffrages in his favor. Soldier, magistrate, people, all love and admire him; all speak of him in terms of tenderness and veneration. Does there then exist a virtue capable of restraining the injustice of mankind? or, are glory and happiness too recently established in America, for envy to have deigned to pass the seas? In speaking of this perfect whole, of which General Washington furnishes the idea, I have not excluded exterior form. His stature is noble and lofty; he is well made and exactly proportioned; his physiognomy mild and agreeable, but such as renders it impossible to speak particularly of any of his features, so that in quitting him you have only the recollection of a fine face. He has neither a grave nor a familiar air. His brow is sometimes marked with thought, but never with inquietude. Inspiring respect, he inspires confidence, and his smile is always the smile of benevolence."

The Abbé ROBIN, a French priest attached to the army of Rochambeau as chaplain, and evi dently a man of education, refinement, and liberality, gives us the following sketch of Washing ton in his *Nouveau Voyage dans l'Amerique Septentrionale,* published in Paris in 1782.

"I have seen General Washington, that most singular man — the soul and support of one of the greatest revolu tions that has ever happened, or can happen. I fixed my eyes upon him with that keen attention which the sight of a great man always inspires. We naturally entertain a secret hope of discovering in the features of such illustrious persons some traces of that excellent genius which distinguishes them from, and elevates them above their fellow mortals. Perhaps the exterior of no man was better calculated to gratify these expectations than that of General Washington. He is of a tall and noble stature, well proportioned, a fine, cheerful, open countenance, a simple and modest carriage; and his whole mien has something in it that interests the French, the Americans, and even enemies themselves in his favor. Placed in a military view, at the head of a nation where each individual has a share in the supreme legislative authority, and where coercive laws are yet in a great degree destitute of vigor, where the climate and manners can add but little to their energy, where the spirit of party, private interest, slowness and national indolence, slacken, suspend and overthrow the best concerted measures; although so situated, he has found out a method of keeping his troops in the most absolute subordination: making them rivals in praising him; fearing him even when he is silent, and retaining their full confidence in him after defeats and disgrace. His reputation has, at length, arisen to a most brilliant height; and he may now grasp at the most unbounded power, without provoking envy or exciting suspicion. He has ever shown himself superior to fortune, and in the most trying adversity has discovered resources till then unknown; and, as if his abilities only increased and dilated at the prospect of difficulty, he is never better supplied than when he seems destitute of every thing, nor have his arms ever been so fatal to his enemies, as at the very instant when they had thought they had crushed him for ever. It is his to excite a spirit of heroism and enthu siasm in a people, who are by nature very little susceptible of it; to gain over the respect and homage of those whose interest it is to refuse it, and to execute his plans and projects by means unknown even to those who are his instruments; he is intrepid in dangers, yet never seeks them but when the good of his country demands it, preferring rather to temporize and act upon the defensive, because he knows such a mode of conduct best suits the genius and circumstances of the nation, and that all he and they have to expect, depends upon time, fortitude, and patience: he is frugal

and sober in regard to himself, but profuse in the public cause; like Peter the Great, he has by defeats conducted his army to victory; and like Fabius, but with fewer resources and more difficulty, he has conquered without fighting, and saved his country. Such are the ideas that arise in the mind, at the sight of this great man, in examining the events in which he has had a share, or in listening to those whose duty obliges them to be near his person, and consequently best display his true character. In all these extensive states they consider him in the light of a beneficent God, dispensing peace and happiness around him. Old men, women, and children, press about him when he accidentally passes along, and think themselves happy, once in their lives, to have seen him — they follow him through the towns with torches, and celebrate his arrival by public illuminations. The Americans, that cool and sedate people, who in the midst of their most trying difficulties, have attended only to the directions and impulses of plain method and common reason, are roused, animated, and inflamed at the very mention of his name: and the first songs that sentiment or gratitude has dictated, have been to celebrate General Washington."

Joseph Mandrillon, a French merchant and man of letters, established at Amsterdam, whence he made a voyage to this country, has the following in his *Spectateur Americain*, published in 1784:

"Why did I not receive from nature the genius and eloquence of the celebrated orators of Greece and Rome? Oh that I could but for a moment snatch their pencils to trace rapidly the picture of the greatest man that America has ever produced, and one of the most celebrated that ever existed! With what energy, with what enthusiasm would I not speak of his brilliant virtues! who is the man that would be jealous of the homage I pay him? who is the man that would tax me with flattery? We are no longer in those barbarous ages in which men offered incense to tyrants, in which they dared to give the name of hero to men addicted to every vice, and whom they dreaded too much to offend. We are no longer in those ages when cruel sovereigns had mercenary writers to palliate their crimes, and to praise them for virtues they did not possess. Our more enlightened age presents to us in history sovereigns and men as they really were; truth is its character. The public veneration for General Washington is the precious fruit of the severest examination of his conduct. Jealous of his glory and the approbation of his contemporaries, he enjoys them without arrogance and without presumption; and if he does himself the justice to believe that he merits his celebrity, he likewise knows that posterity, which raises and demolishes statues, will never injure the trophies erected to his memory. The hand of a barbarian only, who cannot read, or a savage ignorant of history, with the stroke of a hatchet would break his statue, supposing it to be that of a despot. But when from the ruins of the inscription they shall collect the name of Washington, the chief of these barbarians or savages, instructed by tradition of the American revolution, will be avenged for the outrageous attempt, and cause the monument to be repaired. On its base will be read, ignorance had overthrown it, and justice again raised it up: mortals revere his memory! Having been the soul and support of one of the greatest events of the age, it is but just that Washington should pass his days without a cloud, in the bosom of repose, of honor and public veneration. Nature sometimes places the soul of an hero in a feeble body; but when we speak of the brilliant actions of a man whose features and stature we are ignorant of, we are inclined to paint him as endowed with every valuable gift of nature, and please ourselves with believing that his features bear the image of that genius which elevates him above his fellow men. No person is better calculated to maintain this opinion than Washington. A proper size, noble and well proportioned, an open countenance, soft and sedate, but without any one striking feature, and when you depart from him, the remembrance only of a fine man will remain; a fine figure, an exterior plain and modest, a dignity insinuating, and firm without severity, a manly boldness, an uncommon penetration to seize the whole of things submitted to his judgment, and a complete experience in war and politics; equally useful in the cabinet and in the field of Mars, the idol of his country, the admiration of the enemy he has fought and vanquished; modest in victory, great in the reverse. Why do I say reverse? very far from being subdued he has made every misfortune contribute to his success. He knows to obey as well as to command, he never made use of his power or the submission of his army to derogate from the authority of his country or to disobey its commands. With a perfect knowledge of man, he knew how to govern freemen in peace, and by his example, his activity, his energy, he taught them to love glory and danger, and to despise the inclemency of the climate and the rigors of winter. The soldier, jealous of his praises, feared even his silence; never was general better served and obeyed. More thoughtful of his country's glory than his own, he never trusted to chance; his operations marked by prudence, had always the preservation of his country for their sole object; he appeared unwilling to possess glory but from her alone; his maxim was always to gain time, to act on the defence, and without attacking his enemies in front, he knew how to harass them, to exhaust their forces by excursions, by surprises of which a great man only can value the utility. Like Camillus he forsook the charms of rural life and flew to the assistance of his country; like Fabius he saved it by procrastinating; like Peter the Great he triumphed over his enemies by the experience acquired by misfortune. There is not a man, not a monarch in Europe who would not envy the glory of having acted such a part as Washington. It is said the king of Prussia sent him a sword with only this direction, The oldest general of the old world to the greatest general of the new. If ever mortal fully enjoyed his reputation during his own lifetime, if ever a citizen found in his own country a recompense for his services and abilities, it is this hero; every where entertained, admired, caressed, he every where meets hearts eager to render him homage; if he enters a town, or if he passes through a village, old and young men, women and children, all follow him with acclamations; all load him with blessings; in every heart he has a temple consecrated to respect and friendship. How I am delighted with representing to myself the French general,* equally the idol and the hero of his army, saying at table as he sat near Washington, that he had never known what true glory was, nor a truly great man, until he became acquainted with him. When America, overthrown by the dreadful revolutions of nature, shall no longer exist, it will be remembered of Washington, that he was the defender of liberty, the friend of man, and the avenger of an oppressed people."

* The Marshal Count de Rochambeau,

The celebrated Italian poet, ALFIERI, in 1788 addressed his tragedy of *The First Brutus* "to the most illustrious and free citizen, General Washington," as follows:

"The name of the deliverer of America alone can stand on the title-page of the tragedy of the deliverer of Rome. To you, excellent and most rare citizen, I therefore dedicate this, without first hinting at a part of the so many praises due to yourself, which I now deem all comprehended in the sole mention of your name. Nor can this my slight allusion to you appear to you contaminated by adulation, since, not knowing you in person, and living disjoined from you by the immense ocean, we have but too emphatically nothing between us in common but the love of glory. Happy are you, who have been able to build your glory on the sublime and eternal basis of love to your country, demonstrated by actions! I, though not born free, yet having abandoned in time my lares, and for no other reason than that I might write loftily of liberty, hope by this means at least to have proved what might have been my love for my country if I had indeed fortunately belonged to one that deserved the title. In this single respect, I do not think myself wholly unworthy to mingle my name with yours."

CHARLES JAMES FOX said in the British Parliament on the thirty-first of January, 1794:

"Illustrious man! deriving honor less from the splendor of his situation than from the dignity of his mind! before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance!.... I cannot, indeed, help admiring the wisdom and fortune of this great man; by the phrase 'fortune' I mean not in the slightest degree to derogate from his merit; but notwithstanding his extraordinary talents and exalted integrity, it must be considered as singularly fortunate that he should have experienced a lot which so seldom falls to the portion of humanity, and have passed through such a variety of scenes without stain and without reproach. It must indeed create astonishment that, placed in circumstances so critical and filling for a series of years a station so conspicuous, his character should never once have been called in question; that he should in no one instance have been accused either of improper insolence or of mean submission, in his transactions with foreign nations. For him it has been reserved to run the race of glory without experiencing the smallest interruption to the brilliancy of his career."

In 1795, Mr. ERSKINE, afterward Lord Erskine, called Washington's attention to a passage in the work he had then just written on the Causes and Consequences of the War with France, in a letter in which he says:

"I have taken the liberty to introduce your august and immortal name in a short sentence which will be found in the book I send you. I have a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted classes of men; but you are the only human being for whom I ever felt an awful reverence. I sincerely pray God to grant you a long and serene evening to a life so gloriously devoted to the universal happiness of the world."

II.

WASHINGTON'S "RULES OF CIVILITY AND DECENT BEHAVIOR IN COMPANY."

AMONG the earlier writings of Washington Mr. Sparks preserves a series of directions as to personal conduct, and remarks, very justly, that whoever has studied the character of Washington will be persuaded that some of its most prominent features took their shape from the rules which he thus early selected and adopted as his guide.

1. Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.
2. In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.
3. Speak not when others speak, sit not when others stand, and walk not when others stop.
4. Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes, lean not on any one.
5. Be no flatterer, neither play with any one that delights not to be played with.
6. Read no letters, books, or papers in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one so as to read them, unasked; also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.
7. Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.
8. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.
9. They that are in dignity or office have in all places precedency; but whilst they are young, they ought to respect those that are their equals in birth or other qualities, though they have no public charge.
10. It is good manners to prefer them to whom we speak before ourselves, especially if they be above us, with whom, in no sort, we ought to begin.
11. Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.
12. In visiting the sick, do not presently play the physician, if you be not knowing therein.
13. In writing or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place.
14. Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.
15. Undertake not to teach your equal in the art himself professes; it savors of arrogancy.

16. When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

17. Being to advise or reprehend any one, consider whether it ought to be in public or in private, presently or at some other time, also in what terms to do it; and in reproving, show no signs of choler, but do it with sweetness and mildness.

18. Mock not, nor jest at any thing of importance; break no jests that are sharp or biting, and if you deliver any thing witty or pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

19. Wherein you reprove another be unblamable yourself, for example is more prevalent than precept.

20. Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curses nor revilings.

21. Be not hasty to believe flying reports, to the disparagement of any one.

22. In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature rather than procure admiration. Keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to time and place.

23. Play not the peacock, looking every where about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings sit neatly, and clothes handsomely.

24. Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

25. Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature, and in all causes of passion admit reason to govern.

26. Be not immodest in urging your friend to discover a secret.

27. Utter not base and frivolous things amongst grown and learned men: nor very difficult questions or subjects amongst the ignorant, nor things hard to be believed.

28. Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth, nor at the table: speak not of melancholy things, as death and wounds, and if others mention them, change, if you can, the discourse. Tell not your dreams but to your intimate friends.

29. Break not a jest where none take pleasure in mirth. Laugh not aloud, nor at all without occasion. Deride no man's misfortune, though there seem to be some cause.

30. Speak not injurious words, neither in jest or earnest. Scoff at none, although they give occasion.

31. Be not forward, but friendly and courteous, the first to salute, hear and answer, and be not pensive when it is a time to converse.

32. Detract not from others, but neither be excessive in commending.

33. Go not thither, where you know not whether you shall be welcome or not. Give not advice without being asked, and when desired, do it briefly.

34. If two contend together, take not the part of either unconstrained, and be not obstinate in your opinion: in things indifferent be of the major side.

35. Reprehend not the imperfections of others, for that belongs to parents, masters, and superiors.

36. Gaze not on the marks or blemishes of others, and ask not how they came. What you may speak in secret to your friend, deliver not before others.

37. Speak not in an unknown tongue in company, but in your own language; and that as those of quality do, and not as the vulgar. Sublime matters treat seriously.

38. Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

39. When another speaks, be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience. If any hesitate in his words, help him not, nor prompt him without being desired; interrupt him not, nor answer him till his speech be ended.

40. Treat with men at fit times about business, and whisper not in the company of others.

41. Make no comparisons, and if any of the company be commended for any brave act of virtue, commend not another for the same.

42. Be not apt to relate news, if you know not the truth thereof. In discoursing of things you have heard, name not your author always. A secret discover not.

43. Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

44. Undertake not what you cannot perform; but be careful to keep your promise.

45. When you deliver a matter, do it without passion and indiscretion, however mean the person may be you do it to.

46. When your superiors talk to any body, hear them, neither speak nor laugh.

47. In disputes, be not so desirous to overcome as not to give liberty to each one to deliver his opinion, and submit to the judgment of the major part, especially if they are judgers of the dispute.

48. Be not tedious in discourse, make not many digressions, nor repeat often the same matter of discourse.

49. Speak no evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

50. Be not angry at table whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not, put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish a feast.

51. Set not yourself at the upper end of the table, but if it be your due, or the master of the house will have it so contend not lest you should trouble the company.

52. When you speak of God or his attributes, let it be seriously in reverence and honor, and obey your natural parents.

53. Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.

54 Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called conscience.

III.

EXTRACT FROM WASHINGTON'S DIARY, DURING THE FEDERAL CONVENTION.

WASHINGTON kept diaries during the greater part of his life. The following extract from that which relates to the period of the Convention for forming the Constitution, discloses some of the social intimacies of the Chief in Philadelphia.

May 9th, 1787. — Crossed from Mount Vernon to Mr. Digges's a little after sunrise, and, pursuing the route by the way of Baltimore, dined at Mr. Richard Henderson's in Bladensburg, and lodged at Major Snowden's, where, feeling very severely a violent headache and sick stomach, I went to bed early.

10*th*. — A very great appearance of rain in the morning, and a little falling, induced me, though well recovered, to wait till about eight o'clock before I set off. At one o'clock I arrived at Baltimore; dined at the Fountain Inn, and supped and lodged at Dr. McHenry's; rain in the evening.

11*th*. — Set off before breakfast; rode twelve miles to Skirrett's; baited there, and proceeded without halting (weather threatening), to the ferry at Havre de Grace, where I dined, but could not cross, the wind being turbulent and squally. Lodged there.

12*th*. — With difficulty, on account of the wind, crossed the Susquehanna. Breakfasted at the ferry-house on the east side. Dined at the Head of Elk (Hollingsworth's tavern), and lodged at Wilmington. At the Head of Elk I was overtaken by Mr. Francis Corbin, who took a seat in my carriage.

13*th*. — About eight o'clock Mr. Corbin and myself set out, and dined at Chester (Mr. Wilky's), where I was met by Generals Mifflin (now speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly), Knox, and Varnum, Colonels Humphreys and Menges, and Majors Jackson and Nicholas, with whom I proceeded to Philadelphia. At Gray's Ferry the city light-horse, commanded by Colonel Miles, met me, and escorted me in; and the artillery officers, who stood arranged, saluted me as I passed. Alighted through a crowd at Mr. House's; but being again warmly and kindly pressed by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morris to lodge with them, I did so, and had my baggage removed thither. Waited on the president, Dr. Franklin,* as soon as I got to town. On my arrival the bells were chimed.

14*th*. — This being the day appointed for the Convention to meet, such members as were in town assembled at the State-house; but only two states being represented, namely, Virginia and Pennsylvania, agreed to attend at the same place at eleven o'clock to-morrow. Dined in a family way at Mr. Morris's.

15*th*. — Repaired at the hour appointed to the State-house; but no more states being represented than yesterday, though several more members had come in, we agreed to meet again to-morrow. Governor Randolph from Virginia came in to-day. Dined with the members of the general meeting of the Society of the Cincinnati.

16*th*. — No more than two states being yet represented, agreed, till a quorum of them should be formed, to alter the hour of meeting at the State-house to one o'clock. Dined at the president Dr. Franklin's, and drank tea and spent the evening at Mr. John Penn's.

17*th*. — Mr. Rutledge from Charleston, and Mr. Charles Pinckney from Congress, having arrived, gave a representation to South Carolina; and Colonel Mason, getting in this evening, placed all the delegates from Virginia on the floor of the Convention. Dined at Mr. Powel's and drank tea there.

18*th*. — The representation from New York appeared on the floor to-day. Dined at Gray's Ferry, and drank tea at Mr. Morris's; after which accompanied Mrs. Morris and some other ladies to hear a Mrs. O Connell read. The lady, being reduced in circumstances, had recourse to this expedient to obtain a little money. Her performance was tolerable; at the College Hall.

19*th*. — No more states represented. Dined at Mr. Ingersoll's; spent the evening at my lodgings, and retired to my room soon.

20*th*. — Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Morris and other company at their farm, called the Hills; returned in the afternoon, and drank tea at Mr. Powel's.

21*st*. — Delaware state was represented. Dined and drank tea at Mr. Bingham's in great splendor.

22*d*. — The representation from North Carolina was completed, which made a representation for five states. Dined and drank tea at Mr. Morris's.

23*d*. — No more states being represented, I rode to General Mifflin's to breakfast; after which, in company with him, Mr. Madison, Mr. Rutledge, and others, I crossed the Schuylkill above the Falls; visited Mr. Peters's, Mr. Penn's seat, and Mr. William Hamilton's. Dined at Mr. Chew's with the wedding guests (Colonel Howard of Baltimore having married his daughter Peggy). Drank tea there in a very large circle of ladies.

24*th*. — No more states represented. Dined and drank tea at Mr. John Ross's. One of my postillion boys (Paris) being sick, requested Dr. Jones to attend him.

25*th*. — Another delegate coming in from the state of New Jersey, gave it a representation, and increased the number to seven, which forming a quorum of the thirteen, the members present resolved to organize the body; when, by a unanimous vote, I was called up to the chair as president. Major William Jackson was appointed secretary; and a committee was chosen, consisting of three members, to prepare rules and regulations for conducting the business; and, after appointing door-keepers, the convention adjourned till Monday, to give time to the committee to report the matter referred to them. Returned many visits to-day. Dined at Mr. Thomas Willing's, and spent the evening at my lodgings.

* President of Pennsylvania.

26*th*. — Returned all my visits this forenoon. Dined with a club at the City Tavern, and spent the evening at my quarters writing letters.

27*th*. — Went to the Romish church to high mass. Dined, drank tea, and spent the evening at my lodgings.

28*th*. — Met in convention at ten o'clock. Two states more, namely, Massachusetts and Connecticut, were on the floor to-day. Established rules, agreeably to the plan brought in by the committee for the government of the Convention, and adjourned. Dined at home, and drank tea in a large circle at Mr. Francis's.

29*th*. — Attended Convention, and dined at home; after which accompanied Mrs. Morris to the benefit concert of a Mr. Juhan.

30*th*. — Attended Convention; dined with Mr. Vaughan; drank tea, and spent the evening at a Wednesday evening's party at Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence's.

31*st*. — The state of Georgia came on the floor of the Convention to-day, which made a representation of ten states. Dined at Mr. Francis's, and drank tea with Mrs. Meredith.

June 1*st*. — Attending in Convention; and, nothing being suffered to transpire, no minutes of the proceedings have been, or will be, inserted in this diary. Dined with Mr. John Penn, and spent the evening at a superb entertainment at Bush Hill given by Mr. Hamilton, at which were more than a hundred guests.

2*d*. — Major Jenifer coming in, with sufficient powers for the purpose, gave a representation to Maryland; which brought all the states in the Union into Convention, except Rhode Island, which had refused to send delegates. Dined at the City Tavern with the club, and spent the evening at my own quarters.

IV.

FRENCH CRITICISMS OF AMERICAN MANNERS AT THE CLOSE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

The *Memoires* of the Marshal Count de Rochambeau, so far as they relate to America, are for the most part military, but he has left us a few paragraphs on society. He says:

"The first act of Congress was to exclude from political as well as civil assemblies all ecclesiastics without exception. The ministers were forced in many communes to abandon their churches, and it was not until peace that several of them, having got themselves consecrated by the Lutheran bishops of Denmark and Sweden, were reinstated in their livings; by these precautions, religion was prevented from taking a part in political deliberation; every one professed his own religion with exactitude; the sanctity of the Lord's day was scrupulously observed. At all public feasts the minister of religion held the first place; he blessed the repast; but his prerogatives in society extended no further. Such preamble must naturally lead to pure and simple manners. Hospitality is the virtue the most generally observed. Young women are free till their marriage. The first question addressed to a young woman is whether she be married; if she be, there the conversation rests. It is not uncommon that, at the age of womanhood, they accompany their father and mother to church, although they have not yet made choice of any particular religion; if you ask them why, they say that they will follow the same religion as their husband. But when they have once entered the state of matrimony, they give themselves up entirely to it, and you seldom see, particularly in the rural districts, a woman of loose manners. Children are, generally speaking, kept extremely clean. A settler is, at home, neither a lord of a manor nor a farmer; he is a proprietor in a full sense of the word, possessing the *quantum sufficit* of his necessaries, and he lays out the overplus of his crops in the purchases of good and comfortable clothing, without any of the exterior appendages of luxury. The same simplicity is observed with regard to his furniture, and unblemished cleanliness is its principal merit; but it is not without difficulty that the American settler arrives at this state.

"I will now explain in what manner these settlements were formed in the origin, and how they still continue to be formed. Whereas there is much more land to be cleared than there are hands to cultivate it, laborers are in great demand; a cultivator or day laborer earned, in my time, a piaster of five livres ten sous per diem. It is not uncommon that a laborer, who works assiduously for the space of six years on an average, can accumulate a sufficient sum to purchase a piece of ground. They commence by firing the forests, which operation they call *dearing*. They next sow in the furrows every kind of seed, which grows with great abundance on a layer of rotten leaves, reduced to a vegetable soil formed at the expiration of many years. They then build their habitation with the round branches of the trees, piled one upon another, and propped up by stakes. They enclose their fields with barriers, according to their different destinations. They take care to reserve pens, covered over with leaves, to protect their cattle from the rain and heavy dew, wherein the animals are enabled to pass the night at large. At the expiration of twenty or thirty years, when they have succeeded in fully clearing the ground, they proceed to build more tidy and comfortable houses with planks cleverly joined, and wrought with great art. But little iron is used in these constructions; the doors and windows being made to fit with remarkable precision by their skilful carpenters. At length, twenty or thirty years later, the family's circumstances become more easy, and they then remove to a brick house, the complement of their architecture. The latter is composed of a kind of open hall or verandah, a neat drawing-room, which is not scantily supplied with fuel during the colder months, and a kitchen next to it. The family sit all the day in their drawing-room; they take four meals per day, interrupted only by moderate labor, and a little negro is incessantly occupied in spreading and clearing away the cloth. The bedrooms, with very clean and comfortable bedding, are situated on the first story, and their walls are whitewashed regularly every year. In the large towns, luxury has made more progress; rich merchants and bankers have provided their residence with costly English furniture; their ladies are clad to the tip of the French fashions, of which they are remarkably fond."

The Marquis de Chastellux, whose *Voyage dans l' Amerique* has been frequently quoted in the preceding pages, has many observations on the peculiarities of American manners, some of which are entertaining. Describing a dinner at the Chevalier de la Luzerne's, he says:

"The dinner was served in the American, or if you will, in the English fashion; consisting of two courses, one comprehending the entrées, the roast meat, and the warm side dishes; the other, the sweet pastry and confectionery. When this is removed, the cloth is taken off, and apples, nuts, and chestnuts are served: it is then that healths are drank; the coffee which comes afterwards serves as a signal to rise from table. These healths, or toasts, as I have already observed, have no inconvenience, and only serve to prolong the conversation, which is always more animated at the end of the repast; they oblige you to commit no excess, wherein they greatly differ from the German healths, and from those we still give in our garrisons and provinces. But I find it an absurd and truly barbarous practice, the first time you drink, and at the beginning of dinner, to call out successively to each individual, to let him know you drink his health. The actor in this ridiculous comedy is sometimes ready to die with thirst, whilst he is obliged to inquire the names, or catch the eyes of five and twenty or thirty persons, and the unhappy persons to whom he addresses himself, with impatience, for it is certainly not possible for them to bestow a very great attention to what they are eating, and what is said to them, being incessantly called to on the right and left, or pulled by the sleeve by charitable neighbors, who are so kind as to acquaint them with the politeness they are receiving. The most civil of the Americans are not content with this general call; every time they drink they make partial ones, for example, four or five persons at a time. Another custom completes the despair of poor foreigners, if they be ever so little absent, or have good appetites: these general and partial attacks terminate in downright duels. They call to you from one end of the table to the other: *Sir, will you permit me to drink a glass of wine with you?* This proposal always is accepted, and does not admit the excuse of the Great-Cousin, *one does not drink without being acquainted.* The bottle is then passed to you, and you must look your enemy in the face, for I can give no other name to the man who exercises such an empire over my will: you wait till he likewise has poured out his wine, and taken his glass; you then drink mournfully with him, as a recruit imitates the corporal in his exercise. But to do justice to the Ameri cans, they themselves feel the ridicule of these customs borrowed from old England, and since laid aside by her. They proposed to the Chevalier de la Luzerne to dispense with them, knowing that his example would have great weight; but he thought proper to conform, and he did right. The more the French are known to be in possession of giving their customs to other nations, the more should they avoid the appearance of changing those of the Americans. Happy our nation if her ambassadors and her travellers had always so correct an understanding, and if they never lost sight of this observation, that of all men, the dancing-master should have the most negligent air!"

Of dancing and music:

"Dancing is said to be at once the emblem of gayety and of love; here it seems to be the emblem of legislation, and of marriage; of legislation, inasmuch as places are marked out, the country dances named, and every proceeding provided for, calculated, and submitted to regulation; of marriage, as it furnishes each lady with a partner, with whom she dances the whole evening, without being allowed to take another. It is true that every severe law requires mitigation, and that it often happens, that a young lady after dancing the two or three first dances with her partner, may make a fresh choice, or accept of the invitation she has received; but still the comparison holds good, for it is a marriage in the *European fashion.* Strangers have generally the privilege of being complimented with the handsomest women. The Comte de Dumas had Mrs. Bingham for his partner, and the Vicomte de Noailles, Miss Shippen. Both of them, like true philosophers, testified a great respect for the manners of the country, by not quitting their handsome partners the whole evening; in other respects they were the admiration of all the assembly, from the grace and nobleness with which they danced; I may even assert, to the honor of my country, that they surpassed a Chief Justice of Carolina (Mr. Pendleton) and two members of Congress, one of whom (Mr. Duane) passed however for being by ten per cent. more lively than all the other dancers. The ball was suspended, towards midnight, by a supper, served in the manner of coffee, on several different tables. On passing into the dining room, the Chevalier de la Luzerne presented his hand to Mrs. Morris, and gave her the precedence, an honor pretty generally bestowed on her, as she is the richest woman in the city, and all ranks here being equal, men follow their natural bent, by giving the preference to riches.... When music and the fine arts come to prosper at Philadelphia; when society once becomes easy and gay there, and they learn to accept of pleasure when it presents itself, without a formal invitation, then may foreigners enjoy all the advantages peculiar to their manners and government, without envying any thing in Europe."

Of elegance in dress, and its influences:

"What I am about to say should only be whispered in your ear. I am going to handle a delicate subject: I am venturing to touch the ark. But be assured, that during a three years residence in America, the progress of the women's dress has not escaped me. If I have enjoyed this as a feeling man, if the results of this progress have not been viewed by me with an indifferent eye, my time of life and character are a pledge to you that I have observed them as a philosopher. Well, it is in this capacity I undertake their defence, but so long only as things are not carried to an excess. The virtue of the women, which is more productive of happiness, even for the men, than all the enjoyments of vice, if there be any real pleasures arising from that source; the virtue of the women, I say, has two bucklers of defence; one is retirement, and distance from all danger; this is the hidden treasure mentioned by Rochefoucauld, which is untouched because it is undiscovered. The other is loftiness, a sentiment always noble in its relation to ourselves. Let them learn to appreciate themselves; let them rise in their own estimation, and rely on that estimable pride for the preservation of their virtue as well as of their fame. They who love only pleasure, corrupt the sex, whom they convert only into an instrument of their voluptuousness; they who love women, render them better by rendering them

more amiable. But, you will say, is it by dress, and by exterior charms, that they must establish their empire? Yes, sir, every woman ought to seek to please; this is the weapon conferred on her by Nature to compensate the weakness of her sex. Without this she is a slave, and can a slave have virtues? Remember the word *decus*, of which we have formed *decency;* its original import is *ornament*. A filthy and negligent woman is not decent, she cannot inspire respect. I have already allowed myself to express my opinion by my wishes; I desire, then, that all the American women may be well dressed; but I have no objection to seeing that dress simple. They are not formed to represent the severity of the legislation; neither ought they to contrast with it, and convey a tacit insult on that severity. Gold, silver, and diamonds, then, should be banished from American dress; what excuse can there be for a luxury which is not becoming? But this indulgence, which I have expressed for the toilet of the women, I am far from allowing to the men. I am not afraid to say, that I should have a very bad opinion of them, if in a country where there are neither etiquette nor titles, nor particular distinctions, they should ever give in to the luxury of dress; a luxury, which even the French have laid aside, except on marriages and entertainments, and which no longer exists any where but in Germany and Italy, where certainly you will not go in search of models."

Philip Mazzei is now little known in this country except as one of the confidential correspondents of Mr. Jefferson. He was born in Tuscany in 1730, and, after a career of various adventure, came to America in 1773, with a small party of his countrymen, for the purpose of introducing into Virginia the culture of the grape, the olive, and other fruits of Italy. In the revolution he took an active part in support of our independence. In 1783 he returned to Europe; in 1785 he came a second time to America, and in 1788 he wrote in Paris his *Recherches Historiques et Politiques sur les Etats-Unis de l'Amerique Septentrionale*, in four volumes. This work has never been translated. He was subsequently privy councillor of the king of Poland, &c., and died in 1816. In his *Recherches* he presents some curious details of manners in Virginia, and, replying to certain passages by the Marquis de Chastellux, says:

"The Marquis de Chastellux states that 'the wealthiest people give but a very moderate dower to their daughters; and that, in consequence, depending on her personal attractions to win a husband, a girl is often a coquette and intriguer, and a married woman sad and moping.' It is true, as the marquis says, that dowers in America are quite moderate. His mistake is in the consequences which he deduces from this fact. In America, as indeed in every other nation, the usages of society are peculiar to the country; thus, among our own people, young men and women may meet at any hour of the day: hence they have little opportunity to assume and sustain a disguise; in other countries, where they pass but little time together, each one takes care to display his good qualities and to conceal his bad ones; here, their object is to become acquainted with each other's character; they marry only when they are mutually suited, and are rarely doomed to disappointment in the sequel, there having been no effort on the part of either to deceive. You never hear it remarked that such a man is attracted to a young woman merely because she is beautiful, and it is not rare that a girl refuses a young man whose fine person and large estate are his only recommendations. Coquetry, properly speaking, is not known here; the slightest practice of it would tarnish a young woman's reputation; yet it is not surprising that our traveller has been deceived on this subject. Any European visiting this country, without the means of forming an intimate acquaintance with the people in their own homes, would be liable to fall into a similar error — the first impressions which a stranger receives abroad are so greatly modified by his recollection of the peculiar habits of his own nation. In America it would be deemed a great indelicacy in a woman to show her legs two or three inches above her ankles. This would appear like affectation in many parts of Europe; in some of the Greek islands it would be ridiculous in a woman to have her skirts extend below her knees. In England, even among the better class, one is not shocked to see a person cut his finger nails in company; any where else such a liberty would be thought extremely indecorous. Among certain European communities a young woman is obliged to be very reserved with the men, especially with young men. Once married she is no longer under the slightest restraint. In America, on the contrary, young women are affable with young men, and married women are reserved, and their husbands are not as familiar with the girls as they were when bachelors. If a young man were to take it into his head that his betrothed should not be free and gay in her social intercourse, he would run the risk of being discarded, incur the reputation of jealousy, and would find it very difficult to get married. Yet if a single woman were to play the coquette she would be regarded with contempt. As this innocent freedom between the sexes diminishes in proportion as society loses its purity and simplicity of manners, as is the case in cities, I desire sincerely that our good Virginia ladies may long retain their liberty entire.

"In regard to married women, their household duties prevent them from spending much of their time in general society, but their reserve has in it nothing of sadness, although a stranger might judge differently, especially if he came from a country where women have their own way. Our women are free and affable in proportion to the acquaintance which they have with the persons with whom they converse.

"Young women, whose position in life relieves them from any domestic duties, often get up parties of pleasure, to ride on horseback, from one house to another, through woods and over rivers, stopping at different places to take rest as they require it, and have a dance as often as they can. They go on, increasing their party by taking with them girls from the different houses which they visit. These excursions often extend to a hundred leagues or more, and last several months. The managers endeavor to have as many young men with them as possible, and the gallant who cannot himself be of the party imagines that his lady-love should give it up at once. Jealousy is regarded as a despicable vice, and no one exhibits it unless he has the best grounds for it. In those things which depend entirely on custom, no nation has a right to criticise another.

It is not my purpose to analyze the 'Travels of the Marquis de Chastellux,' but simply to rectify some inaccuracies which tend to give an erroneous idea, not only of the morals, but also of the manners, of the people of this country. I shall close with a single observation on what this author has said on the subject of *precedence*. In describing a ball at Philadelphia, he says, 'The Chevalier de la Luzerne gave his arm to Madam Morris, to lead her first into the supper-room — she being the *richest* woman in the city; for here, where there is no distinction in rank, precedence is generally given to wealth.' Now, precedence for men is regulated by the place which they occupy in the state; in public, it is decided by law; in private, by custom. Women share the distinction of their husbands. An American in reading this account by the marquis would not be deceived; from the precedence yielded to Mrs. Morris he would understand that the wife of the President of Congress was not at the fête, nor yet the wife of the President of Pennsylvania, nor the wife of the Speaker of the General Assembly."

The Abbé ROBIN, whose description of Washington is quoted in a preceding page, gives us in his *Nouveau Voyage dans l'Amerique*, the following views of society:

"Piety is not the only motive which induces American women to be constant in their attendance at church. Having no places of public amusement, no fashionable promenades, they go to church to display their fine dress. They often appear there clothed in silks, and sometimes covered with superb ornaments. They wear their hair dressed very high on the crown of the head, in imitation of the fashion which prevailed among our French women some years since, or something after the style of the French women of the olden time. Instead of powder they use a kind of *eau de savon*, to make the hair glossy. This is frequently not unbecoming, the hair being of a very pretty blonde. The most *recherchées* however are beginning to adopt European fashions. They are tall and well proportioned; their features are generally regular; their complexion is very fair and without color; they have less ease and grace, but a more noble bearing than French ladies; indeed, I have noticed in many of them, something of the loftiness which characterizes some of the chef-d'œuvres of the old artists. The men are proportionably large, finely formed, and little inclined to *embonpoint*. Their complexion is slightly pale. They are less fashionable in their dress than the women, yet they are very neat. At twenty years of age the women have no longer the freshness of youth. At thirty-five or forty they are wrinkled and decrepit. The men are almost as premature. Hence I have presumed that the average length of life must be less in this country than it is in Europe. With a view to ascertain if this supposition be correct, I have visited all the church-yards of Boston, where it is customary to inscribe on the head-stone of each grave the name and age of the deceased. I have found that the majority of those who arrived at manhood died under the age of fifty. I have seen very few of sixty, scarcely any of seventy, and I have not met one beyond seventy.

"As we advance towards the south, we find a very sensible difference in the manners and customs of the people. In Connecticut the houses are placed on the public roads, at small intervals, and barely large enough to accommodate a single family, and are furnished in the most plain and simple manner; but here are spacious, isolated habitations, consisting of several edifices, built in the centre of a plantation, and so remote from the public road as to be lost to the view of travellers. These plantations are cultivated by negroes.... The furniture of the houses here, is of the most costly wood, and the rarest marble, enriched and decorated by artists; they have light and elegant carriages, which are drawn by fine horses; the coachmen are slaves, and are richly dressed. There appears to be more wealth and luxury in Annapolis than in any other city which I have visited in this country. The extravagance of the women here surpasses that of our own provinces; a French hair-dresser is a man of great importance; one lady here pays to her coiffeur a salary of a thousand crowns. This little city, which is at the mouth of the Severn river, contains several handsome edifices. The state-house is the finest in the country; its front is ornamented with columns, and the building surmounted by a dome. There is also a theatre here. Annapolis is a place of considerable shipping. The climate is the most delightful in the world.

The Duke de la ROCHEFOUCAULD LIANCOURT, in the eighth volume of his *Voyage dans les Etats Unis*, presents a summary of his views of the social life of the Americans, as follows:

"If I have been severely exact in representing an excessive avidity of becoming rich, as the common characteristic of the American people, and especially in the inhabitants of cities, I shall be as exactly just in adding that this disposition does not hurry them on to avarice. Without being profuse, or forgetting the interest of their families, they know how to be at proper times expensive, even with ostentation, and they do not refuse to assist the unfortunate, when proper opportunities for it occur.... Without becoming an extravagant enthusiast of the Quakers, it is impossible not to remark, that in every place where any beneficent plan is formed for the good of humanity, there they are always ready visitors. They are, perhaps, as is said of them, as much engaged in the occupation of amassing riches, as those who do not belong to their society; but granting it to be so, this does not prevent them from applying themselves, upon every occasion, to acts of kindness and beneficence. Their tenets, their principles, and their laws, rigorously prescribe this duty; and their constant inspection over their societies inures them to it.

"Though there be no distinctions acknowledged by the law in the United States, fortune and the nature of professions form different classes. The merchants, the lawyers, the land-owners, who do not cultivate their land themselves (and the number, which is small from the state of Delaware to the north, is great in the states of the south), the physicians, and the clergy, form the first class. The inferior merchants, the farmers, and the artisans, may be included in the second; and the third class is composed of workmen, who let themselves by the day, by the month, &c. In balls, concerts, and public amusements, these classes do not mix; and yet, except the laborer in ports, and the common sailor, every one calls himself, and is called by others, a *gentleman;* a small fortune is sufficient for the assumption of this title, as it carries men from one class to another. They deceive themselves very much who think that pure republican manners prevail in America. The white American, by a pride which cannot be blamed, and which proceeds from the negroes being generally employed in the service, is ashamed of the situation of a domestic; so that there cannot be reckoned throughout the whole extent of the United States, twenty native Americans in the state of

domestic servants. The class of domestics in America is composed of poor priests, Germans, and of negroes and mulattoes; and as soon as the first have acquired a little money, they quit that station, regarded with a sort of contempt, and establish themselves upon land, which they clear and till, or in a small trade. In short, they become independent of a master. The prejudice which causes the men in America to have so great a repugnance to the state of domestic servitude, does not influence the women in the same degree; nothing is more common than to see young women of good families, in the situation of servants, during the first years of their youth. Even their parents engage them in this situation without shocking any ideas. I have been told by M. de Faubonne, a Frenchman, formerly a captain in the regiment of Auvergne (and whom the pride of independence induced to take up the business of a gardener for the support of his family, though he was forty-six years of age), that he had had in his service, as maid-servant, the niece of the mayor of the city of New York, a young woman very honest, and well brought up. Similar examples are very common.

"In a country which has belonged to England for a long time, of which the most numerous and nearest connections are yet with England, and which carries on with England almost all its commerce, the manners of the people must necessarily resemble, in a great degree, those of England. To the American manners particularly, those relative to living are the same as in the provinces of England. As to the dress, the English fashions are as faithfully copied, as the sending of merchandise from England, and the tradition of tailors and mantuamakers will admit of. The distribution of the apartments in their houses is like that of England, the furniture is English, the town carriages are either English, or in the English taste: and it is no small merit among the fashionable world to have a coach newly arrived from London, and of the newest fashion. The cookery is English, and, as in England, after dinner, which is not very long, the ladies withdraw, and give place to drinking of wine in full bumpers, the most prominent pleasure of the day, and which it is, consequently, very natural to prolong as late as possible. There are great dinners, numerous tea parties, invited a long time in advance, but no societies. So that these tea assemblies are every where a fund of amusement for the ladies. Balls and plays are much frequented. It is generally understood that these kinds of dissipation belong only to the towns, and particularly to large cities. Luxury is very high there, especially at New York and Philadelphia, and makes a dangerous progress every year; but easily to be conceived, since luxury is, in some degree, the representation of riches, and that wealth there is the only distinction. There are some persons who surpass their neighbors, already too far advanced, in luxury; these injure the manners of the country, but while the people censure, they pursue these seductive paths; and frequent and sumptuous dinners are held in as high consideration in the new as in the old world; and this custom has its advantages very often. It has been seen that this consideration has raised to the place of temporary President of the Senate of the United States, a man who was not esteemed by any of those who elected him, or by any other, either for his talents, his qualities, or for his character, but he entertained his friends with sumptuous dinners. In the other towns, and especially in the country, luxury is less prevalent, but it continually increases, and often out of proportion with wealth.

"The women every where possess, in the highest degree, the domestic virtues, and all others; they have more sweetness, more goodness, at least as much courage, but more sensibility, than the men. Good wives, and good mothers, their husbands and their children engage their whole attention; and their household affairs occupy all their time and all their cares; destined by the manners of their country to this domestic life, their education in other respects is too much neglected. They are amiable by their qualities and their natural disposition, but there are very few among them who are so from any acquired accomplishments. What they esteem to be virtue in wives is the virtue of the whole sex; and if in the United States malice may throw out her suspicion upon twenty, there are certainly not above ten of them who can be accused justly, and all the rest treat these with great rigor.

"The young women here enjoy a liberty, which to French manners would appear disorderly; they go out alone, walk with young men, and depart with them from the rest of the company in large assemblies; in short, they enjoy the same degree of liberty which married women do in France, and which married women here do not take. But they are far from abusing it; they endeavor to please, they desire to obtain husbands, and they know that they shall not succeed if their conduct becomes suspected. Sometimes they are abused by the men, who deceive them, but then they add not to the misfortune of having engaged their hearts to a cruel man the regret of deserving it, which might give them remorse. When they have obtained a husband, they love him, because he is their husband, and because they have not an idea that they can do otherwise; they revere custom by a kind of state religion, which never varies.

"The Americans marry young, especially in the country: the occasion which the young men, who generally establish themselves very early either in some new lands or in some trade, have for a wife to assist them in their labors, conduces to these early marriages as much as the purity of manners. In the villages, marriages are less frequent and not so hasty, especially since the introduction of luxury renders an acquired fortune more necessary; and the young men hardly feel the necessity of loving, with the project of marriage, till they have already satisfied, or are in the way of satisfying, the more imperious necessity of gaining money. But however good the marriages may be, the wife who dies is readily replaced by another. In the country she is, as in Europe, a necessary friend to the management of domestic affairs — she is the soul of the family. In town she is so too. She is an indispensable resource for domestic affairs, while her husband is engaged in his own affairs, as every one is in America; she is an assiduous companion, and a society ever ready to be found in a country where there are no other but that of the family, and where the children soon quit their paternal abode.

"An European coming into the new world, and bringing with him the need of the usage of the politer attentions of that which he has quitted; he, above all, who brings with him the need of what we call in France the charms of society, which we know so well how to appreciate, of which we know how to participate, and which affords us so many moments of happiness, — such a man will not find himself satisfied in America, and his recollections will be continually sprinkling his life with melancholy. He cannot, if his heart has an occasion for a friend, hope to find there the sweetness of a constant and avowed friendship. The inhabitants of the United States have been hitherto too much engaged in their respective occupations for the enticements of polished society, to be able to withdraw their attention from them; they have not leisure to consecrate to friendship.

"Such an European ought to have for a long time forgotten Europe, in order to live quite happy in America. But if he can readily lose the remembrance of it, or take with him there the dearest objects of his affection, he will lead in America a happy and tranquil life. He will there enjoy the blessing of liberty in the greatest extent which it is possible to desire in any polished country. He will see himself with an active people, easy in their circumstances, and happy. Every day will bring him to observe a new progress of this new country. He will see it every day take a step towards that strength and greatness to which it is called; towards that real independence which is for a nation the result of having the means of satisfying itself."

TALLEYRAND'S descriptions of the American Woodcutter and Fisherman are often quoted in the original, as examples of the extraordinary mastery possessed by that celebrated wit and statesman over the resources of his native tongue. Lord Brougham remarks that "writers of a less severe school might envy their poetical effect, and learn from them, perhaps, how possible it is to be pointed and epigrammatic without being affected, and sentimental without being mawkish;" and one of our own critics has characterized these celebrated portraits as, "in the language of amateurs, rich and sparkling — pure, brilliant, exquisite cabinet gems — but wholly works of fancy." They are from Talleyrand's Memoir concerning the Commercial Relations of the United States with Great Britain:

"In many districts, the sea and woods have formed fishermen and woodcutters. Now such men, properly speaking, have no country; and their social morality is reduced within a very small compass. It has long ago been said, that man is the disciple of that which surrounds him; and it is true. Hence, he whose bounds are circumscribed by nothing but deserts, cannot receive lessons with regard to the social comforts of life. The idea of the need which men have one of another, does not exist in him; and it is merely by decomposing the trade which he exercises, that one can find out the principles of his affections, and the sum of his morality.

"The American woodcutter does not interest himself in any thing; every sensible idea is remote from him. Those branches so agreeably disposed by nature; the beautiful foliage; the bright color which enlivens one part of the wood; the darker green which gives a melancholy shade to another; these things are nothing to him; he pays them no attention; the number of strokes of his axe required to fell a tree fills all his thoughts. He never planted; he knows not the pleasure of it. A tree of his own planting would be good for nothing in his estimation; for it would never, during his life, be large enough to fell. It is by destruction that he lives; he is a destroyer wherever he goes. Thus every place is equally good in his eyes; he has no attachment to the spot on which he has spent his labor; for his labor is only fatigue, and is unconnected with any idea of pleasure. In the effects of his toil he has not witnessed those gradual increases of growth, so captivating to the planter; he regards not the destination of his productions; he knows not the charms of new attempts; and if, in quitting the abode of many years, he does not by chance forget his axe, he leaves no regret behind him.

"The vocation of an American fisherman begets an apathy, almost equal to that of the woodcutter. His affections, his interests, his life, are on the side of that society to which it is thought that he belongs. But it would be a prejudice to suppose that he is a very useful member of it. For we must not compare these fishermen to those of Europe, and think that the fisheries here, are, like them, a nursery for seamen. In America, with the exception of the inhabitants of Nantucket, who fish for whales, fishing is an idle employment. Two leagues from the coast, when they have no dread of foul weather, a single mile when the weather is uncertain, is the sum of the courage which they display; and the line is the only instrument with whose use they are particularly acquainted. Thus their knowledge is but a trifling trick; and their action, which consists in constantly hanging one arm over the side of the boat, is little short of idleness. They are attached to no place; their only connection with the land is by means of a wretched house which they inhabit. It is the sea that affords them nourishment; hence a few codfish, more or less, determine their country. If the number of these seems to diminish in any particular quarter, they emigrate in search of another country, where they are more abundant. When it was remarked by some political writers, that fishing was a sort of agriculture, the remark was brilliant but not solid. All the qualities, all the virtues, which are attached to agriculture, are wanting in the man who lives by fishing. Agriculture produces a patriot in the truest acceptation of the word; fishing alone can succeed in forming a cosmopolite."

The Chevalier FELIX DE BEAUJOUR was Consul General here, and may have suffered in some commercial transactions with Americans. He says:

"Although honesty is not the favorite virtue of the American merchants, it is not, as is usually believed in Europe, entirely banished from among them; and we still find, even amidst the corruption of their maritime cities, some persons of great uprightness and rigid probity. In the country, and among the villagers embosomed in the woods, considerable candor and good faith is to be met with, and, in general, good and upright characters are hardly less frequent in the United States, than in other countries; but high spirited and lofty souls, generous and magnanimous hearts, in a word, great and noble characters are there infinitely rarer than in other parts, and particularly than in the South of Europe, where they shine amidst the universal depravity that surrounds them, like stars in the obscurity of night. If, however, the Americans have none or but few of those eminent qualities which ennoble human nature and cause it to be admired, they have others which, although more modest, are not less estimable, and which still contribute more to the happiness of life; such as the love of freedom, of industry, of order, and of cleanliness. The American people sincerely love liberty, and they deserve to enjoy it, by their regard and respect for the laws. The least arbitrary act,

in that country, would revolt the most dependent man; but he obeys the meanest bailiff who speaks in the name of the law, and he would deliver up a friend, a brother, who should seek to elude it. Very few Americans are seen begging, and every one who is capable of working for his livelihood would be ashamed to live at the expense of another. The people of the United States are naturally orderly: and when one enters into a house, even of the lower classes, the eye is agreeably pleased with the regularity and neatness that reigns throughout; but what most gratifies a foreigner who arrives in the United States, is that external cleanliness so remarkable every where, in the streets, in the houses, as well as in the dress. Every body is there decently clad; the men with cloth coats, the women with linen gowns, generally white; all in a neat and clean manner, and nobody ever appears in public with those offensive rags which in other countries shock the eye. The houses, built of bricks or wood, are always freshly, and often agreeably painted; and though they are neither furnished nor decorated with luxury no requisite is wanting, and every thing is kept tidy and clean. On entering them, it is impossible not to admire the polish of the furniture, and even the extreme cleanliness of the floors. The greatest part of the streets are ornamented with foot-ways for the convenience of passengers, and they are all carefully swept and watered in the hot season. In short, this taste for cleanliness, so general in the Americans, is even remarkable in the places where they bury their dead. In no country are burying-grounds so neat and ornamental to be met with; the rich raise over their friends tombs of white marble, the middle classes upright stones, and the poorest construct hillocks, which they cover with green turf. American cleanliness must certainly have in it something attractive, since it engages every traveller; not one on returning to his own country fails to wish he could there find that air of ease and cleanliness which had been so agreeable to his eye during his residence in the United States.

"This systematic taste for cleanliness, in that country, as well as every where else, is accompanied by the most happy effects; it is serviceable to health, diminishes the cause of sickness, favors the love of order and economy, and diffuses among every class of the community, a sentiment of dignity which becomes blended with all the ideas of propriety and decency. It even appears, that it favors, as much as food and climate, the display of the human form. And thus, indeed, have the Americans nearly all a high stature, a good shape, a strong and well proportioned frame, a fresh and ruddy complexion; but, in general, they have little delicacy in their features, and little expression in their physiognomy. Though few ugly men are to be found among them, still fewer really handsome ones are to be seen, I mean of that towering and manly beauty sometimes remarked in the South of Europe, and which served as a model to the finest statues of the ancients. They are, for the greatest part, of those tall forms, ruddy and soft, such as Tacitus describes the Germans, who frequently concealed under them no other than an obtuse mind and soul devoid of energy. It is, perhaps, to this vice in their physical constitution, more than to their geographical position, that the eternal irresolution of their government is owing; but it is to be presumed, that their temperament will improve with their climate, and that the Americans will some day or other acquire more vivacity of mind and more vigor in their character. The women have more of that delicate beauty which belongs to their sex, and, in general, have finer features, and more expression in their physiognomy. Their stature is usually tall, and nearly all are possessed of a light and airy shape; the breast high, a fine head, and their color of a dazzling whiteness. Let us imagine, under this brilliant form, the most modest demeanor, a chaste and virginal air, accompanied by those simple and unaffected graces which flow from artless nature, and we may have an idea of their style of beauty; but this beauty passes, and fades in a moment. At the age of twenty-five their form changes, and at thirty, the whole of their charms have disappeared. As long as they are unmarried they enjoy the greatest liberty, but as soon as they have entered the conjugal state they bury themselves in the bosom of their families, and appear no longer to live, but for their husbands. If, however, they thus contribute less to the pleasures of society, they nevertheless increase those of wedlock, which makes the American wives both thrifty and faithful, divested of the vices of their husbands, and possessing all their virtues.

"With this species of existence are the people of the United States destined to be more happy than those of Europe? This is not easy to decide, because this question, which is very simple under one head, becomes complicated under an infinite number of others. In the first place, the Americans in domestic life have more means of happiness; but in social life have less; and if they almost live without pain, they also nearly live without pleasure. They do not know the art of multiplying or varying their enjoyments, and the monotony of their existence resembles the silence of the tombs.

"In Europe the equality that reigns between the inhabitants of the United States has been greatly blazoned forth; but this equality is less real than apparent, because the manners have there established in society distinctions more pointed than any where else; distinctions rendered the more odious from being founded on riches, without any regard to talents or even to public functions. There the rich blockhead is more considered than the first magistrate, and the influence of gold is there counterbalanced by no illusion or reality. In that country there exists no other than an extreme liberty or extreme dependence; every one is there either master or servant, and scarcely any of those intermediate classes are to be found, which, by their services, bind all the members of a great community to each other."

M. VOLNEY abstains from any general commentary on American manners, but has some sharp observations on our dietetics, which he thinks demand the interference of the government:

"It is an important duty of the government to enlighten their people as to the consequences of that pernicious diet, which they have borrowed from their ancestors, the Germans and English. We may venture to affirm, that if a premium were offered for a regimen most destructive to the teeth, the stomach, and the health in general, none could be devised more efficacious for these ends than that in use among this people. At breakfast they deluge the stomach with a pint of hot water, slightly impregnated with tea, or slightly tinctured, or rather colored, with coffee; and they swallow, almost without mastication, hot bread, half baked, soaked in melted butter, with the grossest cheese, and salt or hung beef, pickled pork or fish, all which can with difficulty be dissolved. At dinner they devour boiled pastes, called, absurdly, puddings, garnished with the most luscious sauces. Their turnips and other vegetables are floated in lard or butter. Their pastry is nothing but a greasy paste, imperfectly baked. To digest these various substances, they take tea, immediately after dinner, so strong that it is bitter to the taste, as well as utterly destructive of the

nervous system. Supper presently follows, with salt meat and shell fish in its train. Thus passes the whole day, in heaping one indigestive mass upon another. To brace the exhausted stomach, wine, rum, gin, malt spirits, or beer, are used with dreadful prodigality.

"These modes of diet are not unsuitable to the Tartarian tribes, from whom the people of the west of Europe were originally descended, yet they employ none of these pernicious stimulants. Their wandering and *equestrian* life makes them capable of digesting any thing; but when nations change their climate, or sink into the wealth, refinement, and ease of a stationary people, the whole mass undergoes material alterations. The ploughmen of Germany or England may copy their hardy ancestors without much inconvenience; but not so those that dwell in cities, and pass their time in a slothful or sedentary manner, and still less those who change the chills and damps of their native climate for a torrid region like Georgia or the Carolinas. Habit itself, though almost omnipotent, cannot reconcile this system to so repugnant a climate. Hence it is, that the English are the least able to contend with the evils of tropical climates, of any people of Europe, and their American descendants must abjure the example, or they will incur the same inconveniences. Regimen has so much influence on health, and is of such moment in the yellow fever, that this malady never appeared within the precincts of the Philadelphia prison, a circumstance no doubt owing to the rigid temperance observed in this institution, by which the stomach is never overloaded, nor the fluids depraved, and to the exclusion of spirituous liquors, for drunkenness is a vice as prevalent in the United States as among the savages themselves.

"I am far from imagining that the manners of a nation, in these respects, can be easily or speedily changed. I know too well the infatuation of mankind, and the obstinacy of general and long-established habits; but I cannot help thinking, that if half the pains were taken by governments to enlighten their subjects as are taken to mislead them, a reformation might be wrought, such as the contemners of mankind have no conception of at present."

SOCIAL LIFE IN VIRGINIA AFTER THE REVOLUTION.

The Duke de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt, from whose *Voyage dans les Etats Unis* some general observations on the social life of this country during Washington's presidency have already been quoted, has the following paragraphs especially referring to manners in Virginia at the same period:

"The Virginians generally enjoy a character for hospitality, which they truly deserve; they are fond of company; their hospitality is sincere, and may perhaps be the reason of their spending more than they should do; for in general they are not rich, especially in clear income. You find, therefore, very frequently, a table well served, and covered with plate, in a room where half the windows have been broken for ten years past, and will probably remain so ten years longer. But few houses are in a tolerable state of repair, and no part of their buildings is kept better than the stables, because the Virginians are fond of hunting, races, and, in short, of all pleasures and amusements that render it necessary to take peculiar care of horses, which are the fashion of the day.

"The Virginians are good husbands, and good fathers; but, from a love of dissipation, they keep less at home than the inhabitants of other states. I have heard ladies reproach them with being subject to jealousy. This may be the case: in every country under the sun, dissipated husbands are jealous. The women are amiable, and enjoy the reputation of fulfilling their duties with the same exactness as in other parts of America, where the husbands pass more time with their wives. They are more sprightly and agreeable than in the eastern states, but not so much so as in South Carolina; nor are they so pretty as in Philadelphia. I have, however, seen Virginian ladies who are inferior to none in personal charms and graceful manners.

"In Virginia the lawyers usually insist on payment before they proceed in a suit; and this custom is justified by the general disposition of the inhabitants to pay as little and as seldom as possible. I have heard physicians declare that they do not annually receive one-third of what is due them for professional services; that they have some of these debts of five and twenty years' standing; that their claims are frequently denied; and that, in order to recover payment, they are obliged to send writs, carry on lawsuits, etc.

"The derangement of affairs occasioned by expenses exceeding the bounds of income, and especially by gaming—and, above all, the want of delicacy, resulting from that derangement, and from the habit of thinking lightly of debts—are the causes of this immoral order of things; and it is in some degree encouraged by the laws of the state, which do not allow the seizure of lands or other immovable property for the payment of debts."

Another observant Frenchman, writing about the same time, presents a very similar description of the peculiarities of society in Virginia in the earlier years of American independence.

"The gentleman of fortune," he remarks, "rises about nine o'clock. He perhaps may make an exertion to walk as far as his stables to see his horses, which are seldom more than fifty yards from his house. He returns between nine and ten to breakfast, which is generally of tea or coffee, bread and butter, and very thin slices of venison, ham or hung beef. He then lies down on a pallet, on the floor, in the coolest room in the house, in his shirt and trowsers only, with a negro at his head, and another at his feet, to fan him, and keep off the flies. Between twelve and one, he takes a draught of bombo, or toddy, a liquor composed of water, sugar, rum, and nutmeg, which is made weak, and kept cool. He dines between two and three, and at every table, whatever else there may be, a ham, and greens, of cabbage, are always a standing dish. At dinner, he drinks cider, toddy, punch, port, claret, or Madeira, which is generally excellent here. Having drank some few glasses of wine after dinner, he returns to his pallet, with his two blacks to fan him, and continues to drink toddy or sangaree all the afternoon. He does not always drink tea. Between nine and ten in the evening, he eats a light supper of milk and fruit, or wine, sugar, and fruit, and almost immediately retires to bed, for the night: in which, if it be not furnished with

musketo curtains, he is generally so molested with the heat, and harassed and tormented with these pernicious insects, that he receives very little refreshment from sleep. This is the general way of living in his family, when he has no company. No doubt, many differ from it—some in one respect, some in another: but more follow it than do not.

"The lower and many of the middling classes live very differently. A man of these classes rises in the morning about six o'clock. He then drinks a julep, made of rum, water, and sugar, but very strong. Then he walks, or more generally rides, round his plantation, views all his stock, and all his crop; and breakfasts about ten o'clock, on cold turkey, cold meat, fried hominy, toast and cider, ham, bread and butter, tea, coffee, or chocolate, which last, however, is seldom used by the women. The rest of the day he spends much in the manner above described, of a man of the first rank; only cider supplies the place of wine at dinner, and he eats no supper; they never even think of it. The women very seldom drink tea in the afternoon; the men never."

V.

EDUCATION OF AMERICAN WOMEN DURING WASHINGTON'S ADMINISTRATION.

From nothing can the real condition of society be inferred with more certainty than from the education of its women. In contemporary memoirs and correspondence we have frequent references to schools for girls in Boston, Newport, New-York, Philadelphia, and other cities, before and during the revolution, and to the close of the last century, but by far the most popular as well as the best seminary of this description in America, from the peace to the retirement of the first president, appears to have been that of the Moravians, at Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania. I have quoted* some allusions to it by John Adams, written in 1777. Eighteen years later it was visited by a woman of New York, who addressed to a friend the following characteristic and not unpleasing account of it:

A JOURNEY TO BETHLEHEM, IN THE SUMMER OF 1795.

"I think I cannot do better than to present you a little sketch of our Bethlehem tour. We were drawn thither by the fame of the seminary, and, high as our expectations were raised, we found them greatly exceeded. Bethlehem is in the state of Pennsylvania, fifty-four miles north of Philadelphia; it is a beautiful village, and without the smallest degree of enthusiasm may be pronounced a terrestrial paradise. It is true, we do not wander here through orange and citron groves, but nature has shaped for us the most enchanting walks. Embowering shades, meadows, hills and dales, every where strike the eye with agreeable variety. Parallel rivers pursue their glassy courses, the margins of which are planted with the flourishing and highly perfumed locusts, cedars and chestnuts, and with a variety of trees bearing the most delicious fruits. Upon an eminence is Bethlehem; the cultivated scene is displayed before us: a chain of verdant hills encircles it, and this little Eden is in the midst. The town, with a very few exceptions, is built of stone, and the dwellings are generally upon a large scale.

"The house of the brethren, that of the sisterhood, the asylum for widows, and the seminary for young ladies, are uncommonly elevated and capacious, and there is an air of dignified simplicity through these several structures. The greatest order and unanimity is preserved; even the water-works are characteristic; from one spring the inhabitants are supplied; a cistern conveys it to their kitchens; by the aid of a pump, worked by a water machine, the leaden pipes receive it, and the ready spout, at pleasure, discharges in every domicil the purifying stream.

"The town was originally planted by Germans; many natives of Europe now reside here, and they preserve their ancient customs with much exactness. A great variety of arts and manufactures are carried to high perfection, among which are those of the tanner, clothier, stocking-weaver, tin-worker, blacksmith, gold and silversmith, saw and scythe maker, wheelwright, and chaise and harness maker; grist-mills also, upon the best plan, are found here, and a brewery, after the English model; likewise printing and bookbinding, with all the common crafts.

"The religion of the people is a system of benevolence; its foundation is true philanthropy, upon which basis rises the superstructure of morality.

"I admire beyond expression the regularity conspicuous in every department. The virgin choir have all the advantages which the cloistered fair one can boast, without her restraints. I enquired of one of the sisters if it was in her power to quit her engagements? 'Our doors, madam,' replied the charming recluse, 'are always open; but once relinquishing this retreat, a second entrance is found very difficult.' This circle of amiable women dwell together in perfect amity; every one pursues her different vocation, and the profits make a common fund; never did I see all kinds of needle-work carried to greater excellence; every flower, also, which prolific nature produces, is imitated so exactly as to render it only not impossible to distinguish the copies from the models; I never saw them surpassed by any imported from Europe; and with the beauty, richness, and exquisite shading of their embroidery, I was particularly pleased. As we passed through the apartments, the tambour, needle-work, flowers, &c., were displayed for sale: I regretted that their cost was beyond my reach. Neither is the loom nor the distaff neglected—cloths of a superior kind being manufactured here; and we were shown the art of spinning without a wheel.

"The sisterhood consists, at this present, of about one hundred maidens, who, after a night of such slumbers

* Ante, p. 8.

as health and innocence produce, assemble in an elegant apartment, which is consecrated their chapel. It is properly fitted up, supplied with an organ and music books, and, in beautiful capitals, the following inscriptions, on either side, meet the eyes: "God hath appointed us to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him;' 'I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God, for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.' Here the choir, at early dawn and at closing eve, together hymn the praises of God, and, prostrating themselves in his presence, the most venerable among them present their petitions and thanksgivings at the throne of grace. At one board they are every day seated. Persons selected for the purpose prepare their table. The wash-house, where the apparel of the sisterhood, the tutoresses, and their pupils, is made fit for use in the best manner, is at a considerable distance.

"The establishment of the brethren is of a similar kind, and a like institution for widowed matrons is also admirably completed. All that was wrong in their system they seem to have rectified. The males and females, under the chaste auspices of Hymen, may now form for themselves the tender connection; it is true that, on doing so, they must quit their respective retirements, but, choosing a spot in Bethlehem, they may commence housekeeping, continuing, if they please, their intercourse with, and attachment to, their former associates. This privilege is denied to any but a Moravian; for though you may sojourn or reside for a time in Bethlehem, yet, if of any other persuasion, you cannot become a freeholder there. Thus, married people are not, as heretofore, separated; they live together much in the manner of the rest of the world; nor are they, as I hinted, *now* arbitrarily united by the whim or caprice of the brethren.

"Only one inn is allowed in Bethlehem, but this is upon an extensive plan, with every thing in its season, and in fine order; eighteen double beds are furnished, and the emoluments accruing augment the common stock.

"But it is for its seminary of virtue, and every excellent quality of the heart, and almost every embellishment of the understanding, that these Elysian Fields will chiefly interest an enlightened and judicious public. Place your daughter at Bethlehem, and, for a very moderate consideration, she will be taught a perfect knowledge of her mother tongue; and with the utmost elegance, the French and German languages; reading, writing, composition and arithmetic, will be given her in as much perfection as she is capable of attaining to; music, painting, and geography, with the rudiments of astronomy, she will acquire, and at the same time the strictest attention to her health will be unremittedly paid. It is, however, in your choice to omit for her any of these branches of study. An early habit of order and regularity, without which I sincerely believe no one important object was ever yet compassed, will also be acquired. The young candidate for excellence is summoned by a bell from her pillow; at a certain hour she must rise, wash, and comb her hair; next she is to attend prayers; then comes breakfast; after which, in a regular succession, her several employments. By the way, at morning and evening prayers they play on their guitars, which they join with their voices, chanting some divine poem to the praise of the Saviour These devotional exercises are performed in the little consecrated chapel, which makes a part of the school building, into which no male ever enters. Six o'clock is the hour of rising, and eight of retiring to rest. A lamp continues burning through the night, and the girls are often lulled to sleep by the soft sounds of vocal and instrumental music. The school is divided into a number of apartments; each apartment, according to its dimensions, contains a smaller or larger number of pupils. Every division has its particular intendant or tutoress, and over all there is a superior. The lodging-room is in a lofty situation, and accommodated with a ventilator; the culinary apartment is under the ground floor, and their diet is wholesome and sufficiently varied. Twice a year the young ladies pass public examination, at which the reverend teacher of the Bethlehemite Society presides; and every Sunday collects the whole congregation, men, women and children, in the great or common chapel, which is ornamented with some very affecting Scripture pieces, and has an exceeding fine organ, that is accompanied by the violin and bass-viol. Singing, you know, constitutes a very large part of the Moravian worship, and their music is next to divine. Church service is performed alternately in English and German, and its matter is rational and instructive. The maidens are much accustomed to walking, and with delightfully romantic promenades Bethlehem abounds; every fine evening, guarded by one or another of the governesses, without whom they never make an excursion, they indulge in this pleasing and salutary exercise.

"From Elizabethtown, Lancaster and Philadelphia, regular stages to this seminary have lately been established. These bring the children, who have friends in the towns from which the stages are sent out, or in those through which they pass, upon a post evening, in the great roads. We were fortunate enough to accompany one of these stage carriages to Bethlehem; a happy concurrence of events brought us acquainted with its passengers, who were three ladies coming hither for the purpose of taking home their daughters; but to their design the girls were strangers. Two miles from the town we met the smiling train; it was indeed the most lovely group my eyes ever beheld; a very large proportion of the school was drawn out: the hope of bundles, messages, or letters from their friends, had winged their feet. The girls whose parents the carriage contained, approached; for a complete year they had not seen them; they catched a glimpse; they looked again; with rapture they clasped their hands; 'O my mamma! my mamma!' The starting tears finished their exclamations, and they stood wrapped in the charms of innocent, affectionate and joyful surprise; yet mingled regrets soon balanced the pleasures of the moment, and they could not without emotion behold the near approach of the hour in which they must quit a society where dwells chastised indulgence, serenity, and love. A lady of New York had placed her only daughter in this seminary; after a twelvemonth's absence she visited her; stopping at the inn she sent for her, but impatient to embrace her, she set out to meet the messenger. The child approached, but the growth she had attained, and the alteration in her head-dress, prevented the parent from distinguishing her, until the delighted creature, taking her hand, pressed it with duteous affection to her lips.

"Coercive measures are not adopted in the school; hence it is articled, that if a child proves of an uncommonly refractory disposition, she shall be returned to her parents. I asked a student if they had any punishments, and if so what was their nature, and she informed me that advice and gentle remonstrances generally answered every

purpose; if these were found ineffectual, the name of the incorrigible, with the nature of her offence, was recorded; but in the Bethlehem annals, only one such event had hitherto occurred.

"Recommended to the superior, and introduced by the before-mentioned ladies, we had an opportunity of making many observations. We passed through the several rooms, and examined the tambour work, embroidery, &c., executed by the children. Never did I see any thing in that line equal to it. We attended to their composition and painting. Here it would be presumptuous in me to offer criticisms, but I was beyond expression charmed. As they played, and sung, in concert, with singular pleasure we listened. A number of beautiful girls chanted, 'Peace on earth, good-will to men;' 'Now with us our God is seen,' and 'Glory be to God above, who is infinite in love.' Do you not think the tears gushed in the eyes of our M.? Do you not think that my heart swelled with transport? Every thing was admirable. The exact order and harmony to which the pupils are so accustomed, will probably have upon their future lives the finest effect. Not satisfied with designating the hours, their clocks, striking even the quarters, regulate, with the utmost precision, their movements.

"Hitherto I have thought that, had heaven blessed me with a daughter, I never would have resigned her from my own maternal watchfulness; but I now own, that it would be the height of my ambition to place her at the age of seven years at Bethlehem, and to keep her there till fourteen.

"Of this place it is amazing what erroneous conceptions are formed: even at New York I heard gentlemen and men of letters exclaim, 'What! immure your girls within the cloistered walls of Bethlehem! surely then you do not intend them for society?' Yet it is a truth, that there is no undue confinement or restraint here; even the sisterhood not seldom making excursions to the adjacent villages. I have heard much of the awkwardness and *mauvaise honte* of those educated at Bethlehem, but could not trace it in a single instance; and there is in their manners an elegant ease and simplicity, which is beyond expression prepossessing: indeed, dwelling thus together, they are continually accustomed to society; and, moreover, Bethlehem is the resort of the most cultivated strangers. It is true, dancing is not taught here, but, if it is thought proper, this may be easily afterwards acquired; and a young lady designed for the great world, may be very soon initiated into this or any other of its customs. Meantime, at Bethlehem she may early lay a good foundation: the chastest system of morals, with a fund of benevolence, a mind richly stored, and rendered fit to receive every embellishment.

"With regard to the dress of the school, an exact uniformity is required; it is a request made of guardians and parents that all excess may be avoided, and the sisterhood are fond of seeing their proteges in white; the cap, however, is, if I may be allowed the expression, the insignia of their order; all the young ladies put it on; it is made of cambric, receives a narrow border of lawn, sets close to the head, and is tied under the chin with a pink ribbon; it is of pure white, and though at first sight we are induced to think it could only suit a handsome face, yet however they managed it, there was not one of the girls to whom it did not add a charm. The cap of the inhabitants, which, for more than a century, the Moravian women have not changed, sets also close to the head, but is of a different cut, and is not so becoming; yet it is worn by every female of every description in Bethlehem: domestics maids, wives, and widows—the only distinction being that it is tied with pink or red ribbon by maids, with blue by wives, and with white by widows; and this knot of ribbon is the only ornament worn in the place. I enquired if they did not wear black upon the demise of a friend. 'No,' replied an old lady, who might have passed for the sister of father Wright, 'we do not mourn for them, we believe they are happy, so do not put on black.' In the Moravian manner of interring the dead, as observed in Bethlehem, and the ceremonies attendant, there is something to me strikingly pleasing. As soon as the spirit is departed, from whatever choir, or in whatever part of the town, the body is clothed in white linen, and, if a female, the cap receives the ribbon which designates the order; the body is then borne to a small stone chapel, consecrated for this purpose, where it is deposited till the hour of interment. One of the brethren then mounts the top of the highest edifice, which commands the whole village, and proclaims the event by means of a German instrument of music, the name of which I could not learn, and he has a method of conveying the intelligence which discloses the sex and connection of the deceased. When the hour of burial approaches, the brethren, the sisterhood, the children, are, by a number of French horns, summoned to attend service in the great chapel; an exhortation is then delivered, and the singing and praying produce a solemn and proper effect: the body is next carried from the chapel, and placed upon a stand, on a beautiful green, the males ranging themselves on one side and the females on the other; it is covered with a snow-white pall, ornamented with red, blue, or white ribbon, according to the character of the departed. Upon the green, a divine anthem is performed, when the body is conveyed to the sepulchre, the instruments of music all the time playing, and the whole village ranging themseves in decent and beautiful order in the procession. At one of these funerals we attended, and we entered the burial ground with a raised, chastised and solemn kind of satisfaction. At the grave some religious exercises were performed which, being in German, we could not understand. Afterwards vocal and instrumental music, again in soft and solemn strains resounding, were continued during the interment, and until the assembly had quitted the graveyard.

"There is something peculiarly pleasing even in the burial-ground at Bethlehem. It is a spacious, oval plain, decently walled in; it is exactly divided; on one side are ranged the males, and on the other the females; upon a straight line the graves are laid out, and you can walk between every one with as much ease as you could pursue your way along the gravel walks of a parterre. The grave-stone is not raised, as with us, but forms a modest tablet which is generally shaded by the verdant grass, and, bearing a concise inscription, we receive the necessary information of the dead. Thus these denizens of tranquillity live, and thus is marked their passage out of time.

"But, to return from a digression, which I assure myself will not displease, I have further to say, that I was particularly charmed with the governantes of the Bethlehem seminary. There is in their manners a decent propriety which I have seldom seen equalled; their very gestures are eminently expressive. Their instructress in the French tongue has not a word of English, yet there is a kind of language in her every movement. There is something romantic in her history: of an ancient and noble family in France, she made one in the suite of the Princess Louisa; her education, of course, was of the highest kind, and, influenced by the example of her royal mistress, she took the veil. For twelve years she continued an acquiescing sister; but, possessing a superior

mind, and being a woman of information, reflection originated doubts. In the cloister she had been invested with some dignities. She questioned those whom she supposed capable of instructing her; but her difficulties, during a residence of some added years, increased; at length, after encountering a series of misfortunes, she escaped, and relinquishing her amily, and her religious name, she took that of a rivulet, over which she passed—Fontaine; and, finding means to transport herself to Holland, the transition to Germany was easy. In Germany, embracing the Moravian faith, she heard an account of the Bethlehem society, obtained strong recommendations to the brethren, and crossing the Atlantic, was by them received as a valuable acquisition, and is now a principal ornament of their school. By such a character, thus qualified, you will conclude that the French language is taught in its utmost elegance. I think she has been in Bethlehem two years."

VI.

WATERING PLACES IN AMERICA, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

Before the revolution the springs of Virginia had every summer been resorted to by a considerable number of invalids and lovers of pleasure, and, at a later day, Bristol, in Pennsylvania, and Lebanon and Saratoga, had acquired not a little popularity by the virtues of their waters; but, upon the whole, no place appears to have been more fashionable as a summer retreat during the first administration than Rockaway, on Long Island. A gentleman who resided there in the summer of 1789, for the benefit of his health, gives the following sketch of it in Swords's "New York Magazine," for 1790:

"Let the valetudinarian from the southern states and the West Indian islands, never fail to visit Rockaway, and reside there some weeks during the summer season. The distance from New York is little more than twenty miles, through a level country, and along a good road. The town of Jamaica, which stands about half way, is a convenient stage for refreshment.

"The house in which you lodge is situated high, and on a gravelly soil. An extensive beach lies in front, on which the surf is continually beating; and, beyond the shoals and breakers, the noble prospect of the Atlantic ocean is terminated only by the rotundity of the globe. From your windows you may see whatevor vessels ply along the coast, and count them, whether inward or outward bound, as they pass the lighthouse on Sandy Hook. The Neversink hills, in New Jersey, can also be seen, and in the early part of the year whales are to be viewed, sporting and spouting, at no great distance from the shore. What sights can be more grand than these! Animals, to which Behemoth and Leviathan, famed of old, were but as pigmies; ships, those unequalled contrivances of man, that, transporting the produce of one country to another, beautifully display their sails and colors as they ride majestic over the billows; hills, that defy the violence of the waves which ever since the creation have assailed their foundations; an ocean, that rolls over the face of our planet beyond the regions explored by Cook and Phipps, almost from pole to pole.

"Sea-breezes, which regularly blow every day during the summer season, abate, in the most refreshing degree, the sultriness of July and August; and they bring with them not only coolness to the inhabitant, but I know not what of wholesome and restorative power from the saline element. Asthmatic, consumptive and emaciated patients have experienced their benefits, and without the expense and danger of a sea-voyage, so much recommended and so fashionable nowadays, have enjoyed, to their comfort, a marine air, and a water prospect.

"Exercise, that is absolutely necessary to health, and difficult to be obtained in cities, can here be procured in perfection. The country, for several miles around, is delightfully even; the highways are kept in excellent repair, and for a long distance you find not a stone to obstruct your carriage wheels. You either make an excursion inland, and divert yourself with the simple life and rural manners of the people, or proceed along the beach, at low water, on the milk-white sand, compacted almost as hard as a pavement, where the wide-rolling foaming surges tumble with fury to the shore.

"But to the effects of air and exercise, you may join, in the most convenient manner, the influences of sea-bathing. This cleanses, invigorates, and braces the body, in many disorders of debility, more than other known remedies. Ladies, especially, who are brought to weakness and languor by peculiar ailments, find their strength return, their beauty revive, and their ability to relish the joys and pleasures of life renewed, by a proper continuance of this salutary practice. The saltness, purity and coolness of the water, by their combined agency, render the bath truly medicinal and efficacious, insomuch as to exceed, in many respects, the celebrated fountains of Lebanon and Saratoga.

"In these several particulars, it cannot be supposed there is any exaggeration in asserting that Rockaway fully equals Scarborough and Margate, noted places of resort in England, and is superior to Tusculum, Præneste, and Gaieta, celebrated by the classic penmen of Italy, as the pleasant retreats of the Romans from the sweltering heat and sickly atmosphere of the town.

"Yet it is not to be understood that Rockaway should be recommended merely as a place of rendezvous for the diseased; for this place is undoubtedly as well calculated to amuse the healthy as to restore the sick. Here the fowler, within an hundred rods of his lodgings, shoots snipes, curlews, and other birds, in plenty; or riding north half a dozen miles, to Hempstead Plain, which is itself a great curiosity, draws a trigger at the plover; or proceeding eastward a few leagues further, to Suffolk, tries his dexterity in the pursuit of heath hens and woodcocks. Hence, too, the angler launches his small boat, rows down the bay to the anchoring ground, and tells on

his return how the number and size of the fishes he caught rendered the sport of pulling them on board border rather too much on fatigue. The sportsman has also a chance of diverting himself in the chace of foxes, which are very troublesome to the poultry of the neighborhood.

"Animal and vegetable productions, in great abundance and variety hereabout, afford the naturalist an opportunity of enlarging his knowledge of the Creator's works; he may, with botanical diligence, range the fields and woods in quest of new herbs and blossoms, or in his zoological enquiries, explore the creeks and inlets to find among the natives of the water something rare and interesting. Forgetful awhile of the smaller operations of man, the philosopher may learn lessons of wisdom from contemplating the politics of nature.

"How charming is it to retire to the shade of the trees and peruse one's favorite books! Here, beneath the oaks, may the admirer of pastoral composition peruse the Idylls of Theocritus and Gessner; here sympathize with Sterne on the piteous case of Maria; here, in a solitude well fitting the subject, read again and again the Deserted Village of Goldsmith."

The following letter by Charles Brockden Brown, then just entering upon his career as a man of letters, and temporarily residing in New York, describes a visit which he made to Rockaway in 1792:

"What possible amusement can you expect from my recital of a jaunt to Rockaway? I cannot dignify trifles, or give to vulgar sights a novelty, by making them pass through my fancy. That fancy, you well know, has no particle of kindred to that of poet or painter, and nobody should pretend to describe, who does not look through the optics of either painter or poet. Besides, my ignorance circumscribes my curiosity. I have few objects of remembrance with which to compare the objects that I meet with. Hence, as the carriage whirls along, faces, fences, houses, barns, cultivated fields, pass rapidly across my eye, without leaving a vestige behind them. You will of course ask me, how are the fields inclosed? how are they planted? what portion is tilled? what is wood, and what is waste? of what number, materials, dimensions, and form, are the dwellings, the granaries, the churches, the bridges, the carriages? what the countenances, the dress, the deportment of the passengers? and so forth, through an endless catalogue of interrogatories.

"Now I cannot answer a word to all these questions. Your attention, on the contrary, during such a journey would be incessantly alive: you would take exact note of all these particulars, and draw from them a thousand inferences as to the nature of the soil, the state of agriculture, and the condition of the people. While your companions were beguiling the time by a nap; by looking eagerly forward to the baiting place, and asking the driver, now and then, how many miles he had to go to dinner, or cursing the dust, the heat, the jolting, and the hard benches, or conversing with each other, all your senses, and your whole soul would be chained to passing objects. Not a stone would you meet with, but would instantly pass through your crucible; not a tree or a post, but would serve as a clue to the knowledge of the soil, climate, and the industry of the island. You would count the passengers, take an inventory of their dress, mark their looks and their steps; you would calculate the length, breadth, and height of all the buildings; and compare every thing you saw, from the church to the pig-pen, and from the parson to the plough-boy, with all that you had seen elsewhere.

"Such is the traveller, my friend, that you would have made; and you would have known more of Long Island in a few hours than many who have lived within sight of it these fifty years: I, alas! am one of those whom fifty years of observation would leave in the same ignorance in which they found me.

"'T is true, as you say, that such an unobservant wretch as I represent myself to be, may yet amuse by relating his own sensations, and his narrative, if it give no account of the scene of his journey, will, at least, comprise a picture of his own character. An accurate history of the thoughts and feelings of any man, for one hour, is more valuable to some minds, than a system of geography; and you, you tell me, are one of those who would rather travel into the mind of a ploughman, than into the interior of Africa. I confess myself of your way of thinking, but from very different motives. I must needs say I would rather consort for ever with a ploughman, or even with an old Bergen market woman, than expose myself to an hundredth part of the perils which beset the heels of a Ledyard or a Park.

"You see how ingeniously I put off this unpleasant task: but since you will not let me off, I must begin. Remember, it is a picture of myself, and not of the island, that you want; and such, how disreputable soever it may be to the painter, you shall have. I have some comfort in thinking, that most of the travellers to Rockaway, are but little wiser and more inquisitive than myself.

"In the first place, then, we left L.'s at one o'clock. The day was extremely fine, and promised a most pleasant ride. You may suppose that we were most agreeably occupied in the prospect of a journey which neither of the three had ever made before; but no such thing. We thought and talked of nothing but the uncertainty of getting seats in the stage, which goes at that hour from Brooklyn, and the reasonable apprehension of being miserably crowded, even if we could get seats. Such is my aversion to being wedged with ten or twelve in a coach, that I had previously resolved to return, in case of any such misfortune. So I told my friends, but in this I fibbed a little, for the naked truth was, that I wanted a pretext for staying behind; having left society in New York, the loss of which all the pleasures of Rockaway would poorly compensate.

"We passed the river, and after dining at the inn, were seated in the coach much more at our ease than we had any reason to expect. We rode through a country altogether new to me, twelve or fourteen miles (I forget which) to Jamaica. Shall I give you a peep into my thoughts? I am half ashamed to admit you, but I will deal sincerely with you. Still, say I, my consolation is, that few travellers, if their minds were laid as completely open to inspection, would come off from their trial with more credit than myself.

"I confess to you then that my mind was much more busily engaged in reflecting on the possible consequences of coming off without several changes of clothes in my handkerchief, and without an umbrella to shelter me from

sunshine and rain, than with the fields and woods which I passed through. My umbrella I had the ill luck to break as we crossed the river, and as to clothes, I had the folly, as usual, to forget that Rockaway was a place of fashionable resort, and that many accidents might happen to prolong our stay there four or five days, instead of a single day; and yet, think not that I was totally insensible to passing objects. The sweet pure country air, which was brisk, cool and fresh enough to make supportable the noon-tide rays of a July sun, to the whole force of which my seat beside the driver exposed me, I inhaled with delight. I remember little, however, but a country nearly *denuded of its woods* (as Sam Johnson would say), a sandy soil, stubble fields, houses fifty years old, a couple of miles from each other, and most of them, especially those furthest on the road, exact counterparts of such as we see in Dutch and Flemish landscapes; four-wheeled rustic carriages, of a most disproportioned length, crazy and uncouth, without springs, entered from behind, and loaded with women and children, pigs and chickens; not a single carriage of elegance or pleasure to be met with, though overtaken by half a dozen gigs, going to the same place with ourselves.

"We reached Jamaica at five o'clock, and here we staid one hour. A glass of lemonade, a refreshing ablution in cold water, and a walk with B. in the church-yard opposite the inn, were all the surprising events which distinguished this hour. The island is one of the oldest European settlements in North America, and we therefore expected to find in this churchyard some memorial of ancient days, but were disappointed. There were many gravestones broken, or half sunken, or blackened by age, but the oldest date was within forty years. The church, though painted anew and furbished up lately, was about seventy years old, as an inscription on the front informed us. There was another, of a much more antique cast, within view, but we did not approach it.

"I hope you will be sparing of your inquiries respecting Jamaica, for I can answer none of them. I asked not a single question, statistical or topographical, of our hostess. I did not count the houses, and therefore can form no notion of the population. It is a spacious, good-looking village, many of the edifices of which appear to be built as summer retreats for wealthy citizens, and this is all I can say of it.

"During our second stage, I was placed much more at my ease than during the first. I was seated beside a little girl, whom all the company took care to inform that they thought her very pretty. For my part, her attractions made little impression on my fancy. To be infirmly delicate in form, to have a baby-like innocence of aspect, and a voice so very soft that it can scarcely be heard, are no recommendations to me. She prattled a good deal about a squirrel and canary-bird which she had at home, and that respectful attention was paid to a pair of sweet lips, which the words that fell from them would never have obtained. The rest of our company were men, and I had not wit enough to extract any oddity or singularity from their conversation or appearance. Two of them, you know, were my companions, and the other two cheerful and well-bred strangers.

"I, for the most part, was mute, as I usually am, in a stage-coach and among strangers. Not so my two friends. B. finds a theme of talk and good humor in every thing, and J.'s amenity is always ready to pursue the other's lead. I forgot all their topics, except a very earnest discussion of the merits of different lodging-houses at the sea-side, and many sympathetic effusions, drawn forth by the *shipwreck* of another coach. On the first head we concluded to go to the house nearest the sea, one Ben Cornwall's, our purpose being as much to gratify the eye as the touch, and there we accordingly arrived, pretty late, on a chill, moist, and cloudy evening.

"There are few men who are always masters of their spirits, and mine, which had not been high through the day, fell suddenly some degrees lower, on stepping out of the carriage into the piazza of the house. This place appeared, at the first glance, to want, at the same time, the comforts and seclusion of a private house, and the order and plenty of a public one. The scene without was extremely dreary, and the sea, which was not a quarter of a mile distant, gave us very distinctly the music of his multitudinous waves.

"Our curiosity would not allow us to go to bed till we had touched the ocean wave. We, therefore, after a poor repast, hastened down to the beach. Between the house and the water is a wide and level expanse of loose white sand, which is a pretty good sample of Arabia or Zahara, as I have heard them described. Tell me, you who have travelled, whether every country, in the temperate zone, of moderate extent, and somewhat diversified, contains not samples of every other quarter of the globe?

"The air was wet to the touch and saline to the taste, but the novelty of the scene, which a canopy of dark clouds, with a pale star gleaming now and then through the crevices, tended to increase, buoyed up my spirits to their usual pitch. To my friend B. this novelty was absolute. He never before saw the ocean; but to me it was new only as I now saw it, at night. Seven years ago I found my way to the margent of the sea, between Sandy Hook and the mouth of the Raritan. I took a long peregrination on foot, in company with two friends, and shall never forget the impression which the boundless and troubled ocean, seen for the first time from an open beach in a clear day, and with a strong wind blowing landward, made upon me. It was flood-tide, and the sandy margin formed a pretty steep shelf. The billows, therefore, rose to a considerable height, and broke with great fury against it; and my soul was suspended for half an hour, with an awe, a rapture, which I never felt before. Far different were my feelings on *this* occasion, for the ocean was no longer new to me, and the scene itself was far less magnificent. There was scarcely any wind, the tide was ebbing, and the shore declined almost imperceptibly.

"As we came to this place for the purpose of bathing, and had so short a time to stay, we thought we could not begin too early, and therefore stript immediately, notwithstanding the freshness of the air, and what was of greater moment, our ignorance of the locality.

"Up pretty high on the shore is a house, no better than a fisherman's hut. 'T is a mere frame of wood, boarded at the sides and top, with no window but the door-way. The floor is sand, and there are pegs against the wall to hang clothes upon. There is a tub provided for cleansing the feet from the sand, which when wet clings to the skin like bird-lime. Towels, which are furnished at the house, we brought not with us.

"Is there any thing, the advantages of which are more universally and constantly manifested, than order? Its value is seen in the most trivial matters, as in the most momentous. This room was pitch-dark, and we were wholly unacquainted with it; and yet, by the simple process of hanging our clothes, as we take them off, on a

peg, and putting them on in the same order reversed, there was no difficulty. Some of us were not so wise as to practise this order, and, of consequence, were condemned to grope about half an hour longer than others, in the dark, for stockings, sleeve-buttons, hats, and handkerchiefs.

"What would physicians say to standing, naked, on a bleak night, with the wind from the east, while the billows broke over you for ten minutes? There is an agreeable trepidation felt, while the scene is new, and the sudden effusion of cold water must, methinks, produce powerful effects of some kind or other.

"As we were early comers to this house, we were honored each with a room to himself. There were twenty or thirty persons to be accommodated, besides a numerous family, in a wooden dwelling of two stories; so that we could not but congratulate ourselves on the privilege thus secured to us. The chamber, however, allotted to me, was a little nook, about seven feet long and three wide, only large enough to admit the bedstead and him that slept on it. Yet, in such excursions as these, hardships and privations are preferable to ease and luxury. There is something like consciousness of merit in encountering them voluntarily and with cheerfulness. There is a rivalship in hardihood and good humor, more pleasurable than any delights of the senses. A splenetic or fastidious traveller is a great burden to himself and to his company, and ought, through mere generosity, to keep himself at home. In saying this, I am conscious that in some degree I pronounce my own condemnation, but I hope I am not very culpable.

"My friends rose at daylight next morning, and went to bathe. They gave me warning, but I did not heed it. My little nook had half melted me with heat, and I felt as if unqualified for the least exertion. I was sorry to have lost the opportunity, and rose, when the sun was high in the heavens, with some degree of regret. But more lucky than I deserved to be, I found a country wagon at the door, ready to carry down any one who chose, to the strand. I went with another.

"This was a far different bathing from that of the night before. The wagon carries us to the water's edge, and there we may undress at our leisure amidst a footing of clean straw, convenient seats, and plenty of napkins. The wagon receives us directly from the water and carries us home, without trouble or delay. On this occasion the sun was just warm enough to be comfortable, and the time of day exactly suited to the bath. Such is my notion of the matter, but I doubt whether any body else will agree with me. Sunrise and sunset are the usual bathing times.

"After breakfast we took a walk along the strand. My pastime consisted in picking up shells; in sifting and examining the fine white sand; in treading on the heels and toes of the wave, as it fell and rose, and in trying to find some music in its eternal murmur. Here could I give you long discourse on all these topics, but my vague and crude reveries would only make my dull epistle still more dull. The sun at last broke out with the full force of midsummer, and we panted and waded through the sand homeward, with no small regret that we had ventured so far. We Americans in general have feeble heads: those of us, I mean, who were not born to dig ditches and make hay. A white hat, broad-rimmed, and light as a straw, is an insufficient shelter against the direct beams of the sun. What must we have suffered on this occasion when the vertical rays fell on a surface of smooth white sand? We were almost exhausted before we reached our lodgings.

"The company at this house was numerous, and afforded, as usual, abundant points of speculation. Some were young men, in their heydey of spirits, rattling, restless, and noisy. Some were solid and conversible, and some awkward and reserved. Three married women belonged to the company, one of whom said nothing, but was as dignified and courteous in demeanor as silence would let her be; another talked much, and a third hit the true medium pretty well. I did not fail to make a great many reflections on the passing scene, which, together with a volume of Cecilia, made the day pass not very tediously.

"My friends always carry books with them, even when they go abroad for a few hours. One of them, to-day, produced the Maxims of La Bruyere, the other those of Rouchefoucauld, and some minutes were consumed in reading and commenting on these. But the subject which engrossed most attention in the morning was a plan for procuring a dozen of claret for the embellishment of dinner; and the return of man and chaise, without the claret, for which he had been sent to a distant tavern, cast a depression upon the spirits of most of us. We got rid of the afternoon pretty easily, by giving an hour or two to the bottle, and the rest to the *siesta*. As to our talk at dinner, there was perfect good humor, and a good deal of inclination to be witty, but I do not recollect a single good thing that deserves to be recorded; and my powers do not enable me to place the common-place characters around me in an interesting or amusing point of view. As to myself, I am never at home, never in my element, at such a place as this. A thousand nameless restraints incumber my speech and my limbs, and I cannot even listen to others with a gay unembarrassed mind. Towards evening it began to rain, and this not only imprisoned us for the present, but gave us some apprehensions of a detention here for a week: a detention, that, for many reasons, one of which I have already mentioned, would have proved extremely disagreeable to me.

"My friend, I have grown very tired of my story. I believe I will cut short the rest, and carry you back with me next morning, to New York, in a couple of sentences. The weather on the morrow was damp and lowering, but it cleared up early. We were again agreeably disappointed in our expectations of a crowded stage, and after breakfasting at Jamaica, reached town at one o'clock. On my return, I was just as unobservant of the passing scene as before, and took as little note of the geography of the island. Get me out on the same journey again, and I should scarcely recognize a foot of the way. I saw trees, and shrubs, and grasses, but I could not name them, for I am no botanist.

"Perhaps, however, I mistake the purpose of such journeys, which is not to exercise the reasoning faculties or to add to knowledge, but to unbend, to dissipate thought and care, and to strengthen the frame and refresh the spirits, by mere motion and variety. This is the language which my friends hold; but, I confess, mere mental vacuity gives me neither health nor pleasure. To give time wings, my attention must be fixed on something; I must look about me in pursuit of some expected object; I must converse with my companion on some reasonable topic; I must find some image in my own fancy to examine, or the way is painfully tedious. This jaunt to

Rockaway has left few agreeable traces behind it. All I remember with any pleasure, are the appearance of the wide ocean, and the incidents of bathing in its surges. Had I been a botanist, and lighted upon some new plant; a mineralogist, and found an agate or a petrifaction; an entomologist, and caught such a butterfly as I never saw before, I should have reflected on the journey with no little satisfaction. As it was, I set my foot in the city with no other sentiment but that of regret for not having employed these two days in a very different manner."

VII.

SCENES AND CHARACTERS IN NEW YORK, AS REMEMBERED BY MR. FRANCIS HERBERT.

Of those annual miscellanies of literature and art, which, originating in Germany, became every where so popular as souvenirs of friendship some thirty years ago, none published in this country had greater excellences than "The Talisman," purporting to be written by one Francis Herbert, Esquire, but mainly produced by the now venerable Gulian C. Verplanck, William C. Bryant, and the late Robert C. Sands. The three volumes, issued in 1827, 1828, and 1829, to which the work extended, have become very rare, and probably few readers of the present time therefore have seen those agreeable "Reminiscences of New York," the composition of which was shared by Mr. Verplanck and Mr. Bryant, that are contained in the second and third volumes. As they illustrate in a pleasant way various features of social life here, in the days of Washington, and to the close of the last century, it will not be thought that the following extracts from them are out of place among these notes:

"New York is full of old reminiscences. Some are consecrated by religious feeling, and some by their connection with the political destinies of our country. My father used to show me, when a boy, the spot on the North River, just above the present Barclay street Ferry, where Jonathan Edwards, when temporary pastor of the Wall street church, used to walk backwards and forwards on the solitary pebbly shore, sounding the depths of his own conscience, and drawing 'sweet consolation' from the religion which he taught. Here he ruminated on the mysteries of eternal preordination and free will, while fell upon his ear the murmurs of that ocean which is the symbol of eternity and power, and whose motions are controlled, like the events of our own lives, by the word and will of the Most High. Then likewise he showed me the little church, back of the site of the present Methodist chapel in John street, where Whitfield, as my father expressed it, used to 'preach like a lion,' with a searching power that made the sinner quail, and shook and broke the infidel's stony heart. It was in Wall street that the apostolic Tennant lifted up his melodious voice, and sounded the silver trumpet of the gospel.

"In New York the philanthropic Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia, landed on his first visit to America. This benevolent adventurer, during his stay in the city, lodged, I believe, in Stone street. At the corner of Broadway, in a house looking upon the Battery, were for a while the head-quarters of Wolfe, the conqueror of Canada, and afterwards those of *that* Lord Howe, who fell at Ticonderoga in the year 1756, and who, but for his untimely fate, might have been to England another Marlborough.

"To come down to later times. On the site of the present Custom House, where the commerce of the world pays its tribute to the great treasury of the nation, stood the old City Hall, commanding a view of the wide and winding avenue of Broad street. Here, in a species of balcony, in the second story of the building, such as the Italians call a *loggia*, mean in its materials of wood and brick, but splendid in the taste and proportions given to it by the architect L'Enfant, the inauguration oath of the chief magistracy of the Union was administered, by Chancellor Livingston, to Washington, the first of our Presidents. In front of the building an innumerable and silent crowd of citizens, intently gazing on the august ceremony, thronged the spacious area, and filled Wall street from William street to Broadway. Behind the President elect stood a group of the illustrious fathers of the nation, Hamilton and Knox, and the elder Adams, and the venerable and learned and eloquent Johnson, and Ellsworth and Sherman of Connecticut, and Clinton and Chief Justice Morris and Duane of New York, and Boudinot of New Jersey, and Rutledge of South Carolina, and, less conspicuous in person, though among the foremost in fame, the Virginian Madison. There, too, stood the most revered of the clergy of New York,—the venerable Dr. Rogers, of the Presbyterian Church; the wise and mild and suasive Dr. Moore, of the Episcopal; the dignified and eloquent Dr. Livingston, of the Dutch; and the learned Dr. Kunze and the patriotic Dr. Grose, of the German churches. Back of these stood younger men, since scarcely less illustrious than the elder statesmen I have mentioned—Ames, and Cabot, and Gouverneur Morris, majestic and graceful in spite of his wooden leg. But why should I attempt to describe this great occasion by words? I lately looked over the portfolio of my friend Dunlap, and found, among many other fine things, sketches which present this scene vividly to the eye, with the features of the great men who figured in it, and their costumes and attitudes, as he himself beheld them. I wish somebody would employ him to paint a noble picture, such as he is capable of producing, on this magnificent subject. The pride of a New Yorker, the feelings of a patriot, the ambition of an artist, and the recollections of this interesting ceremony which still live in his memory, would stimulate him to do it ample justice.

"Washington afterwards received the visits and congratulations of his countrymen, at an afternoon levée, a ceremony which was then thought by many somewhat too formal and court-like for our simple and republican manners, though now it would be looked upon as a very plain sort of a thing, and quite a matter of course. I

forget whether it was held at the fine old house at the head of Pearl street, occupied by the late Franklin Bank, or the other spacious mansion in Broadway, now Bunker's Hotel, for he lived in both, and in both I visited him.

"Cedar street, since that day, has declined from its ancient consequence. I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Jefferson in an old two-story house in that street, unbending himself in the society of the learned and polite from the labors of the bureau. And there was Talleyrand, whom I used to meet at the houses of General Hamilton and of Noah Webster, with his club-foot and passionless immovable countenance, sarcastic and malicious even in his intercourse with children. He was disposed to amuse himself with gallantry too; but who does not know, or rather, who ever did know Talleyrand?—About the same time I met with Priestley—grave and placid in his manners, with a slight difficulty of utterance—dry, polite, learned and instructive in his conversation. At a period somewhat later, I saw here the deputy Billaud de Marennes, who had swayed the blood-thirsty mob of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, turned the torrent of the multitude into the hall of the Legislative Assembly, and re-animated France to a bolder and more vigorous resistance against her foreign enemies. I visited him in the garret of a poor tavern in the upper part of William street, where he lived in obscurity. But why particularize further? We have had savans, litterateurs, and politicians by the score, all men of note, some good and some bad—and most of whom certainly thought that they attracted more attention than they did—Volney and Cobbett and Tom Moore, and the two Michaux, and the Abbé Correa, and Jeffrey, and others: the muster roll of whose names I might call over, if I had the memory of Baron Trenck, and my readers the taste of a catalogue-making librarian. Have we not jostled ex-kings and ex-empresses and ex-nobles in Broadway; trod on the toes of exotic naturalists, Waterloo marshals, and great foreign academicians, at the parties of young ladies; and seen more heroes and generals all over town than would fill a new Iliad?

"Pensive memory turns to other worthies, no less illustrious in their way. There was Billy the Fiddler and his wife, whom no one, having seen, could ever forget, and no one who had music in his soul, remember, without regretting that such a fiddle should ever have been hanged up. Billy had been a favorite of Mozart, at Vienna, and used to say that he had composed one (I forget which) of his six celebrated sonatas; though I believe he drew rather too long a bow when he made this statement. He was about four feet six inches in height, with a foot as long as a fourth of his stature. His head was not disproportionate, as those of dwarfs usually are; but he had their characteristic petulance; and the irritability of his temper was certainly not improved by the enforced attendance of a retinue of idle boys, who always formed his suite when he walked forth in the streets. His wife was a suitable companion for him as to personal appearance and height; and it seemed, on looking at the couple, to be not at all wonderful how the Germans came by their wild and droll conceptions of goblins and elves. But I never heard of any other magic practised by Billy, except that the sweet and enlivening strains of his violin made the young masters and misses, at whose juvenile parties he officiated, dance off the soles of their shoes and stockings; and that they would have begun upon their tender skins, if they had not been discreetly carried home.

"There was also the family of the Hewletts, which, from tradition or observation, I may say I know for four generations,—cotemporaries of the successive Vestrises. Indeed, according to the family record, the first Hewlett was a pupil of the first Vestris, and a favorite disciple of that great master; who only complained that he was not sufficiently *léger* in his ascents, nor quite *de plomb* enough in his descents; but certified, that for grace, agility, and science, he was the prince of the *elèves*. The opinions of those, successively educated under the successive dynasties of these masters of aerial gymnastics, as fashion controlled both teachers and scholars, and as "longer puffs and louder fiddles" brought other professors of the graces of motion forward, varied as to the distinctive characteristics of their several excellences. Still the Hewletts kept their ground. They outlived the revolution of seventy-six;—Trinity Church was pulled down—the Governor's Court fled from the Battery; but they kept the field, like the trumpeters of chivalry. They taught dancing to the belles, who captivated the members of the first Congress; and tried to teach some of the members themselves. Then came the *horrible* French Revolution; and in that terrible storm which overthrew the landmarks of the old world, new manners and new teachers were drifted on our shores, and the Hewletts went out of vogue. There must be few who have dwelt in this now all-be-metamorphosed city, even for six years last past, who have not had occasion to observe the dapper legs and silken hose of the last of this line. But they will be seen no more. David Hewlett is dead; and as he trod lightly upon the earth, may the earth lie lightly upon him. He was a gentleman, every inch of him. He was the last of the ante-revolutionary dancing-masters: a kind, good, humble man. At St. Paul's I always found him, repeating the service with a formality, which was the result of decorous habit, and a fervor which could only have come warm from the heart. Again I say, light be the earth above him! and he must have a stern, hard heart, who can scoff at my honest tribute to the memory of my old dancing-master.

"My reminiscences of New York, or rather the people that have been in it, come before my mind in pretty much the same order that "jewels and shells, sea-weed and straw," are raked by "old father Time from the ocean of the past," according to Milton or Bacon, or some other ancient writer of eminence. I had an uncle, who was a prudent man, in all his transactions; and who, from patriotic considerations, waited for the development of events, before he took any part in the revolutionary war. He had many of what might be called tory recollections of that period. He knew the Duke of Clarence, when he came here as a midshipman; skated with him on the Collect, where now stand the arsenal and the gas manufactory, and helped out of a hole in the ice him who is now official head of the English navy, and who may probably wield, ere long, the sceptre of the British Empire. In walking along Broadway, he has often pointed out to me the small corner-room in the second story of the house in Wall street, opposite Grace Church, then and long after occupied by Dr. Tillary, a Scotchman, (formerly a surgeon and afterwards an eminent physician,) and told me how he used, at the period referred to, to eat oysters there, in the American fashion, with his Royal Highness, who preferred them to the copper-flavored productions of the British Channel.

"Pine street is now full of blocks of tall massy buildings, which overshadow the narrow passage between, and make it one of the gloomiest streets in New York. The very bricks there look of a darker hue than in any other part of the city; the rays of the sun seem to come through a yellower and thicker atmosphere, and the shadows

thrown there by moonlight seem of a blacker and more solid darkness than elsewhere. The sober occupations of the inhabitants also, who are learned members of the bar nearest Broadway, and calculating wholesale merchants as you approach the East River, inspire you with ideas of sedateness and gravity as you walk through it. It was not thus thirty or forty years ago. Shops were on each side of the way, low, cheerful-looking two-story buildings, of light-colored brick or wood, painted white or yellow, and they scarcely seemed a hindrance to the air and sunshine. Among these stood the shop of Auguste Louis de Singeron, celebrated for the neatness and quality of its confectionery and pastry, and for the singular manners of its keeper, who was at once the politest and most passionate of men. He was a French emigrant, a courtier and a warrior, a man of diminutive size, but of a most chivalrous, courteous, and undaunted spirit. He might be about five feet two inches in height; his broad shoulders overshadowed a pair of legs under the common size, his fiery red hair was tied into club behind, and combed fiercely up in front; the upper part of his cheek bones, the tip of his nose, and the peak of his chin, were tinged with a bright scarlet; his voice was an exaggeration of the usual sharp tones of his nation, and his walk was that of a man who walks for a wager. He was the younger son of a noble family, and having a commission in the French army, was one of the officers who defended the Tuileries on the melancholy night of the tenth of August, 1792, when the palace streamed with blood, and the devoted adherents of the king were bayoneted in the corridors, or escaped only to be prescribed and hunted down like wolves. Augusta Louis de Singeron made his way to L'Orient, took passage for the United States, and landed at New York without a penny in his pocket. His whole inventory consisted of a cocked hat, a rusty suit of black, a cane, a small sword, a white pocket handkerchief, and shirts, if I am justified in speaking of them in the plural, the exact number of which cannot now be known, as he never chose to reveal it, but which looked as if they had never been brought acquainted with the nymphs of the fountains. He at first betook himself to the usual expedient of teaching French for a livelihood, but it would not do. He lost all patience at correcting, for the twentieth time, the same blunder in the same pupil, he showed no mercy to an indelicate coupling of different genders, and fell upon a false tense with as much impetuosity as he had once rushed upon the battery of an enemy. But if he got into a passion suddenly, he got out of it as soon. His starts of irritation were succeeded by most vehement fits of politeness; he poured forth apologies with so much volubility, and so many bows, and pressed his explanations with so much earnestness and vigor, and such unintelligible precipitation, that his pupils became giddy with the noise, and at the end of his lesson were more perplexed than ever. In short, to apply the boast of a celebrated modern instructor, his disciples were so well satisfied with their progress, that they declined taking lessons a second quarter, and the poor Frenchman was obliged to think of some other way of getting a living. But what should it be? He had no capital and scarcely any friends. Should he become a barber, a shoeblack, a cook, a fencing-master, a dentist, or a dancing master? Either of these occupations was better than to beg, to starve, or to steal, and the French nobility have figured in them all.—The flexibility of the national character adapts itself in mature age to any situation in life with the same ease that people of other nations accommodate themselves to that in which they are born. French marquises have sweltered in the kitchens of English private gentlemen, in greasy caps and aprons—French counts have given the polish to the nether extremities of the stately dons of Madrid—and French dukes have taken German ones by the nose. The graceful courtiers, who led down the dance the high-born dames of France, have exhausted themselves in the vain effort to teach Yorkshiremen to shuffle cotillons; the officers of his most Christian Majesty's household have drawn teeth for cockneys; and the chevaliers of the order of St. Louis have given lessons in the use of the broad-sword to men who afterwards figured as Yankee corporals. In the midst of his perplexity a mere accident determined the future career of Monsieur de Singeron. He had politely undertaken to assist in the manufacture of some molasses candy for a little boy, the son of his host; and, after a process attended with some vexations, during which the lad thought two or three times that his French acquaintance would swallow him alive, he produced the article in such delicious and melting perfection, that his fame was quickly spread abroad among the boys of the neighborhood, as an artist of incomparable merit. He took the hint, got his landlord to assist him with a small credit, turned pastry cook and confectioner, set up in at first a small way, enlarged his business as he got customers, and finally took a handsome shop in the street I have mentioned. The French have as great a talent for comfits as for compliments; and the genius that shines in the invention of an agreeable flattery, displays itself to no less advantage in the manufacture of a sugar plum. Auguste Louis de Singeron was no vulgar imitator of his clumsy English and Dutch brethren in the art. I speak not of the splendor of his crystallizations, of the brilliant frost-work of his plum cakes, nor of the tempting arrangement he knew how to give to his whole stock of wares, though these were admirable. But the gilt gingerbread I used to buy of him, instead of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, was graced with the stately figures of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, the queen standing bolt upright, as became the conqueror of hearts and the mistress of the finest kingdom in the world, and the monarch holding her hand with a delicate inclination of his royal body, as if acknowledging the empire of beauty. He, I believe, first introduced the practice of stamping the New Year's cake with figures of Cupids among roses and hearts transfixed by an arrow in honor of *la belle passion*. His marchpane bore an impress of the *façade* of the Tuileries with its pilasters, columns, and carvings: and his blanc-mange was adorned with a bas-relief of warriors in bag wigs and cocked hats, tilting fiercely at each other on its quivering and glancing surface.

"I shall never forget the courtly and high-bred civility with which M. de Singeron used to welcome me to his shop, and bow me out of it. I have since seen the nobles of the court of Marie Antoinette, and was no longer at a loss to account for the graceful manners of my old friend the confectioner. It was not, however, quite safe to presume too much upon his forbearance, for he knew no medium between the most violent irritation and the most florid politeness. He had no patience with those people who stood in his door on a keen windy day, and would neither come in nor go out. They always got from him a hearty curse in French, followed, as soon as he could recollect himself, by something civil in English. "Peste soit de la bête"—he used to say—"Fermez donc la—I beg pardon, sare, but if you vill shut de door, you sall merit my eternal gratitude!" The fellows who went about the streets crying "good oysters," and "fine Rockaway clams," avoided his ill-omened door in the

winter months, taught by bitter experience, and sundry ungracious and unexpected raps on the knuckles. He at first tried the plan of making them come in, shut the door, and deliver their errand, and then sending them about their business. This not succeeding, he tried the shining old lignum vitæ cane, with which he used to promenade in the gardens of the Tuileries, and with much better effect. On one occasion, however, he happened to bestow it rather rudely upon the nasal organ of a sailor. The fellow's proboscis was originally of most unnatural and portentous dimensions, it swelled terribly from the effect of the blow, and meeting with a pettifogger, who told him it was a good case for damages, he brought an action against the confectioner. Monsieur de Singeron in vain offered an apology and a plaster of bank notes, the sailor was inexorable, and insisted on producing his injured member before the seat of justice. He did so, but unluckily the effect on the jury was rather ludicrous than pathetic, and the impression it made was against the plaintiff, who got only ten shillings by his suit. M. de Singeron thought it was not enough, and gave the fellow a five-dollar note besides, which he had the meanness to accept, though I believe he blushed as he did it.

"Monsieur de Singeron afterwards sold cakes and confectionery in William street and then in Broadway, and finally was one of that joyful troup of returning exiles that flocked back to France on the restoration of the Bourbons. He was provided for by being made a Colonel of the Cuirassiers, and in the decline of his life his gallant and courteous spirit was no longer obliged to struggle with the hardships and scorns of poverty. I have lately heard, though indirectly, so that I cannot vouch for the fact, that he has been promoted to be one of the Marshals of France.

"There was another Frenchman of distinction, also of the old school of French manners, but less fortunate than Monsieur de Singeron, who used daily to take his solitary walk through Broadway. I allude to Admiral Pierre de Landais, a cadet of the family of a younger son of the youngest branch of one of the oldest, proudest, and poorest families in Normandy. He had regularly studied in the *Ecole de la marine*, and was thoroughly instructed in the mathematical theories of sailing and building a ship, although, like the rest of his countrymen, he always found some unexpected difficulty in applying his theory to practice. For a Frenchman, however, he was a good sailor; but in consequence of his grandfather having exhausted his patrimony in a splendid exhibition of fireworks for the entertainment of Madame de Pompadour, he had neither interest at court nor money to purchase court-favor. He was therefore kept in the situation of an *aspirant* or midshipman until he was thirty-two years old, and I know not how many years more in the humble rank of *sous lieutenant*. He served his country faithfully and with great good will until, in the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI., a page of the mistress of the Count de Vergennes came down to Cherbourg to be his captain. While he was boiling with indignation at this affront, the war between England and America broke out, and he seized that opportunity to enter the service of the United States. Here he at once rose to the command of a fine frigate, and the title of admiral. Soon after came the brilliant affair of the Serapis and the Bon Homme Richard, in which Paul Jones, by his impetuous and undisciplined gallantry, earned the reputation of a hero, and poor Landais, by a too scrupulous attention to the theory of naval science, incurred that of a coward. I believe that naval authority is against me: but I venture to assert, *meo periculo*, on the authority of one of my uncles, who was in that action as a lieutenant to Paul Jones, that Landais erred not through any defect of bravery, but merely from his desire to approach his enemy scientifically, by bearing down upon the hypothenuse of the precise right-angled triangle prescribed in the thirty-seventh "*manœuvre*" of his old text-book.

"The naval committee of Congress unfortunately understood neither mathematics nor French; they could not comprehend Landais's explanations, and he was thrown out of service. After his disgrace he constantly resided in the city of New York, except that he always made a biennial visit to the seat of government, to present a memorial respecting the injustice done him, and to claim restitution to his rank and the arrears of his pay. An unexpected dividend of prize money, earned at the beginning of the revolutionary war, and paid in 1790, gave him an annuity of one hundred and four dollars—or rather, as I think, one hundred and five—for I remember his telling me that he had two dollars a week on which to subsist, and an odd dollar for charity at the end of the year.

"Although Congress under the new constitution continued as obdurate and as impenetrable to explanation as they were in the time of the confederation, the admiral kept up to the last the habits and exterior of a gentleman. His linen, though not very fine, nor probably very whole, was always clean; his coat threadbare, but scrupulously brushed; and for occasions of ceremonious visiting, he had a pair of paste knee-buckles and faded yellow silk stockings with red clocks. He wore the American cockade to the last, and on the fourth of July, the day of St. Louis, and the anniversary of the day on which the British troops evacuated the city of New York, he periodically mounted his old continental naval uniform, although its big brass buttons had lost their splendor, and the skirts of the coat, which wrapped his shrunken person like a cloak, touched his heels in walking, while the sleeves, by some contradictory process had receded several inches from the wrists. He subsisted with the utmost independence on his scanty income, refusing all presents, even the most trifling; and when my naval uncle, on one occasion sent him a dozen of Newark cider, as a small mark of his recollection of certain hospitalities at the admiral's table when in command, while he himself was but a poor lieutenant, Landais peremptorily refused them as a present which he could not receive, because it was not in his power to reciprocate.

"He was a man of the most punctilious and chivalric honor, and at the same time full of that instinctive kindness of heart and that nice sense of propriety, which shrinks from doing a rude thing to any body on any occasion. Even when he met his bitterest enemy, as he did shortly after he came to New York, the man whose accusation had destroyed his reputation and blighted his prospects, whose injuries he had for years brooded over, and whom he had determined to insult and punish whenever he fell in with him, he could not bring himself to offer him any insult unbecoming a gentleman, but deliberately spitting on the pavement, desired his adversary to consider that pavement as his own face, and to proceed accordingly.

"Thus, in proud, solitary, and honorable poverty, lived Pierre de Landais, for some forty years, until, to use the language of his own epitaph, in the eighthty-seventh year of his age, he "disappeared" from this life. As he left no property behind him, and had no relations and scarcely any acquaintances in the country, it has always

been a matter of mystery to me, who erected his monument, a plain white marble slab, which stands in the church-yard of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York."

"Who would suppose that the exploded science of alchemy had ever its professors in the United States, where the easy transmutation of the soil of the wilderness into rich possessions renders unnecessary the art of converting dross into gold? Yet such is the fact. Every body who has been a frequent walker of Broadway, in any or all of the forty years preceding the last five,* must recollect often meeting a man whom at first he might not have particularly noticed, but whose constant appearance in the same part of the street at the same hour of the day, and the peculiarities of whose dress and person, must at length have compelled attention. He was a plump-looking man, somewhat under the middle size, with well-spread shoulders, a large chest, a fair fresh complexion, a clear but dreamy eye, and a short quick stride, and had altogether the signs of that fulness of habit which arises from regular exercise and a good appetite, while a certain ascetic expression of countenance at once forbade the idea that it owed any thing to festivity or good cheer. His age, which never appeared to vary, might, from his looks, be estimated at five years on the one side or the other of fifty. His dress was that of an old-fashioned, respectable citizen, educated before the age of suspenders, pantaloons, and boots, and who had never been persuaded to countenance those innovations of modern effeminacy. Notwithstanding its obsolete cut, it showed no signs of poverty except perhaps to those, and those only, who occasionally met him sweltering, with a laudable contempt for the weather, in a full suit of thick Prussian blue or Dutch black broadcloth in a hot August day; or striding through a snow storm, in nankeen breeches and white cotton stockings, in December. His name was Jan Max-Lichenstein; he was by birth a Pomeranian, and early in life going to Amsterdam to seek his fortune, became employed as a clerk in the great Dutch banking and commercial house of Hope and Co., with whom he proved himself a good accountant, and rendered himself useful in their German and Swedish correspondence.

"Afterwards, by some accident or other, he found himself an adventurer at St. Petersburg. What led him to that city I cannot say; I have never heard it accounted for among his acquaintances in this city, at Amsterdam I forgot to inquire, and St. Petersburg I have never visited. But thither he went, and having the good fortune to become known to Prince Potemkin, received an employment in his household, and finally came to be entrusted with the management of his finances. The prince, as every body knows, like many others, who have millions to dispose of, had constantly occasion for millions more; and as every body also ought to know, who knows any thing of his private history, when his funds were so reduced that he had nothing left but a few millions of acres and a few thousand serfs, took most furiously to gambling and alchemy. These liberal employments were divided between him and his treasurer; the prince rattled the dice-box in the gilded saloons of Tzarzko Zelo, and the Pomeranian, in spite of his remonstrances and his own better judgment, was set to compounding the alkahest or universal menstruum, in the vaults under the north wing of Potemkin's winter palace. We soon get attached to the studies in which we are obliged to employ ourselves, and Lichenstein gradually found his incredulity yielding, and a strange interest stealing over him, as he read the books and sweated and watched over the operations of alchemy. The result was, that at length he became a believer in the mysteries of imbibition, solution, ablution, sublimation, cohabation, calcination, ceration, and fixation, and all the martyrizations of metals, with the sublime influences of the Trine Circle of the Seven Spheres.

"Lichenstein, however, with all his diligence and increase of faith, could neither coin gold nor get it out of the prince's tenants in such quantities as it was wanted, and he was now destined to learn how much the favor of the great depends upon the state of their stomachs. One morning, Potemkin, after a run of bad luck, plenty of good champagne, a sleepless night, and an indigestible breakfast of raw turnips and quass, called upon him for an extraordinary sum, and not finding it easily furnished, flew into a passion and discharged him on the spot. As the prince never paid any debts but those of honor, Lichenstein knew it would be in vain to ask for his salary, and walked into the streets without a penny in his pocket. The late Chief Justice Dana, of Massachusetts, then our minister at the court of St. Petersburg, was about to return to America. Lichenstein had heard the most flattering accounts of the prospects held out in the United States to active and intelligent adventurers from the old world, and readily believed all he heard, which, for a believer in alchemy, was no great stretch of credulity. He had some little acquaintance with the American minister, in consequence of once or twice negotiating for him small bills on the bankers of the United States at Amsterdam. He threw himself upon his generosity, and requested a passage to this country, a favor which was as readily granted. Here he was fortunate enough almost immediately on his arrival to be employed in the first mercantile house in New York, to answer their Dutch, German, and northern correspondence, with a salary, which though not half so large as that allowed by Prince Potemkin, he liked twice as well, because it was regularly paid. He had scarcely become well settled in New York, when his old dream of alchemy returned upon him. He carefully hoarded his earnings until he was enabled to purchase, at a cheap rate, a small tenement in Wall street, where he erected a furnace with a triple chimney, and renewed his search of the *arcanum magnum*. Every day in the morning he was occupied for two hours in the counting room, then he was seen walking in Broadway, then he shut himself in his laboratory until the dusk of the evening, when he issued forth to resume his solitary walk.

"Year after year passed in this manner. Wall street, in the mean time, was changing its inhabitants; its burghers gave way to banks and brokers; the city extended its limits, and the streets became thronged with increasing multitudes; circumstances of which the alchemist took no note, except that he could not help observing that he was obliged to take a longer walk than formerly to get into the country, and that the rows of lamps on each side of Broadway seemed to have lengthened wonderfully towards the north; but whether this was owing to the advance of old age, which made his walk more fatiguing, or to some other unknown cause, was a problem which I believe he never fully solved to his own satisfaction.

"Still the secret of making gold seemed as distant as ever, until it presented itself to him in an unexpected shape. His lot in Wall street, which measured twenty-eight feet in front, and eighty-seven in depth, and for

* This, it will be remembered, was written in 1827

which he paid three hundred and fifty pounds, New York currency, had become a desirable site for a newly chartered banking company. One day Lichenstein was called by the president of this company from his furnace, as he was pouring rectified water on the salt of Mercury. He felt somewhat crusty at the interruption, as he hoped by reverberating the ingredients in Athanor, to set the liquor of Mars in circulation; but when this person had opened to him his errand, and offered him twenty-five thousand dollars for the purchase of his lot, his ill humor was converted into surprise. Had he been offered five thousand he would have accepted it immediately: but twenty-five thousand!—the amount startled him—he took time to consider of the proposition, and the next morning was offered thirty-thousand by a rival company. He must think of this also—and before night he sold to the first company for thirty-three thousand. He was now possessed of a competency; he quitted his old vocation of clerk, abandoned his old walk in Broadway, and like Admiral Landais 'disappeared'—but not, I believe, like him, to another life. I have heard that his furnace has again been seen smoking behind a comfortable German stone house in the comfortable borough of Easton, a residence which he chose, not merely on account of its cheapness of living, nor its picturesque situation, but chiefly I believe for its neighborhood to Bethlehem, where dwelt a Moravian friend of his attached to the same mysterious studies, and for its nearness to the inexhaustible coal mines of Lehigh.

"As I write, my recollections of the past, both ludicrous and melancholy, crowd upon me. I might amuse my readers with a history of the 'Doctors' Mob,' which happened some forty years ago, when the multitude, indignant with the physicians and surgeons for having, as was supposed, violated the repose of the dead, besieged them in their dwellings with an intention to inflict justice upon them according to their own summary notions, obliging them to slip out at windows, creep behind beer barrels, crawl up chimneys, and get beneath feather-beds,—and when the grave gentlemen of the healing art were fed in dark places like haunted rebels or persecuted prophets, for three days and three nights. I might give my readers a peep into a little dark room in Pine street where Brown used to frame his gloomy and interesting fictions, without any aid from the picturesque, and entangle his heroes in one difficulty after another without knowing how he should extricate them. I might show, residing in that part of Pearl street now enlarged into Hanover square, but then a dark and narrow passage, the famous General Moreau, who, when told that the street was not fashionable, replied that he 'lived in de house, and not in de street;'—a conceited grammarian, talking absurdly of that science, and magnifying its supposed discovery of three thousand new adverbs; but otherwise gentlemanly, intelligent, and agreeable, and fortunate in his beautiful and accomplished wife." . . . .

"I confess that I value much less any reputation which I might gain as a writer of romance and poetry, and as a painter of manners, than the fame to be derived from the less ambitious but perhaps more useful office of faithfully gathering up and preserving those fragments of tradition and biography, which give to history its living interest, and embody with the objects which we behold around us the memory of the good or wise who once lived among them. Even the traditions of more frivolous personages, as they may perhaps appear to some readers, are not wholly without their value, as being even more than the boasted stage, the 'mirrors and brief chronicles of the time.' In this city especially, it is of more importance to preserve the recollection of these things, since here the progress of continual alteration is so rapid, that a few years effect what in Europe is the work of centuries, and sweep away both the memory and the external vestiges of the generation that precedes us.

"I was forcibly struck with this last reflection when not long since I took a walk with my friend Mr. De Viellecour, during his last visit to New York, over what I recollected as the play ground of myself and my companions in the time of my boyhood, and what Mr. De Viellecour remembered as the spot where his contemporaries at an early period used to shoot quails and woodcocks. We passed over a part of the city which in my time had been hills, hollows, marshes, and rivulets, without having observed any thing to awaken in either of us a recollection of what the place was before the surface had been levelled and the houses erected, until, arriving at the corner of Charlton and Varick streets, we came to an edifice utterly dissimilar to any thing around it. It was a wooden building of massive architecture, with a lofty portico supported by Ionic columns, the front walls decorated with pilasters of the same order, and its whole appearance distinguished by that palladian character of rich though sober ornament, which indicated that it had been built about the middle of the last century. We both stopped involuntarily and at the same moment before it.

"'If I did not see that house on a flat plain,' said Mr. De Viellecour, 'penned in by this little gravelly courtyard, and surrounded by these starveling catalpas and horse chesnuts, I should say at once that it was a mansion which I very well remember, where in my youth I passed many pleasant hours in the society of its hospitable owner, and where, afterwards, when I had the honor of representing my county in the Assembly, which then sat in New York, I had the pleasure of dining officially with Vice President Adams. That house resembled this exactly, but then it was upon a noble hill, some hundred feet in height, commanding a view of the river and of the Jersey shore. There was a fine rich lawn around it, shaded by large and venerable oaks and lindens, and skirted on every side by a young but thrifty natural wood of an hundred acres or more.'

"Perceiving it to be a house of public entertainment, I proposed to Mr. DeViellecour that we should enter it. We went into a spacious hall, with a small room on each side opening to more spacious apartments beyond. 'Yes,' said Mr. Viellecour, 'this is certainly the house I spoke of.' He immediately, with the air of a man accustomed to the building, opened a side door on the right, and began to ascend a wide staircase with a heavy mahogany railing. It conducted us to a large room on the second story, with wide Venetian windows in front, and a door opening to a balcony under the portico. 'Yes,' said my friend, 'here was the dining-room. There, in the centre of the table, sat Vice President Adams, in full dress, with his bag and *solitaire*, his hair frizzed out each side of his face, as you see it in Stuart's old pictures of him. On his right sat Baron Steuben, our royalist republican disciplinarian general. On his left was Mr. Jefferson, who had just returned from France, conspicuous in his red waistcoat and breeches, the fashion of Versailles. Opposite sat Mrs. Adams, with her cheerful intelligent face. She was placed between the courtly Count Du Moustiers, the French ambassador, in his red-heeled shoes and earrings, and the grave, polite, and formally bowing Mr. Van Berkel, the learned and able envoy of Holland. There,

too, was Chancellor Livingston, then still in the prime of life, so deaf as to make conversation with him difficult yet so overflowing with wit, eloquence and information, that while listening to him the difficulty was forgotten. The rest were members of Congress and of our legislature, some of them no inconsiderable men.

"'Being able to talk French, a rare accomplishment in America at that time, a place was assigned to me next the count. The dinner was served up after the fashion of that day, abundant, and, as was then thought, splendid. Du Moustiers, after taking a little soup, kept an empty plate before him, took now and then a crumb of bread into his mouth, and declined all the luxuries of the table that were pressed upon him, from the roast beef down to the lobsters. We were all in perplexity to know how the count could dine, when at length his own body cook, in a clean white linen cap, a clean white *tablier* before him, a brilliantly white damask *serviette* flung over his arm, and a warm pie of truffles and game in his hand, came bustling eagerly through the crowd of waiters, and placed it before the count, who, reserving a moderate share to himself, distributed the rest among his neighbors, of whom being one, I can attest to the truth of the story, and the excellence of the *pâté*. But come, let us go, and look at the fine view from the balcony.'

"My friend stepped out at the door, and I followed him. The worthy old gentleman seemed much disappointed at finding the view he spoke of confined to the opposite side of Varick street, built up with two-story brick houses, while half a dozen ragged boys were playing marbles on the side walks. 'Well,' said he, 'the view is gone, that is clear enough; but I cannot, for my part, understand how the house has got so much lower than formerly.'

"I explained to my friend the omnipotence of the corporation, by which every high hill has been brought low, and every valley exalted, and by which I presumed this house had been abased to a level with its humbler neighbors, the hill on which it stood having been literally dug away from under it, and the house gently let down without even disturbing its furniture, by the mechanical genius and dexterity of some of our eastern brethren.

"'This is wrong,' said the old gentleman; 'these New Yorkers seem to take a pleasure in defacing the monuments of the good old times, and of depriving themselves of all venerable and patriotic associations. This house should have been continued in its old situation, on its own original and proper eminence, where its very aspect would have suggested its history. It was built upwards of seventy years ago, by a gallant British officer, who had done good service to his native country and to this. Here Lord Amherst was entertained, and held his headquarters, at the close of those successful American campaigns which by the way prevented half the state of New York from being now a part of Canada. Here were afterwards successively the quarters of several of our American generals in the beginning of the revolution, and again after the evacuation of the city. Here John Adams lived as Vice President, during the time that Congress sat in New York; and here Aaron Burr, during the whole of his Vice Presidency, kept up an elegant hospitality, and filled the room in which we stand with a splendid library, equally indicative of his taste and scholarship. The last considerable man that lived here was Counsellor Benzon, afterwards governor of the Danish islands—a man who, like you, Mr. Herbert, had travelled in every part of the world, knew every thing, and talked all languages. I recollect dining here in company with thirteen gentlemen, none of whom I ever saw before, but all pleasant fellows, all men of education and of some note—the Counsellor a Norwegian, I the only American, the rest of every different nation in Europe, and no two of the same, and all of us talking bad French together.

"'There are few old houses,' continued Mr. De Viellecour, 'with the sight of which my youth was familiar, that I find here now. Two or three, however, I still recognize. One of these is the house built by my friend Chief Justice Jay, in the lower part of Broadway, and now occupied as a boarding-house. It is, as you know, a large square three-story house, of hewn stone, as substantially built within as without, durable, spacious, and commodious, and, like the principles of the builder, always useful and excellent, whether in or out of fashion.'

"'I believe he did not reside there long,' said I.

"'No, he soon afterwards removed into the house built by the state for the governors, and then to Albany, so that I saw little of him in that house beyond a mere morning visit or two. No remaining object brings him to my mind so strongly as the square pew in Trinity Church, about the centre of the north side of the north aisle. It is now, like every thing else in New York, changed. It is divided into several smaller pews, though still retaining externally its original form. That pew was the scene of his regular, sober, unostentatious devotion, and I never look at it without a feeling of veneration. But, Mr. Herbert, can you tell me what is become of the house of my other old friend, Governor George Clinton, at Greenwich?'

"'It is still in existence,' I answered, 'although in very great danger of shortly being let down, like the one in which we now are.'

"'When I was in the Assembly,' pursued Mr. De Viellecour, 'the Governor used to date his messages at Greenwich, near New York.' Now, I suppose, the mansion is no longer *near*, but *in* New York.'

"'Not quite,' I replied, 'but doubtless will be, next year. In the mean time the house looks as it did.'

"'I remember it well—a long, low, venerable, irregular, white, cottage-like brick and wood building, pleasant notwithstanding, with a number of small low rooms, and one very spacious parlor, delightfully situated on a steep bank, some fifty feet above the shore, on which the waves of the Hudson and the tides of the bay dashed and sported. There was a fine orchard too, and a garden on the north; but I suppose that if not gone, they are going, as they say, in Pearl street'

"'It is even so—were you often there?'

"'Not often, but I had there too divers official dinners, and at one of them I recollect sitting next to old Melancthon Smith, a self-taught orator, the eloquent opposer of the adoption of the federal constitution, and the Patrick Henry of the New York Convention of 1788, who for weeks successfully resisted the powerful and discursive logic of Hamilton, and the splendid rhetoric of Robert R. Livingston. On my other side and nearer the Governor, sat Brissot de Warville, then on a visit to this country, whose history as a benevolent philosophic speculatist, an ardent though visionary republican, and one of the unfortunate leaders of the Gironde party in the French National Assembly, every body knows.'

"'But you say nothing of the Governor himself?'

"'Oh, surely you must have known him! If you did not, Trumbull's full length of him in the City Hall here, taken forty years ago, and Ceracchi's bust, of about the same date, will give you an excellent idea of his appearance.'

"'Oh yes—his appearance was familiar to me, and I knew him personally too; but when I was in his company, I was too young to have much conversation with him, and afterwards, when he was last governor, and during his vice presidency, I was, you know, out of the country.'

"'His conversation and manners in private, corresponded exactly with his public character and his looks. His person and face had a general resemblance to those of Washington, but though always dignified, and in old age venerable, he had not that air of heroic elevation which threw such majesty around the father of the republic. There was a similar resemblance in mind. If he had not the calm grandeur of Washington's intellect, he had the same plain, practical, sound, wholesome common sense—the same unpretending but unerring sagacity as to men and measures, the same directness of purpose, and firmness of decision. These qualities were exerted as Governor during our revolution with such effect that the people never forgot it, and they witnessed their gratitude by confiding to him the government of this state for twenty-one years, and the second office in the union for eight more. His behavior in society was plain but dignified, his conversation easy, shrewd, sensible, and commonly about matters of fact—the events of the revolution, the politics of the day, the useful arts and agriculture.'

"'Is Hamilton's house still standing?'

"'Not that in which he labored as Secretary of the Treasury to restore the ruined credit of the nation, and reduce our finances and revenue laws to order and uniformity—where he wrote the Federalist, and those admirable reports which now form the most luminous commentary upon our constitution. That was in Wall street; it has been pulled down, and its site is occupied by the Mechanics' Bank. His last favorite residence was the Grange, his country-seat at Bloomingdale, which, when I last saw it, remained much as he left it.'

"Mr. Vielle-cour and myself ordered some refreshment, as a kind of apology for the freedoms we had taken with the old mansion. On leaving it we walked down Greenwich street, moralizing as we went on the changes which time was working so much more visibly in this little corner of the world than in any other part of it which I had seen—where the flight of years seemed swifter than elsewhere, and to bring with it more striking moral lessons. After an absence of thirty years from the great cities of Europe, I beheld, when I revisited them, the same aspect, venerable still, yet neither newer nor older than before, the same order of streets, the same public buildings, the same offices, hotels and shops, the same names on the signs, and found my way through their intricacies as if I had left them but yesterday. Here, on the other hand, when I returned after an absence of two years, every thing was strange, new and perplexing, and I lost my way in streets which had been laid out since I left the city.

"My companion often stopped to look at houses and sites of which he had some remembrance. 'There,' said he, pointing to a modest-looking two story dwelling in one of the cross-streets—'there died my good friend Mons. Albert, a minister of our French Protestant Church about twenty years ago, a very learned and eloquent divine, and the most modest man I ever knew. He was a native of Lausanne, a nephew of Deyverdun, the friend of Gibbon, who figures in the correspondence and memoirs of the historian. Mons. Albert was much in the society of Gibbon, and has related to me many anecdotes of his literary habits and conversation.

"'I must not suffer you to monopolize all the recollections of the city,' said I to my friend, 'Observe, if you please, that house on the corner opposite the one to which you have directed my attention. There lived for a time my old acquaintance Colles, a mathematician, a geographer, and a mechanician of no mean note. He was a kind of living antithesis, and I have often thought that nature made him expressly to illustrate that figure of rhetoric. He was a man of the most diminutive frame and the most gigantic conceptions, the humblest demeanor and the boldest projects, I ever knew. Forty years ago his mind was teeming with plans of western canals, steamboats, railroads, and other public enterprises, which in more fortunate and judicious hands have since proved fruitful of wealth to the community, and of merited honor to those who carried them through. Poor Colles had neither capital to undertake them himself, plausibility to recommend them to others, nor public character and station to give weight and authority to his opinions. So he schemed and toiled and calculated all his life, and died at eighty, without having gained either wealth for himself, or gratitude from the public. The marine telegraphs in this port are a monument of his ingenuity, for he was the first man of the country who established a regular and intelligible system of ship signals.'

"My friend stopped at some of the shops to make inquiries concerning the ancient inmates. At length I heard him asking for Adonis. 'Pray,' said I, 'who is this modern Adonis for whom you are inquiring? some "smooth rose-cheeked boy" doubtless, like him of Mount Libanus.' 'This Adonis,' replied Mr. Vielle-cour, 'is neither a "smooth nor rose-cheeked boy," being in fact a black old man, or rather gentleman, for a gentleman he is every inch of him, although a barber. I say *is*, for I hope he is still alive and well, although I have not seen him for some years. In this sneaking, fashion-conforming, selfish world, I hold in high honor any man who, for the sake of any principle, important or trifling, right or wrong, so it be without personal interest, will for years submit to inconvenience or ridicule' Adonis submitted to both, and for principle's sake.'

"'Principle's sake!—upon what head?'

"Upon his own, sir, or upon Louis the Sixteenth's, just as you please. Adonis was an old French negro, whom the convulsions, attendant in the West Indies upon the French revolution, threw upon our shores, and who held in the utmost horror all jacobinical and republican abominations. He had an instinctive sagacity as to what was genteel and becoming in manners and behavior, as well as in the cut of a gentleman's hair, or the curl of a lady's. He had attended to the progress of the French revolution with the greatest interest, and his feelings were excited to the highest pitch when he heard of the beheading of the French king, and the banishment of the royal family. He then deliberately renounced the French nation and their *canaille, parvenu* rulers, and in testimony of the sincerity of his indignation and grief, took off his hat and vowed never to put it on again until the Bourbons

should be restored to the throne. This vow he faithfully kept. For twenty-one years, through all weathers, did he walk the streets of New York, bare-headed, carrying his hat under his arm, with the air of a courtier, filled with combs, scissors, and other implements of his trade, until his hair, which was of the deepest black when he first took it off, had become as white as snow. For my part, I confess I never saw him on my occasional visits to the city, walking to the houses of his customers without his hat, but I felt inclined to take off my own to him. Like all the rest of the world, I took it for granted that the loyal old negro would never wear his hat again. At length, in the year 1814, the French armed schooner ——, with the white flag flying, arrived in the port of New York, bringing the first intelligence of the return of the Bourbons to their throne and kingdom. Adonis would not believe the report that flew like wild-fire about the city; he would not trust the translations from the French gazettes that were read to him in the American papers by his customers, but walked down to the battery, with the same old hat under his arm which he had carried there for twenty years, saw the white flag with his own eyes, heard the news in French from the mouth of the cook on board the vessel, and then waving his hat three times in the air, gave three huzzas, and replaced it on his head, with as much heart-felt pride as Louis the 18th could have done his crown.'

"I could not help smiling at the earnest gravity of the old gentleman's eulogy upon Adonis. 'I fear,' said I, 'that your chivalric *coiffeur* owes a little of his sentimental loyalty to your own admiration of every thing generous and disinterested. When you are excited on this head, sir, you often remind me of what old Fuseli, in his energetic style, used to say of his great idol, Michael Angelo—"All that he touched was indiscriminately stamped with his own grandeur. A beggar rose from his hands the Patriarch of poverty; the very hump of his dwarf is impressed with dignity." I suspect you have been unconsciously playing the Michael Angelo in lighting up such a halo of consecrated glory round the bare and time-honored head of old Adonis.'"

"We had now got far down into the old part of the city, when, turning up Vesey street from Greenwich, Mr. De Vielleeour made a sudden pause. 'Ah,' said he, 'one more vestige of the past. There,' pointing to a common-looking old house, 'there, in 1790, was the *atelier* of Ceracchi, when he was executing his fine busts of our great American statesmen.'

"'Indeed!' answered I—'I have often thought of it as a singular piece of natural good fortune, that at a time when our native arts were at so low an ebb, we had such an artist thrown upon our shores to perpetuate the true and living likenesses of our revolutionary chiefs and sages. Ceracchi's busts of Washington, Jay, Alexander, Hamilton, George Clinton, and others, are now as mere portraits above all price to this nation; and they have besides a classic grace about them, which entitles the artist to no contemptible rank as a statuary.'

"'It was not a piece of mere good fortune,' said my friend. 'We have to thank the artist himself for it. Ceracchi was a zealous republican, and he came here full of enthusiasm, anxious to identify his own name in the arts somehow or other with our infant republic—and he has done it. He had a grand design of a national monument, which he used to show to his visitors, and which he wished Congress to employ him to execute in marble or bronze. Of course they did not do so, and, as it happened, he was much more usefully employed for the nation in modelling the busts of our great men.'

"'He was an Italian, I believe a Roman, and had lived some time in England, where he was patronized by Reynolds. Sir Joshua (no mean proof of his talent) sat to him for a bust, and a fine one I am told it is. Ceracchi came to America enthusiastic for liberty, and he found nothing here to make him change his principles or feelings. But the nation was not ripe for statuary—a dozen busts exhausted the patronage of the country, and Congress was too busy with pounds, shillings and pence, fixing the revenue laws, and funding the debt, to think of his grand allegorical monument. Ceracchi could not live upon liberty alone, much as he loved it, and when the French revolution took a very decided character, he went to France, and plunged into politics. Some years after he returned to Rome, where he was unfortunately killed in an insurrection or popular tumult, growing out of the universal revolutionary spirit of those times.'

"'May his remains rest in peace,' added I. 'Whatever higher works of art he may have left elsewhere—and he who could produce those fine classic, historical busts, was undoubtedly capable of greater things—whatever else he may have left in Europe, here his will be an enduring name. As long as Americans shall hold in honored remembrance the memory of their first and best patriots—as long as our sons shall look with reverent interest on their sculptured images, the name of Ceracchi will be cherished here:

"'And while along the stream of time, their name
Expanded flies and gathers all its fame;
Still shall his little barque attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph and partake the gale.'"

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